THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

FEBRUARY, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

"In God We Trust"

We have been viewing with interest the result of President Roosevelt's elimination of the devout motto from the new gold pieces. His motive for doing so was a desire to prevent irreverence. It will be noted, however, that in order to find any instances of irreverence connected with the legend he had to go back, some twelve years or more, to the period of the free silver agitation. Since that time no one has had anything to say about the motto, but every one has accepted it as a customary and traditional thing. That is, no one mentioned it at all until Mr. Roosevelt "butted in" and removed it. In the last three months there have been more irreverent jokes cracked about it in the newspapers than there ever were during the entire epoch of the silver crisis. Thus the President has actually revived and stimulated the very tendency which he desired to prevent—and this result is eminently characteristic of the man and of his hasty policies. As for the ten-dollar gold pieces, they are themselves a blasphemy against numismatic art. Mr. St. Gaudens was a very great sculptor, but it did not therefore follow that he would succeed in making a beautiful design for a piece of money. He failed to realise that figures upon coins are not to be drawn from living models, but that they are and ought to be conventional types. So he drew from his Hibernian waitress the startled Indian on the obverse, and probably got his eagle on the reverse from an actual eagle in the Zoo. Hence the waitress comes out apparently with her hair standing on end with horror, and shrinking away into the northeast corner of the coin, leaving a large empty space toward the southwest corner, in which there is nothing to balance the meteoric maiden. As for the eagle, we can only say that it reminds us of a rhyme on "The Hen," which we read some years ago in a book for children entitled *The New Noah's Ark*. It runs:

How sweet when dawn is bringing in the day,
To wake and hear her singing o'er her lay!
Ah, yes, how fine the hen is!
So save up all your pennies,
And buy one—one with trousers, that will pay.

❦

The trousers on the Roosevelt eagle are certainly very much in evidence. But a sagacious observer has called attention to a still more curious phenomenon. In a letter to the *Evening Post* of this city, he has pointed out the fact that this eagle has feathers on the outside of its left leg and only on the inside of its right leg; so that, after all, the bird is pathetically half-clothed as to its limbs. As the President has personally supervised the coinage of this piece, he cannot shirk the responsibility; and it would seem as though the Reverend Dr. Long might now hurl back at him the epithet of "nature fakir."

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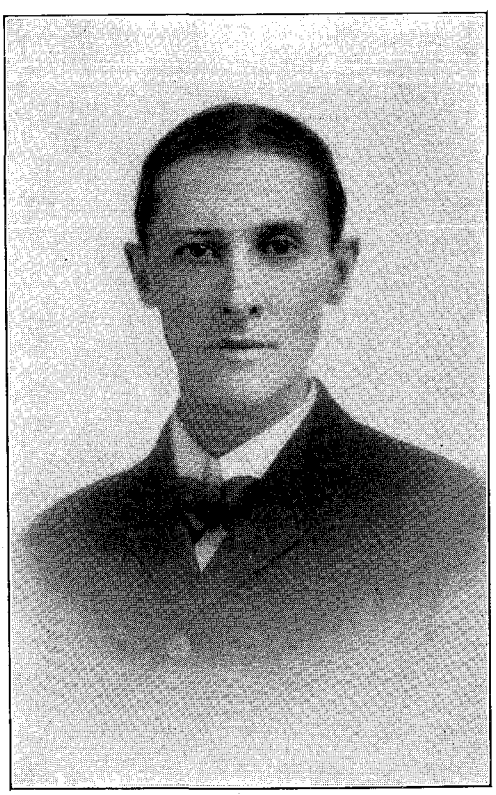
Nathan Gallizier

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of Mr. Nathan Gallizier's *The Sorceress of Rome,* which is a romance of mediæval Italy. It is said that in his knowledge of this particular field the author is probably equalled by few men in this country. His love for Italy is a natural one, since he was born in Milan, and his studies into that city's wonderful history were fostered and guided by the Benedictine monks of the upper valley of the Danube, where his family removed when Mr. Gallizier was a boy. When he came to this country he knew not a word of English, but possessed a solid classical foundation and a good acquaintance with French, German, and Italian. At the age of twenty-one he published his first novel in German, and then determined to bring out a book in English. He wrote slowly, basing his story on one of the old Italian tragedies



NATHAN GALLIZIER

WILL LILLIBRIDGE

which had so impressed him in his youth. This book appeared under the title of *Castel del Monte. The Sorceress of Rome* is the result of the same careful, laborious method of work. At present Mr. Gallizier is writing a new Italian romance which will complete the trilogy.

Will Lillibridge

A writer who has made on discriminating readers an impression somewhat out of the usual is Will Lillibridge, whose new novel, to be called either *The Dissolving Circle* or *The Magnet*—the matter of title is still in abeyance—is to be published the coming spring. Dr. Lillibridge's first book, *Ben Blair,* was a striking but amazingly uneven piece of work. Over this initial effort he showed a decided advance in *Where the Trail Divides,* which appeared last year. Dr. Lillibridge's own career has been singularly rich in incident. He was born in 1877 in Dakota Territory. His early life was that of the prairie youngster. As he

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F. CROWNINSHIELD

himself expresses it, boys bred and raised in an atmosphere of eighteen hours' work out of the twenty-four mature early. He was no exception. At twelve he was a useful citizen, and at fifteen he was to all practical purposes a man, doing a man's work as farmer, rancher and cattleman. Finally he went to the University of Iowa, where for six years he "vibrated" between the collegiate, dental and medical departments. After being graduated in 1898 from the dental department he drifted back to Sioux Falls, where he has established a practice and has passed most of his time since.

Frederic Crowninshield

Those readers who are already familiar with Mr. Frederic Crowninshield's occasional excursions into verse should welcome the appearance of *Under the Laurel*, a new volume of poems from his pen—one is almost led into saying "from his brush," so plainly do they bear the hallmark of the painter. Any invasion by a master of one of the arts into the territory of another is likely to reveal some striking characteristics of method and of thought, akin to the peculiarities which stamp any hybrid production. And in the case of Mr. Crowninshield, there is an unmistakable quality, an individual note about his poems which justifies the claim that, whatever place may be ultimately assigned to them, the student of contemporary verse cannot afford to neglect them. Even their imperfections possess a suggestive interest. An earlier volume by this same author bore the well-chosen title, *A Painter's Moods*. It was extremely well chosen because it did a great deal more than merely label them; it was in the nature of an analysis, a sort of shorthand criticism as well.

Practically all of Mr. Crowninshield's poems, or at least such of his poems as really count, are expressions of the varying moods of an artist whose instinct is to paint with pigments rather than with

BRIAN HOOKER

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words. He has no lofty message to convey; he is not the apostle of a new philosophy; his one dominant thought is an artist's thought, rather than a poet's—a worship of beauty as expressed in perfect form and colour. It naturally follows that his most finished achievements in verse are his sonnets—the most formal, most rigid of the various verse forms he essays. He is less successful with his lyrics, on the one hand, which approach near to the fluency of musical melody; and with his blank verse, on the other, which is the verse form that approaches nearest to the freedom of prose. But his sonnets, many of them, are wrought with delicate art, a fine sense of the value of words, an exquisite feeling for colour and for sound. And one of the most interesting things to note is, that where the sonnet form is not quite perfect, where the traditional symmetry of the different parts is not observed, it is almost always the painter in him that has made the poet err. For example, he has for his point of departure, for the germ thought of a sonnet, so to speak, a peacock in a formal Italian garden, suggesting to his mind the outward beauty of empty-minded women, who, like the peacock, are charming until they raise their voice. But as the sonnet grows beneath his pen, the beauty of the Italian setting, the sensuous delight of contrasting colours, usurps the leading place, shoves the central thought into the background until it barely finds expression in the two closing lines, leaving the sonnet as a whole an exquisite bit of verbal landscape, a vignette of glowing words. It is this ability to catch the fugitive beauty of a sunset, of slanting, blurring rain, of noontide light and shadow that has produced the best element contained in Mr. Crowninshield's verse. He has an enviable ability to make one see—and when his purpose for the moment is to make us see some phase of the Italian life he knows and loves so well, he does it with a sureness of stroke, a vividness of hue, a tenderness of phrase that diffuse a certain contagious nostalgia.

Mr. Crowninshield's longer, narrative poems, in blank verse, may be more briefly dismissed. Blank verse is plainly not the vehicle in which he is most at ease or most successful. Yet there is one poem, "The Model," which has a certain haunting quality. It is simply a description of a young woman, a professional model, who comes to an artist's studio in quest of work and incidentally lets fall a fragmentary story of her life. The salient facts that you gather are that she was of honest parentage, well educated, with a chance of marriage and domestic happiness, but that the temperamental unrest, which is the heritage of the artist, drove her to this life of posing, with its uncertainty, its privations, its bitter need, as on this particular occasion, of a paltry two dollars, she "needs it awfully." Now, this is not a good poem; it is scarcely a good story, but it is wonderful raw material for a story—a fragment straight out of life, and still throbbing with the poignancy of life. And that is why it refuses to be forgotten.

Brian Hooker

A younger poet who has recently begun to attract attention is Brian Hooker, whose "Mother of Men," the new Yale Prize Song, was reprinted in the January BOOKMAN. Mr. Hooker is a descendant of the old and well-known Hartford family of that name. He was born in New York City in 1880, received his preparatory education in schools in Hartford, and was graduated from Yale University in 1902, receiving at the same time the degree of Master of Arts. For the next two years Mr. Hooker was connected with the English department of Columbia University, and was then called to Yale, where he is now teaching, as instructor in English. As an undergraduate, he took an active part in college journalism and students' theatricals, and acquired considerable local fame for his remarkable facility in producing impromptu verse, especially of the lighter sort of parodies, burlesques, and topical songs. Several of his songs, music as well as words, have been made widely familiar by the Yale Glee Club. Although Mr. Hooker had already begun to write serious poems while still in col-

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lege, he made no attempt until lately to publish any of them. Last July an ode entitled "Lilacs in the City," appeared in the *Forum*, and attracted considerable attention, and since then a number of his sonnets and other poems have been accepted by *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and other magazines. Mr. Hooker has also published several essays and short stories. His most ambitious attempt in fiction, a semi-legendary tale of mediæval England, which is to appear in *Harper's Monthly*, has been pronounced by one critic as possessing much of the imaginative quality and charm of style that distinguishes *The Forest Lovers* of Maurice Hewlett.

A Drummond Plaque

The plaque of the late William Henry Drummond, the Canadian habitant poet, which is here reproduced, is the work of Mr. Tait McKenzie, of Philadelphia. When Dr. Weir Mitchell recently received his LL.D. degree from Toronto University he read the following verses to the "peasant poet" of Canada:

Peace to his poet soul. Full well he knew
To sing for those who knew not how to praise
The woodsman's life, the farmer's patient toil,
The peaceful drama of laborious days.

THE W. H. DRUMMOND PLAQUE

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He made his own the thoughts of simple men,
And with the touch that makes the world akin
A welcome guest of lonely cabin homes,
Found, too, no heart he could not enter in.

The toilworn doctor, women, children, men,
The humble heroes of the lumber drives,
Love, laugh, or weep along his peopled verse,
Blithe mid the pathos of their meagre lives.

CASIMAMA, GUARDIAN OF THE GRAIL

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While thus the poet-love interpreted,
He left us pictures no one may forget—
Courteau, Batiste, Camille mon frère and best,
The good, brave curé, he of Calumette.

With nature as with man at home, he loved
The silent forest and the birches' flight
Down the white peril of the rapids' rush,
And the cold glamour of your Northern night.

Some mystery of genius haunts his page,
Some wonder secret of the poet's spell
Died with this master of the peasant thought.
Peace to your Northland singer, and farewell.

❧

Wagner in Caricature

An interesting addition to Wagneriana has recently appeared in Germany under the title *Richard Wagner in Caricature*. Among the thousand and one books on Wagner, caricature has already found a place, as what corner of the subject has not? But John Grand-Carteret is a Frenchman, which is reason enough for Kreowski and Fuchs, who are Germans, to get up another collection. Besides, they claim for their work a more serious purpose than to amuse. They approach their subject in

UNCLE SAM AND CASIMAMA COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING IN THE MATTER OF "PARSIFAL"

WAGNER IN PISA

The Tower does not bow low enough to satisfy the "Master"

the typical Teutonic spirit, moralising, generalising, and personifying, with such insistent earnestness as to be humorous, which, after all, is quite in keeping in a book of caricatures. Yet, even if we are unwilling or unable to see in it an original document illustrating "the bitter, tragic earnestness of the ceaseless warfare of genius against tradition and philistinism, against hatred and jealousy," we can still find the book instructive as well as entertaining. And while there is something ludicrous in the picture of *Kladderadatsch* and *Kikeriki, Punsch,* and *Fliegende Blätter* as standard-bearers in the bitter strife, with their innumerable band of pen and ink artists, usually kindly in their thrusts at reigning musical favourites, such as Meyerbeer, Rossini, Offenbach or Berlioz, now martialled in solid array to fight the battle for philistinism and the art that is passed, against a single champion of the new—the very fact that there are persons who still have that point of view gives some inkling of the fierce fight that shook artistic Europe to its very foundations and threatened even political organisms, fifty years ago.

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Wagner's personal appearance was as striking as his individuality and offered

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Avant, pendant et après.

unusual opportunity for satirical treatment. Add to this his ever-belligerent attitude toward the press, the public, and the entire art-world and you have an adequate explanation of the flood of feuilletons and pictorial burlesques that poured forth during his entire artistic career—and after. The massive fore-

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WAGNERIAN OPERA IN AMERICA

head, the prominent nose and chin, the feminine love of dress, the egotism, the imperious manner, the defiant disregard of social amenities—all were seized upon and caricatured from one end of Europe to the other. In the present collection there are more than two hundred illustrations, extending over a period of half a century, emanating from all lands and satirising every conceivable feature of the man's physical and mental makeup—truly convincing proof of his dominating position in the art-world of his time. There are the familiar and now rather threadbare witticisms on the music of the future with its false notes, endless

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melody and overpowering noise, numerous parodies on the opera texts, some of which are extremely clever, and a chronological survey of Wagnerism's progress through Europe with even a reference to the American production of *Parsifal*.

Caricature, like an imperfect mirror, distorts, destroys perspective and creates illusions; but it, nevertheless, reflects with a certain fidelity the object seen in it. Even in their wildest extravagance the caricatures of Wagner are unmistakable. It is folly to accompany a collection of this kind with comments on the deep-rooted motives that inspired them. Probably nothing more serious actuated the caricaturists than a desire to be funny and so to earn their daily bread; and if some of their thrusts seem ill-natured, it was not because of any definite aim to belittle Wagner, as many of his biographers would have us believe, but simply a thoughtless disregard of results, to which humourists are often prone.

Kipling to French Eyes

On the occasion of the recent award of one of the Nobel prizes to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, a French literary journal, *Les Annales*, printed a little personal paragraph about the Anglo-Indian writer. In this paragraph there was nothing new, nothing in the least degree inaccurate, nothing in itself essentially surprising. Yet the paragraph left the impression of a certain subtle, whimsical and wholly inexplicable oddity. In it Mr. Kipling was just the least bit Gallicised. Here is a literal translation:

> Kipling is a little man forty-two years of age. He has the wan complexion and wears a bushy moustache. A cigarette is perpetually burning at his lips. And when he speaks, in a voice now short and dry, now harmonious and slow, Kipling gives, according to the testimony of those who have seen much of him, the impression of genius, the impression of a powerful mind wholly out of proportion to his height.
>
> He loves to relate in the intimacy of the "home," while drinking tea, stories of "down yonder," down yonder, the country of the wild beasts and of the jungle, India enchanted and magnificent.
>
> His nature leads him principally toward the humble, the modest, the workers, those who labour and suffer.
>
> If he meets in the streets of the city some soldier returned from China, he loves to sit down at table with him and make him tell him his impressions. In the jungle he has associated with the elephant drivers, the slayers of elephants and of tigers, the humble governmental employees, and he knows the territory where the wild beasts roar.
>
> Rudyard Kipling, Ruddy to his intimates, has brought into English literature a new sap. Addressing himself to a public already convinced of the necessity of colonial expansion, singing eulogistically of the picturesque life of the tropics and the luxuriance of the landscapes of the far east, he could not fail to gain at once a decided success.

Shirley Brooks and John Tenniel

In his review of Mr. G. S. Layard's *Shirley Brooks of Punch* last month, Mr. Beverley Stark made no mention of one very important phase of Shirley Brooks's work—namely, the part he played in the matter of the *Punch* big weekly political cartoon. The actual authorship of a famous cartoon or a pictorial creation is always more or less a matter of doubt. Thus the "Tattooed Man," which wielded such an influence in our presidential campaign of 1884—Blaine writhed under it—while executed by Gillam, was originally suggested by H. C. Bunner. In the same way, while we associate the great *Punch* pictures with the names of Leech, Tenniel, Du Maurier, and Linley Sanbourne, the inspiration for many of them came from men who knew nothing of the first rudiments of drawing. In this field Shirley Brooks was particularly strong. The Indian Mutiny cartoon, "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," one of the two most effective, if not the most effective, picture in all the Tenniel gallery, was entirely his idea. In addition, he is believed to have written the verses which accom-

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panied the cartoon and which at the time attracted more attention than the picture itself. Mr. Layard does not include these verses in his book, but Claudius Clear, in a recent number of the *British Weekly*, reprints them with the comment that for red-hot righteous wrath they surpass anything in literature.

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

Who pules about mercy? The agonised wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red, and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow:
Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds! Right well may they fear
A vengeance—ay darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen, charging, exchange the old cheer
For "REMEMBER THE WOMEN AND BABES WHOM THEY SLEW."

* * * * *

Our swords come for slaughter; they come in the name
Of Justice; and sternly their work shall be done:
And a world, now indignant, behold with acclaim
That hecatomb, slain in the face of the sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
Who hath said to the soldier that fights in His name—
"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE BLOOD OF THY FOE,
AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS SHALL BE RED THROUGH THE SAME."

Mr. Churchill's New Novel

A few months ago we called attention to the very curious predominance of the letter "C" in the life and work of Mr. Winston Churchill, pointing out that his home was in Cornish, his official address at Concord, his club The Century, and his books already published *The Celebrity, Richard Carvel, The Crisis, The Crossing,* and *Coniston.* The matter has reached a point where there is no longer the possibility of mere coincidence, so it is not at all surprising to learn that the title of his forthcoming novel, which is to be printed late in the spring, is *Mr. Crewe's Career.*

The Old, Old Muddle

There is no use taking seriously the controversy aroused recently by the trustees of the British Museum in their selection of the nineteen great names of English literature to fill the nineteen panels of the reading-room of that institution. It is the old, old muddle, it always will be so; nor is there any likelihood of there ever being an official choice of this nature which will not be received with hoots of derision and abuse. As there were just nineteen panels to be filled, the number of names to be selected was an arbitrary one, and the trustees fulfilled the task in the respectable and dull-witted fashion that was to be expected. Here is the list: Chaucer, Caxton, Tindale, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Addison, Swift,

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Pope, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Browning.

The greatest amount of criticism seems to have been caused by the exclusion of Thackeray and Dickens. The indignation of the average Briton was rather on account of the absence of these names than because of the appearance in the list of names that were particularly distasteful to him. Not so the professional men of letters who were consulted in the matter. George Bernard Shaw, for example, offered some radical suggestions. He crossed off the names of Addison, Wordsworth and Tennyson, whom he characterised as "genteel, third-rate minds." Also he was not favourably impressed by the selection of Spenser or Locke or Pope. His preference was for Fielding, Blake, Shelley, Bunyan, Ruskin, Dickens, and Butler. Sidney Lee, the Shakespearean scholar, pronounced the list interesting, but thought that room might have been found for Dryden, Johnson, Burke, and Burns. Frederic Harrison, while conceding the difficulty of "screwing British literary worthies into nineteen holes," considered the omission of Hume, Fielding, Burns, Goldsmith, Thackeray, Dickens, Richardson, Johnson, and Gray particularly salient.

Amazing Figures

Figures that are nothing short of amazing are to be found in a paragraph in the New York *Evening Post*, made up from the annual report of the New York State Education Department on Public Libraries. The report, which has been submitted to the Legislature, is based on statistics obtained from 1,282 libraries, of which 661 are free lending libraries. It shows a total of 3,780,600 volumes in stock, and a circulation during 1907 of 14,968,722 volumes. This shows an increase over 1906 of nearly 140,000 volumes in stock and more than 1,000,000 volumes in circulation. The average free circulation of books for each 1,000 of the population of the State is 1,855 volumes. Beginning in 1893, with an average of 352 volumes to each 1,000 persons, this item has steadily advanced year by year without one backward step, as shown by the following table:

FREE LENDING LIBRARIES, 1893-1907.

	—Libraries.—		—Circulation.—	
Year:	No.	Volumes.	Total.	Per 1,000 population.
1893.....	238	849,995	2,293,861	352
1894.....	293	1,049,869	2,766,973	425
1895.....	309	1,127,199	3,146,405	483
1896.....	351	1,313,299	3,933,623	604
1897.....	375	1,446,874	4,904,793	753
1898.....	408	1,755,036	6,439,999	980
1899.....	431	1,979,319	7,395,527	1,135
1900.....	460	2,187,125	8,452,445	1,163
1901.....	529	2,425,260	9,232,697	1,270
1902.....	550	2,598,472	10,063,703	1,385
1903.....	555	2,804,628	10,897,126	1,500
1904.....	573	3,108,365	11,347,802	1,561
1905.....	655	3,437,876	12,086,816	1,663
1906.....	678	3,645,662	13,835,639	1,715
1907.....	661	3,782,609	14,968,722	1,855

"The steady advance thus recorded," says the report, "in which the issue of books from free libraries has increased from 2,293,861 to nearly 15,000,000 volumes, is a striking demonstration of the growing significance of the public library in the economy of the State, and emphasises the importance of giving it right direction in all its departments."

British English

We have long since ceased being irritated at British criticism, and an article such as that of Mr. Charles Whibley on "The American Language" in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN leaves us perfectly comfortable and unconcerned. After Mr. Kipling, whose knowledge of America and Americans should have been at least more than superficial, reached such heights of the ridiculous in his description of the moods and conversation of Wilton Sargent, what can be expected of the usual self-appointed critic who has derived his impressions from an occasional glimpse of one of our "yellow journals"? There is no use of arguing the matter. It would do no good. The only way to make any impression is to carry the war into Africa, in the manner that *Life* did recently in a skit by Mr. Frank Crownin-

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shield that is well worth reprinting. "English as She is Spoke—in London" purports to be a letter from Sir Reginald Browne Browne Bunbury to Major Ponsonby Marr-Cavendish, and is here reprinted by the courtesy of *Life:*

LONDON, LADIES' DAY, 1907,
THE COFFEE-ROOM, SKINDLE'S.

DEAR OLD POBSY: I reached here Boxing Day and I shall stop on—if the wife improves—until Michaelmas. I am going strong, haven't funked the fences and only wish that you could drop in for a chin-chin at tiffin time. Not an earthly, I fear?

I am jolly well in the heart of London, rather decently bunked and fairish shops all about me—poulterers, drapers, sauce warehousemen, cowkeepers, meat pastrymen and turbot venders. London is a bit misty, but I'm for it, my word I am. I enjoy messing about on the 'dilly and it's all beastly jolly and most awfully ripping, tho' the bally fog is a bit of a facer for me.

I do myself most awfully well and all for ten quid a week (including the tweenie, the keep of the gee-gee, and the screw for the typist and the groom of the chambers).

There are capital pubs all about me—here: The Civet Cat, The Running Footman, The Maid's Hand, The Slip Inn, The Ship and Turtle and the Cheshire Cheese. A chap is always sure of a good mug of bitter before tumbling to by-by.

Tuesday week I hailed a four-wheel fly, got me a pipe—went to the booking office at His Majesty's—was chivvied about a bit on the queen and bought me eight goodish stalls on the gangway, well in the front of the pit. I took a few pals to the play—after a stiff dinner. No one but Lady Ermentrude, the Hon. Hermione Wemyss (a quite too delightful flapper) and little Muriel Finn-Douglas (the Warwickshire lot), Jack Strathcona (our old pal of the Queen's Own), poor dear Pritch of the Guards, and a bounder sort of rotter named Lemeson-Thallet, of Boodles (not of the Turf—that would be his brother!). The poor chap tried hard not to bound, but try as he would he *would* bound a bit. After the play we had cigarettes and lemon-squash in the rabbit-hutch at the Savoy, took a room, and had a hack at bridge. (I haven't chucked it yet, you see!) Old Thallet was for having it guineas, but I thought of Vi and the mater, and we finally settled on a bob a point and a pony on the rubber. Knowing how rotten they were (and with Pritch more than half drunk) I thought it was a sitter! Right I was, too!

As good luck would have it, in the very last game I went a diamond and bagged six becards along with twelve golden "sufferings" of the brightest and best. A little bit of all right, eh?

Thallet was fearfully cut up! What an appalling rum 'un he is. He tried to pretend that he had all along been rotting about the stakes and meant to pay in pennies. To make matters worse, he gave me a stumer cheque. Sickening bad taste I call it, eh?

My chambers aren't half nasty. I have a private jar of marmalade, a tin tub, ripping bloaters, kippers, and all that sort of muck. Now and again I get some marvellous Dublin prawns and plovers' eggs for tiffin. If I am beastly peckish there is a navvy sort of waster who fetches me din-din from Prince's.

It's a cert that I'm off for the week-end to Lady Bagott-Begg's in Mid-Glamorganshire if the bone gets out of the ground. I've bet her ten monkeys that I bag forty brace of pheasant before grouse day dawns. If I lose I shall swear to the old girl that I was only pulling her leg in chaff—d'ye see! The beagles are to turn out twice for us if we can draw a hare in those damned gorse coverts. The harriers had best beware—what?

Whitsuntide, if I get over this touch of the flue, I go to Hants for the coursing. My address will be:

Sudbury Mansions,
Notting Cottage,
At the top of Wigmore Street,
High Minstable (off Tooting),
Wormwood Scrubbs,
Chiswick Common,
Cricklewood,
Hants.

Care of the Hon. the Col. Sir Willoughby de Wriothesley, K.T., K.G.A., D.S.O.

Come and join me there, if you will. And—oh, I say, telephone through, if you can. The exchange will put you through! Or, failing this, book down from Waterloo. Are you there? Will meet you at the rabbit-warren. I shall be practically on my own. There's not the remotest that the old colonel will care! He's a bit of a pincher—a little shirty—a rasper and all that, but a capital chap and on the job for any beano. They say he's balmy,

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up the pole, and thick and milky, but he's a fizzing old soldier, goes hard after the hounds, and is a top-hole shot. Besides, he has the 'oof, and plenty of it, d'ye see? It's piffle to say he beats the wife. If you ever clapped eyes on the old cruiser you would jolly soon see that it would take a lot of doing! What rubbish they talk at the priory! Come, dear old boy, say "righto" or I'll be in a deuced pickle.

Well—cheero, cheero—my lad.

REGGIE.

P. S.—If you can spare a fiver, send it along. I am stony!

P. P. S.—Send the 'oof by one of the servants (but not Tapley, in heaven's name, for I owe him for three months and a quid besides, and it makes me giddy to see the hound).

To Major Ponsonby Marr-Cavendish,
The Barracks,
Ore-Stoke Cloddington,
Invernesshire.

This is all very well, only, as a matter of fact, the English do not say or write "the Hon. the Col.," but "Col. the Hon."

❧

Some Magazine Emotions

We have just been reading the *American Magazine,* January number, fore and aft, beginning with the first chapter of Mr. Upton Sinclair's "terrible and scathing" novel of New York high life and ending with the comments on it in "The Interpreter's House," which seems to be a sort of rallying-place for editors when evercome by the contents of their magazine. Excited by some unusually stirring contribution, they will gather in this "Interpreter's House" and there, under the titles of Poet, Observer, Philosopher, and Responsible Editor, tell one another and the public how it thrilled them and confess their misgivings that after all it may be too tremendous a thing to print and decide finally to let it go, *ruat cœlum.* So while Mr. Sinclair's first chapter was bombinating in the front part of the magazine, the editors in "The Interpreter's House" were saying how they felt about it. "Don't you think it wonderful?" asked the Responsible Editor. The Poet feared it might be too cruel and bold, but the Philosopher declared it was "founded in the love of humanity"; and the Observer, while he did not believe it would "obliterate the base origin of man" immediately, did think it would open the world's eyes and in so doing avert bloodshed. Better a novel, awful though it be, than the guillotine. The guillotine seemed to him an altogether mistaken method of reform, exposure rather than decapitation being in his opinion the proper procedure in these matters. And the Responsible Editor knew a woman from Brownsville who was interested in the doings of the fastest and richest people in New York, and he believed there were many like her, so it was high time something was done. "What are our columns for if they are not to look squarely at dominating phenomena?" And the Philosopher recalled Dean Swift and Voltaire and Thackeray, each of whom was quite as merciless as Mr. Sinclair. So it was decided that the first chapter of this great but scorching book should appear in the January number.

❧

This chapter recounts the hero's experiences in New York society during only the first two days following his arrival in the city—two quite ordinary days, it would seem, for people in "the right set." His brother finds him a quiet apartment of six rooms and a bath, cost $600 a week. He dines simply and the simple meal costs $15. "Hand-embroidered silk cloth" lines the walls ("$70 a yard") and the furniture is inobtrusive and appropriate ("thousands of dollars per room"). The corridor is "walled with blood-red marble." His brother's motor car awaits them at the door, a "long, low, rakish" object. They dash through the crowded portions of the city. A man leaps for his life. His brother only laughs. Soon they are making sixty miles an hour on the Long Island road to "Hawk's Nest," a fashionable inn, where smart society is waiting for them, drinking cocktails and calling each other by their first names. There they ate a "topsy-turvy" lunch, beginning with ice cream and ending with roast beef, and drank numberless expensive brands of wine. Then they were whirled away to somebody's "shooting-lodge,"

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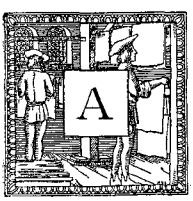
where they were to spend the night and shoot imported pheasants the next day. They passed a palace which the hero took for their host's house, but that was only the gatekeeper's lodge. The house itself was a forty-acre exclamation point. Then a dinner, prepared by "the famous $10,000 chef," and more wines of "priceless vintage," followed by bridge, heartless frivolity, typical instances of extravagance, follies of the abominably rich, and women drinking high-balls and smoking cigarettes. The hero won the prize at the shooting-match. It was a "shaving-set in a case of solid gold, set with diamonds" (cost, $1,000 or $2,000). Here the chapter ends, but as the tale moves on Mr. Sinclair will get his second wind and there will be a Thaw trial every page or two. As to the style, you shall hear the author whisper beneath each line, "I rather think that will bite you."

Now we wish that we, too, could hear this country's heart beat with our ear to the chest of the body politic, and that we were in the thick of things and the "public eye" and knew about undercurrents and awakened moralities and American manhood's true ideals and when and how to throb with humanity and what wrongs to remember and what to forget and when to print the novel of meat, the novel of gin, and the novel of railway disasters. What is the law of the Rotation of Sins for mazagine editors? Which of three "uplifts" will serve the best for the circulation? How tell the Timely Topic among twelve equal insipidities? And what are the close seasons for the hunting of the snark? But this is the mere magic of journalism and, after all, the really wonderful thing is that the editors of the *American* should be able to read the novel above quoted with any emotions of their own.

THE CHILDREN THAT LEAD US



AS the mayor sat before his library fire and shivered now and then, he kept wondering why there was no clause in the city charter prescribing a minimum of common sense for presidents of the Board of Education. A man thus qualified would know more than to suggest an increase of three million dollars for school sittings. The city's comptroller was crying bankruptcy; the newspapers were asserting that the mayor's nephew had become head of a favoured contracting firm not entirely for his health; and the Board of Education wanted three million dollars. The mayor had a touch of fever. The steep rows of figures in the Education Board's memorandum curled up into little arabesques under his eyes, which were closing with fatigue. Only he did not wish to sleep. In the perfect stillness he could hear his own rapid heartbeat. The clatter of sleety rain against the windows made him restless.

If only O'Brien were here, O'Brien, who was a good chief of police, and a matchless personal aide-de-camp. They would then put on boots and oil skins and go out into the night on one of their frequent Harun-Al-Rashid expeditions. The mayor's wife? Yes, it is true that before leaving for the theatre she had cautioned him not to stir from the house. But she could not possibly have known how great was his need of a breath of air. But O'Brien was not here. Was it because he had just been appointed president of the Board of Education and comptroller in one and was a busy man? Perhaps. And yet a person might step to the telephone and ring up O'Brien if it were not that one's legs were weighted down with the weight of centuries and of dozens of new school buildings all in reinforced concrete. Was it concrete? The mayor was not quite sure and he turned to ask O'Brien, who stood there at one side of the fireplace, erect and attentive.

"Do we go out to-night?" said the mayor.

"I would not advise it, your Honour,"

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answered O'Brien. "You are not well enough. Besides, if it is adventure you would go in search of there is no need to stir from this room. I have brought with me quite an extraordinary delegation of citizens who desire an interview with your Honour."

"Let us hear them, by all means," replied the mayor.

O'Brien drew aside the curtain which separated the library from the general reception room and called out, "Come right in, young ones"; whereupon there marched in, two abreast and keeping precise step, a solemn file of children, who saluted the mayor gravely and ranged themselves in a semicircle across the room. As the mayor veered in his chair to face his visitors a girl of some fifteen years stepped out of the line. She was still in her schoolgirl's dresses, but tall, with features of a fine, pensive cut and earnest eyes that were already peering from out the child's life into the opening doors of womanhood.

"May it please your Honour," she began, "we are a committee from the Central Bureau of Federated Children's Organisations and we have come here to protest against certain intolerable conditions of which our members are the victims."

Had they come in behalf of those additional three million dollars, the mayor thought uneasily. "State the nature of your grievance," he said.

The leader of the delegation came a step nearer. "Your Honour, I can only attempt the merest outline of our general position, and that in a few words. Several of my associates will take turn in acquainting you with the details of our case. Our complaint is that we, the children of this country, are being overworked. Formerly it was supposed that it was the inalienable right of children to remain free from the cares of life. That theory has long been abandoned. The task of solving the gravest problems of existence has been thrust upon us, and every day that passes leaves us saddled with new responsibilities. But the limit of our endurance has been reached at last. We feel that unless we protest now the whole structure of society—its economics, politics, art and religion—will have been shifted from the shoulders of the world's men and women to the shoulders of us children. I hope your Honour is willing to hear us."

"Of course, my dear," the mayor answered softly. He said, "My dear," and he said it tenderly because he had recognised in the speaker his own daughter Helen, whom he had supposed with her mother at the theatre.

"Step forward, Flora Binns," said Helen, and Flora Binns, who was only eight, blue-eyed, and with ringlets of gold, approached and curtsied prettily. "May it please your Honour," she said, "I am the delegate from Local No. 16 Children of Weak and Tempted Stage Mothers' Union. We wish to place on record our opposition to the modern society drama, which so frequently throws the duty of supporting the climax of a play upon children under the age of ten. Although the playwrights are fond of showing that our papa is a brute and that our mamma is an angel, they invariably shrink from the logical conclusion that our mamma is right in planning to run away with the man who has offered her years of silent devotion. So the playwrights make one or two of us appear on the stage just in time to arouse in our mamma a sense of duty to her children and to prevent the elopement. Now we submit that the office of justifying our entire modern marriage fabric is too difficult a one for us. Don't you think so, Mr. Mayor?"

"Why, yes," replied the mayor thoughtfully.

"And they make use of us in other ways, sir. In fact, whenever the adult persons in a play are in difficulties and the audience is beginning to yawn, the author sends us to the rescue. Why, only the other day we children saved a Wild West melodrama from utter failure. It took three of us to do it, but we succeeded." Flora curtsied, started back and returned. "And when I utter these sentiments, sir, I speak also for the Union of Precocious Magazine Children, which is represented here by Mary Sparks." Mary Sparks, a dark-haired miss with dancing eyes, bowed saucily.

"Step out, Fritzie Hackenschneider," said Helen, and flaxen-haired Fritzie, ra-

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diantly holiday-like in his lustrously washed face and large, blue polka-dot tie, approached the mayor's chair.

"I don't have much to say, sir," he recited in a nervous, jerky voice, "only I have been sent by the Fraternal Association of Comic Supplement Children. We wish to raise our voice against the almost universal conception that people can be made to laugh only when one of us hides a pin on the seat of grandpa's chair. The burden of an entire nation's humour is more than we can sustain. Thank you, sir," and he retired into the background, giving as he passed just one tug at Mary Sparks's hair and eliciting a suppressed scream.

"Mamie O'Farrell," called out Helen. The mayor found it impossible to decide whether Mamie was thirteen or twenty-five. She was very short and flat-chested, and the colour of her face in the firelight was like a dull cardboard. She wore a long, faded automobile cloak and an enormous black hat with a trailing green feather. On a gilt chain about her neck hung a locket in the form of a heart half as large as the one that beat uneasily within her. Mamie came forward reluctantly and saluted. Then she began to squirm from side to side and to shift from foot to foot, giggling in unfathomable embarrassment.

"Well," said Helen, in a voice that was not at all unkind.

Mamie's giggle grew worse. She seemed bent on snapping the massive gilt chain with twisting it back and forth, and finally gave up the whole case. "You tell it, Helen," she begged. "I forgot wot I was goin' t' say. I'm scared poifectly stiff."

Helen complied. "May it please your Honour, Mamie O'Farrell wants me to say that she represents the Amalgamated Union of Cash Girls and Juvenile Cotton Mill and Glass Factory Operatives. Mamie is fifteen. She works eleven hours a day and gets three and a half dollars a week. She passes two hours every day clinging to a strap in a crowded surface car. She carries her lunch in a paper bundle together with a copy of Laura M. Clay's novel entitled 'Irma's Ducal Lover.' Saturday nights, if her father has been strong enough to pass Murphy's saloon without opening his pay envelope, she goes to the theatre where the play is 'The Queen of the Opium Fiends.' Sometimes she attends a dance of the Friendship Circle, but as a rule she spends her nights at home reading the *Evening Vibrator,* which tells her that beauty is often a fatal gift and that there is danger in the first glass of champagne a young girl drinks. Am I telling your story in the right way, Mamie?" asked Helen.

"Goodness, yes. You're awful kind, Helen," said Mamie.

"Thus far, Mamie has nothing to complain of," continued Helen. "But she has read somewhere that the slaughter of the poor negroes in the Congo and of the Chinese in Manchuria, and of the Zulus in Natal, and of the Moros in the Philippines, arises from the necessity under which the civilised nations labour of finding foreign markets for their increasing output of cotton goods, brass jewelry and coloured beads. Now the members of Mamie's union are engaged in producing precisely those commodities, and they have come to feel in consequence, that they are directly responsible for the innocent blood that is being shed in various parts of the world. It cannot be their employers who are at fault, because the press and the clergy are unanimous in declaring that the heads of our great industries are the benefactors of humankind. That is why the girls protest. They are quite content with their own fate, but they cannot bear the entire responsibility for the march of civilisation. Mamie tells me that she cannot sleep of nights for thinking of the poor little Moorish babies whose mothers were killed by the French guns. That is the position taken by your union, isn't it, Mamie?"

Mamie giggled, went through a final contortion of ill-ease and returned to her place in the half-circle. She was succeeded by a brown-haired little maiden, who for some minutes had been showing a strained anxiety to break into speech.

"Please, Helen," she entreated, "may I say something?"

"Of course, dear," said Helen.

The little maid bowed to the mayor. "Please, sir," she said, "my papa was

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thirty-eight years of age when he married mamma. He was an old bachelor. He was not anxious to be married, but they put a tax on him because they were afraid of depopulation. And he loves me very dearly. But sometimes when he thinks of his old freedom he looks so sadly at me. I feel very sorry for him then. I don't want him to be unhappy on my account——"

She withdrew and Helen stepped forward to sum up the case. "You must not think, your Honour, that it is our desire to embarrass your administration. Bad as conditions are, we would have continued to suffer in silence, because, you see, there are still little flashes of freedom left to us children. But we have learned that there is now on foot in England a movement which threatens to reduce us to unmitigated slavery. We understand that Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Francis Galton, Professor Karl Pearson, and Mr. Bernard Shaw are advocating a scheme of state endowment for motherhood. Now you can see for yourself what that would mean. In politics it would mean the establishment of a motherhood suffrage with plural voting based on the size of the family. In the economic sphere it would mean that we shall be supporting our papas and mammas. In art, which must reflect the actualities of life, it would mean almost the elimination of the element of love, since the world is to be a children's world. In other words, as I have already said, the entire social fabric will come to press on our shoulders alone. It is against the mere possibility of such an unnatural state of affairs that we are here to protest."

"But what is it you want?" asked the mayor, somewhat nettled because O'Brien, instead of backing him up, was busy piling three million golden dollars on the floor in stacks two and a half feet high.

"We want to be left alone!" The reply came in a chorus of trebles, pipings, quavers, and adolescent falsettos that caused the mayor to lift his hands to his forehead entreating silence. "We want our old privileges again. We want to be allowed just to grow up."

"Yassir," shrilled one voice above the others, "jist to grow up."

The mayor raised himself in his chair and his eyes lit up with surprise at the sight of a well-known black little face at the very end of the second row.

"What, Topsy, you here?" he called out. "Haven't you done growing all these sixty years, nearly?"

"Yassir," answered Topsy, inserting an index finger into her mouth. "Ah was shure growin' fas'; but Massa Booker Washin'ton he says that ah and the likes of me was charged with th' future of the negro race. An' that skyeered me so ah made up mah mind ah wouldn' grow no further."

The mayor turned to Helen. "You understand of course, my dear, that I cannot lay a proposition of so vague a nature before the Board of Aldermen. They are a rather unimaginative set of men."

"We have drawn up a list of demands, your Honour, in terms precise enough to make it a sufficient basis for practical legislation. May I read the list to you, papa?"

"Yes, my dear," he replied, and rising from his chair he put his arms about her and kissed her. Her forehead was cool to his burning lips. "Pray proceed, Miss Chairman."

And Helen read in her high-pitched, petulantly graceful soprano: "Resolutions adopted at a special meeting of the Central Bureau of the Federated Children's Organisations of the United States:

"1. Henceforth the proportion of child fiction in any magazine shall be restricted to ten per cent. of the total contents of such publication; and no magazine fiction child under the age of twelve shall be represented as possessing an amount of intelligence greater than the combined wisdom of its parents.

"2. The married heroine of a society drama who has displayed a consistent preference for yachting trips, bridge, and the opera over the company of her children shall be precluded from calling upon them for aid to save herself from the dangers of a mad infatuation.

"3. Children under the age of eighteen shall be employed in no form of industry

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whatsoever. If there are not enough hands to produce piece goods for the Congo and the Philippines, let them draft all adult motor-car chauffeurs, diamond polishers, wine agents, amateur coach drivers, settlement workers, preachers of the simple life, and writers of musical comedy.

"4. In the public schools there shall be no talks or lessons dealing with the duties of citizenship. The time now given to that subject shall be devoted to the reading of dime novels and fairy tales, so that on graduating, children shall not be confronted with so startling a contrast between the realities of life and what they have learned at school.

"5. Cooking and other branches of domestic science shall no longer be taught in the schools. One-half of us expect to live in family hotels and the other half will probably be in no position to afford the expensive ingredients employed in scientific cookery.

"6. Mr. Francis Galton, who invented Eugenics, and Messrs. Karl Pearson and Sidney Webb, who helped to popularise it, shall be executed. Mr. Bernard Shaw shall be banished to a desert island."

And the mayor all the while kept thinking how like her mother Helen was: her voice, her hair, her eyes, but especially her voice. It filled the room with many coloured vibrations of the consistency of building concrete and hid completely from the mayor's sight the crowd of young faces, O'Brien, the Board of Aldermen and the three million presidents of the Board of Education. Only Helen remained and she came close to him and laid her cool fingers on his aching head.

The mayor started up to find his wife bending over him.

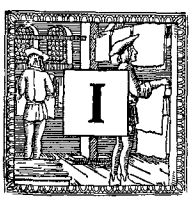
"Edward," she was saying, "you promised me you would go to bed early."

"My dear," he replied, "I would have if I had not fallen asleep in my chair. Have you had a pleasant evening at the theatre?"

"It is dreadful weather," she said, "and I have a bit of cold. I suppose I shouldn't have gone out to-night, but it was the last chance, and you know the children *would* see *Peter Pan*."

S. Strunsky.

A SKYLAND PHILOSOPHER



"I HAVE no time to fool away making money," said the old mountaineer to me. "The rich man carries too heavy a pair of blankets."

Nothing that I have heard or read about the claw and clutch of encumbering wealth has remained with me so long as this homely speech of the man who tramps the heights and knows tranquillity. It has impressed me even more than that line of Edwin Markham, who after contemplating the eager rush of men and women for lucre and luxury, and their attainment of them, hears at the end of it all not a note of triumph, but merely a "goblin laugh."

Methinks I hear a goblin laugh unwind.

My mountaineer, who has no time nor any desire to play the "sedulous ape" to the men who have made millions, climbs the trail with a light pack and a light heart. Indeed, in a whole fortnight of footing it he has often taken along nothing but a bag of bread, a tin cup and a handful of tea. His exultant voice, his bright eye and the straight-away swing of his legs tell me that there never was a happier man in all the world. And this is because he has found his life—because he is not one of the tethered and mastered men who are content with the sham life of streets and clubs, but one of the free and unattached beings who know and feel the lyrical uplift of life in the open.

John Muir is the name of the man whom I am so uncertainly celebrating. He is of Scottish ancestry, and began life under the most rigid paternal rule, being compelled to read the Bible daily and memorise whole books of it which he

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could repeat, to the wonder of Wisconsin villagers. A hint as to the nature of his father is contained in the fact that though he was excessively proud of the lad, who made the most wonderful clockwork inventions for kindling fires, a student's revolving desk and a contrivance for tipping himself out of bed at a certain hour in the morning, yet the sturdy old Covenanter thought it a sin to give him a single word of praise.

John Muir worked his way through college, where he developed a great love for botany. Then he tramped all through the South, and through California, where he has lived for many years. To the world he is now best known as a naturalist, physiographer and glacier climber, and his friends will tell you that he is as sweet and rare an old man as you shall find on this planet. There are other men far more famous, but there is none that has better deserts of fame. For just as Henry David Thoreau seems to me the most individual and most significant man who ever lived on the eastern side of the continent, so Muir seems to me to be the most discerning and most important man in all the West.

Muir is tall, lean, craggy, with wonderful grey eyes and a soft, agreeable voice. He has that indescribable charm by which nature's men are revealed to us. He is a greater Burroughs—greater because he has been to a greater school and studied in a larger way. The scope of his observations includes all the grand, wild places of the world and particularly from the Bering shore to the Mexican mesas. He has an intimate acquaintance with all that eloquent land of the setting sun. He has read with eager, reverent eyes the spreading scroll of its immensities. He knows its wild folk and their ways. The airy affairs of the birds have interested him no less than have the deer and the grizzly, and he has such an affection for all the creatures of the wood and the plain that he would not harm a hair or a feather of any of them. Indeed, I have even heard him deplore the killing of a rattlesnake.

One day he met a grizzly in the big-tree country. The bear gazed at him and he gazed at the bear. They stood looking at each other a long time, Muir furtively, the bear ferociously, with nothing but a low-lying log between them; but finally the bear turned about and walked quietly away, compelled, as I believe, by the mastery of the man's keen eyes.

Muir knows the Alaskan glaciers as New York men know Broadway. He discovered the largest of these glaciers and it is named for him. He knows Shasta, the Yellowstone, the Sierras, the Grand Canyon; he knows books; he knows science and he knows men. His knowledge is not of the affairs that Wall Street prizes, but of the things that are worth knowing.

Nearly every man has his pose, but after the briefest meeting with Muir you would acquit him offhand of any charge of affectation.

His is an intrepid spirit. The only thing he is fearful of is praise or emolument. When he received an honorary degree from Harvard he said, looking askance at his sheepskin, "I'm blessed if I know what to do with this thing; I would chuck it into that grate, if my wife would let me."

Although he has written much and has a library of notes, he has published but two books, *The Mountains of California* and *Our National Parks*. On dipping into these works anywhere one sees at a glance the true poet. In all the nature literature of our time there is nothing so charming as that of Muir. His description of his meeting with Emerson in the Yosemite stands out as one of the best bits of prose I have ever read. He has told me some things which show how Emerson regarded him.

"I took him up into my slab study in the Yosemite," said he. "It was amusing to see the old philosopher climb up the hen-ladder into the 6 x 8 room, built onto the side of a sawmill and hanging out over the stream. Emerson looked at my specimens and we had an afternoon of fine, clear talk. I never had a man take hold of me so, and I must have impressed him rather favourably, too, for he wanted me to come and live with him—pressed me, in fact, to do so. 'You love to live with nature,' said he, 'but society also has its claim on man. Intimations will come to you that this wild life is not all you need. When you have learned

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what you want here you must come to me. Stay with me as long as you like. Then go to a bigger man.' He made me promise that I would do this, but I did not go to Concord for seventeen years. Then Emerson was dead. His son greeted me most lovingly, saying when he met me, 'Muir? Why, that name is a household word here.'"

Muir has an affinity for solitude and silence and is never happier than when he wanders "lonely as a cloud."

"Most city people," he says, "seem to dread being alone. It is as if they were bored by their own company. A man's thoughts should suffice him, at least, for a day or so, I should think."

The frankness, the simplicity, the carelessness and the extreme sensitiveness of the man who has lived close to nature are all his. So receptive is his mind that he has had most remarkable telepathic experiences.

"One day," he told me, "I was sitting up on top of the North Dome of Yosemite when there came to me a strong flash of intelligence concerning Prof. J. D. Butler, my old Latin teacher at the University of Wisconsin. I had not heard from Butler for years, but I was now fully persuaded that he was just entering the valley, which was the fact."

Butler was thinking of Muir, whom he hoped to find in the valley, and Muir's sensitive, impressible and highly receptive mind caught the message.

"I sprang up," said Muir, "and started toward the hotel, four or five miles distant, but thought it impossible to get there until late, and not wishing to disturb my friend, I waited until morning, when I went down, found Butler's name on the register, and was told he had gone up to Vernal Falls. I followed up the trail and met him on top of Liberty Cap."

Never was there such a talker in all the world as John Muir. He flows on and on about the wonderful things he has seen and about his strange adventures in the wilds until his interested listener sits fairly amazed, if not dazed. He does not know it, and would not admit it, but his long life in the vast solitudes has made of him a storage battery from which the current *must* flow at some time, and when he gets an appreciative listener there is no occasion for that listener to say a word. Muir will make all the conversation. I have listened to him untiringly from 8 in the morning until 11 at night, heard him tell story after story of adventures on glaciers and in the woods. It is his perfect self-sufficiency in conversation, his love for solitude and his violent attacks upon the uselessness of the lives of most city men that have made him so little understood. I once heard a learned Californian say:

"Muir thinks more of a tree than he does of a man."

Which deadly epigram would be very convincing to a certain order of minds, but it does not convince me. For after years of acquaintance with this strange genius I have come to feel that he is one of the most human of men. The test of a man's humanness is the number of his true friends, and Muir has more friends worth having than any other man I know. When I asked him to come and make his home with me in my cañon his eye brightened with a strange tenderness.

"Home," he repeated, "why, I have homes everywhere. My friends are wonderfully good to me."

Such a man is bound to have friends if for no other reason than that he is so mightily entertaining. To have Muir by your fireside at night, rattling on in his wonderful way about the Alaskan Indians, the Norwegian fjords, the Manchurian forests and the Polynesian volcanoes is to have harboured a Munchausen come true.

Because he is a liberated man and loves his freedom, wishing always to be master of his own times and seasons, it may be that he is sometimes rather hard to handle. His engagements with himself are often such that he does not care to have them broken in upon. For example, he did not, at the outset, want to go with Roosevelt into the Yosemite. To a genius like Muir a President is very likely to be merely a President, and he has no more desire to meet him than he has to meet a plain citizen. He was preparing to excuse himself by a polite note to Mr. Roosevelt, when a friend said to him:

"But, my dear Muir, a man must always accept the President's invitation.

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It is like a command from a king to his subject."

This, however, made no appeal to the liberty-loving old mountaineer. How he finally persuaded himself to go at the Chief Magistrate's bidding was curious enough.

"Well," he argued against his inclination, "I suppose I oughtn't to refuse his invitation just because he happens to be the President."

And so he went along in King Theodore's train, apparently as docile a subject as any. Afterward he remarked that the President was a pretty good fellow and knew several things about the mountains.

Up in our cañon we had a sort of monopoly of the ceanothus which empurpled all the April hills. To bring Muir over from Martinez, fifty miles away, and show him this dazzling display of flowers was a great delight to us. He came up the trail like a pious aspirant and gazed with a rapt reverence and a most curious connoisseurship upon the myriad-floreted wonder of the cañon. Then he gave a marvellous exposition of the variety and construction of the ceanothus and its flowers. Next morning the stiff green madroño leaves were all sparkling with dewdrops. Here was food for his Homeric imagination.

"Did you ever think," said he, pointing to one of the crystal drops, "that here is an eye that not only sees everything around it, but reflects everything from its wonderful retina? You take a magnifying glass and look into that drop and you will see how it pictures the whole landscape and all the clouds above it. All up and down this cañon from every pendant leaf—a million eyes!"

Muir married rather late in life, but is now a widower. He has two children, both college girls and faithful believers in the genius of their father.

Few men understand Thoreau as Muir does. I thought I had read *Walden,* having gone through the volume at least a dozen times, but it remained for Muir, who knows the book backward, to read it to me. This he did from memory while I walked with him one rainy day at Martinez. I wish all the little folk of little soul who think they know and are able to classify Thoreau could have received that flood of illumination upon his work and character which I received that day. Even Lowell could have learned something. Emerson once said that, although Muir had not known Thoreau personally, he would have been the best man in the world to edit his works.

But Muir has something better to do than to write about other men's writings. After forty years of careful observation of Nature's wildest moods and greatest pictures and such ability to report upon them, he is a man fit to voice the great message of the wild. He is the accredited spokesman of Nature in the West. Although he makes no great figure in the popular mind, his work is recognised among all the high literary and scientific authorities of the world. But the more his writings are demanded by publishers the shyer he is of putting them forth. When a magazine editor heard he was to make his recent journey around the world in search of new natural wonders he made him an offer of $10,000 for a short series of letters. This offer was refused by Muir on the ground that he had not the time to do the work carefully.

Muir is probably the most painstaking of all the literary craftsmen in America to-day. He has a large library of microscopically written note-books with the most wonderful thumbnail sketches to illustrate them. He never writes until he has thoroughly informed his material. And yet his work never seems to lack spontaneity. As a rule he leaves nothing of value to be said about any subject that he attacks. Read his chapter on the Yellowstone and you cannot fail to feel the finality of it. For to describe the Yellowstone after Muir would be like trying to write a new *Inland Voyage* after Stevenson.

"I write and rewrite," he said to me once, "and make terrible work of it. I like to consider the infinite possibilities. So I turn my material this way and that, and brood over it like a setting hen. Sometimes it will take me six weeks to write an ordinary magazine article of seven or eight thousand words."

And yet to read that brisk bit of writing which tells of how he climbed the

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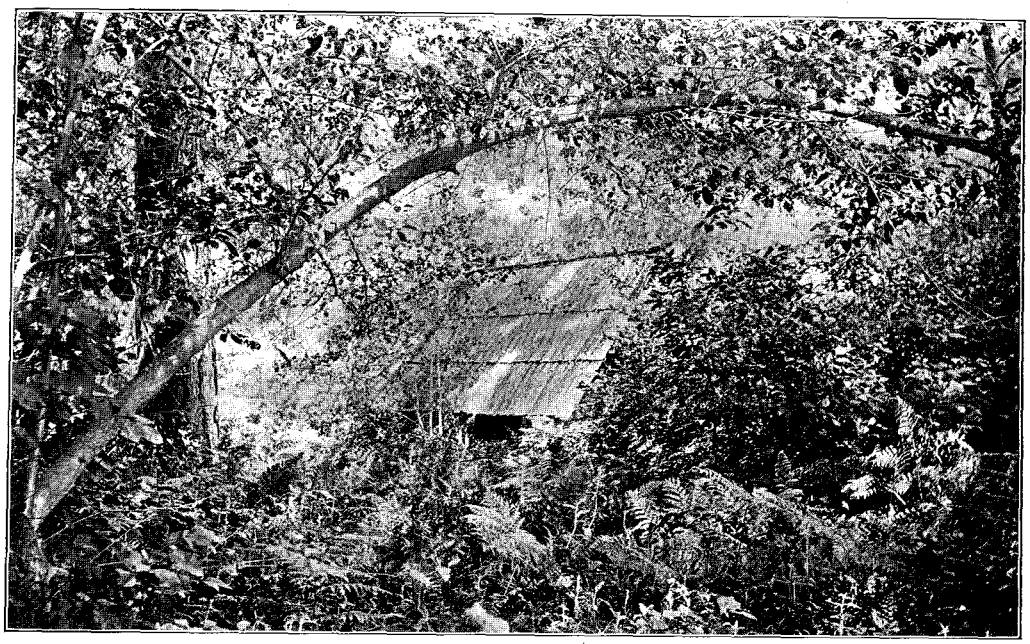

JOHN MUIR'S SECRET CABIN IN THE YOSEMITE
He alone knew this nook among the brakes where he studied for years

THE VIEW FROM JOHN MUIR'S STUDY WINDOW, MARTINEZ, CALIFORNIA

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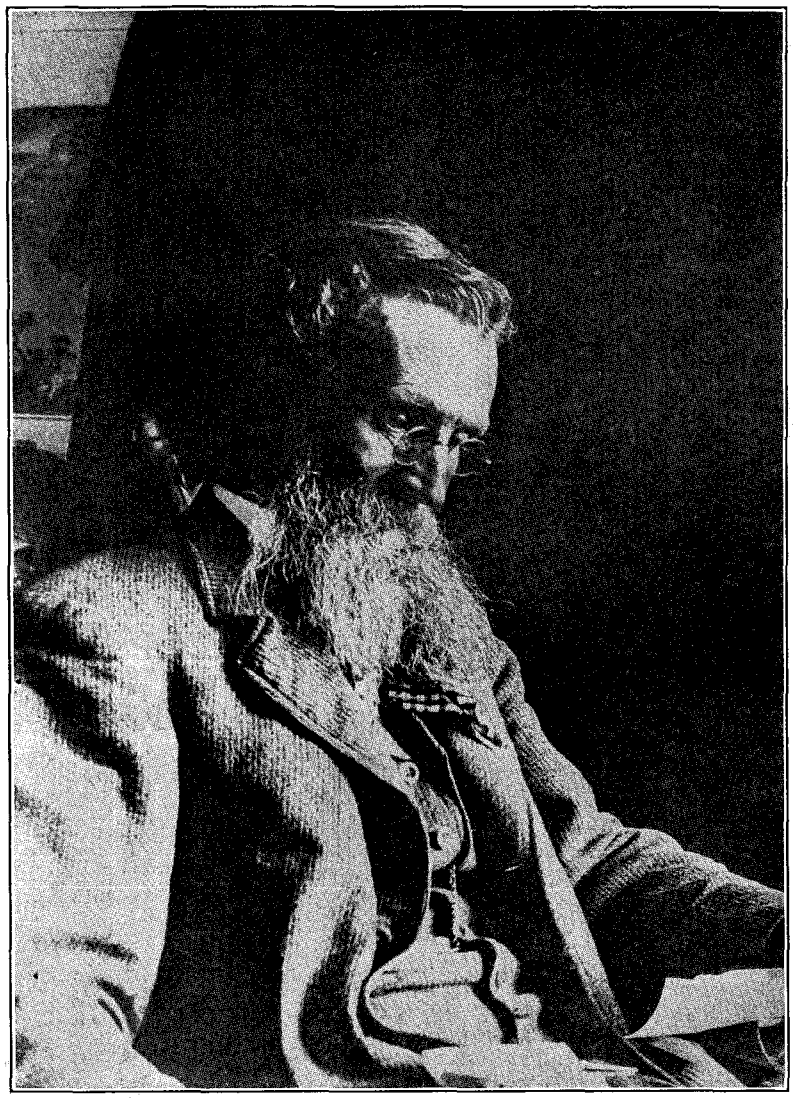

JOHN MUIR TO-DAY

bending fir tree in the storm—a chapter that is full of refulgent poetry—one might think, so simple and dashing is the style, that it was written at a sitting.

Muir does not write for money. He is probably paid less for the time he consumes than any other recognised writer of his day. He makes far more as a ranchman than as a writer. He has a horror of the hampering futilities of life, cares nothing for accumulation, save in valuable experiences, and seems to despise wealth as he despises danger. Once in a long talk with E. H. Harriman he frankly told that gentleman that he was richer than he was.

"I know what you mean," said Mr. Harriman, "but I won't admit it. Don't you think wealth is a good thing for a man?"

"Not great wealth—no. Your rich man renounces too much. I would rather lie down at night by an old spring I know up in the Sierras than to own the Waldorf-Astoria—that is, if I had to live in it."

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This story, I know, is hard for the average city man to understand, but of its genuineness there is no doubt. And what would the bejewelled couple dining ostentatiously in the Broadway restaurant make of this instance of his simplicity:

Once Muir was dining with me in a café in San Francisco. We sat down and he began to tell me a story. The waiter came around several times, but as the story was such a good one, I thought I would wait until it was ended before I gave the order. Muir talked and talked, and in between he would reach over and break off a piece of bread from a French loaf on the table. This he did a good many times. The story reminded him of another, and so he talked and ate bread, until finally, being very hungry, I broke in with:

"Well, what shall I order for you, Mr. Muir?"

"Order?" he repeated in his abstraction.

"Yes, order—to eat."

He looked over at the last little remaining piece of bread on the plate and said, as if waking from a dream:

"Eat? Why, I've had all I want—that bread was bully."

To fall into a complex way of life is with him something to be greatly avoided. His plan of keeping clear of literary as well as other engagements, for example, is steadily persisted in. He is the despair of editors. As he does not write for money and merely when he pleases and cares nothing for the publicity of print, the editor can hold out but little inducement to him. Though among the ablest of our writers, he makes no literary pretension whatsoever.

"Writing," I once heard him say, "is an unnatural business. Your head gets hot, your feet get cold and you can't digest your meals. I would rather make tracks up a mountainside any day than to peg away at the most glorious of epics. I want to be free. I want to be up on the glaciers—out where God is making the world. Glaciers don't haunt towns, so I don't care to go there. I get lost in New York or San Francisco, but I never get lost in the mountains.

"Up there among the glaciers one gets a lot of light on how the cosmos is growing. Beauty is being made there. The snowflakes are being compacted into a solid grand army, all marching to music."

When he caught a severe cold while working in his study, and it developed into bronchitis, he said:

"I know what's the matter with me—I am becoming a victim to the house habit. Soon I shall be having a long list of indoor complaints."

Much against his wife's objections, he insisted on immediately setting out for Alaska.

"In your condition," she insisted, "it will kill you."

"No," said he, "the best thing in the world for bronchitis is to go and camp on a wet glacier."

So he went and camped on the ice and his bronchitis left him.

Discussing literary style one day, I asked him where he learned to express himself so clearly.

"In the Bible," he said unhesitatingly. "There is the best school for English in all the world. When I was a boy I memorised the whole of the New Testament. I still know whole chapters of it and of the old book. My favourite is the twenty-ninth chapter of Job—the description of a good man."

Muir carries his notions of independence to the extreme. For many years he would not have a barber, but cut his own hair. In the mountains he prefers always to go alone and with the least impedimenta. He has the most rigid ethical views, but he never forces them upon others. He is a philosopher who cares absolutely nothing about leading you this way or that. I think he would blush if he knew he had made a disciple of any one even in the matter of his aversion to wealth and to the wealthy.

He is not a man for the world to set its watch by. There would be too much missing of business trains and pleasure boats, to none of which is he timed. But, like all geniuses, he has his distinct use and value. The world loves Nature's men, and year by year it will come to have a larger place in its heart for them and for the charm which they possess and radiate.

Bailey Millard.

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"The murmur swells into a surge; the clear call of trumpets cuts it with a shrilling blare of triumph. Now I can see the glint of sun on steel. Down one of the broad *allées* there gallop half a hundred horsemen who draw rein beside the Brandenburger Thor. Then, of a sudden, a great flood of splendid cavalry, with gleaming corselets, regiment upon regiment of cuirassiers, who have at last avenged the red ruin of their glorious *débâcle* at Gravelotte. On they ride, not with the stolid, surly mien of Prussians nor with the mechanical perfection of the toy soldiers of the Tempelhofer Feld, but swinging lightly in their saddles, their faces radiant with that joyous daring which marks the most war-loving nation in the world."

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

III.—Berlin

AT the further end of Unter den Linden, away from the royal palace and the statue of old Frederick on his lumpy horse, that famous avenue broadens out into the Pariser Platz. Thence, one may gaze through the stately Brandenburger Thor and behold the Thiergarten with its expanse of greenery, its alluring alleys and its glint of snowy marble. If you enter one of the cream-coloured buildings which flank the Brandenburger Thor, you may ascend four flights. You will then discover, on the outer door of an apartment, a bright brass plate with an inscription announcing it to be a *pension,* and bearing the name of the Frau Inspektor, who conducts it.

A most delightful *pension* it is—immaculately neat, and furnished in the best of taste. Its *clientèle* is small but cosmopolitan. The Frau Inspektor, with her snowy hair and winter-apple cheeks and smile of rare benevolence, is a dear. To live there is a liberal education. In time you will come to know the whole Familie Buchholz in real life, which is better even than to meet them in Herr Stinde's pages. You will hear no English. The subtleties of the *Berliner Dialekt* will gradually percolate your brain; and at last you will thoroughly enjoy the talk which lets you into the rivalries of Frau Buchholz and Frau Bergfeldt, the love affairs of Auguste and young Weigelt, and the importance of Herr Doktor Wrenzchen. The place has an atmosphere which is German to the last degree, and this atmosphere affords the proper medium through which to see Berlin.

To be sure, there are some complications about living in the *pension.* Take, for example, the matter of the keys.

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When you have been received and favourably passed upon—a letter of introduction is strictly necessary—the Frau Inspektor entrusts you with four keys. First there is The *Schlüssel*, which opens the great door below. This *Schlüssel* is a big bronze affair, six inches long, and it weighs not less than half a pound. It might well have been the key to the Bastille or to one of the many dungeons described by the veracious Baron von der Trenck. Then there is the *Hausschlüssel*, which will let you pass the outer door of the apartment from the fourth-floor hall. It, too, is pretty large. Next comes a little *Schlüssel* for the door within the outer door. The Frau Inspektor carefully explains, with a look of innocent cunning, that after inserting this *Schlüssel* in the lock, you must first turn it twice to the right and then once to the left—or is it twice to the left and once to the right? Anyhow, there is something to remember. And finally there is the *Thürschlüssel*, which admits you to your own particular rooms.

When you have got all these four down in your trousers' pocket, you feel like Mark Twain's jumping frog after he had swallowed the pound of shot. And if, some evening, you chance to stay out rather late at the Café Bauer and are deluded into thinking that *Eierponsch* is a beverage for babes—O, that smooth, seductive, velvety, demoniac *Eier-ponsch!*—and you reach the Pariser Platz after the *portier* has gone to bed—! In Heaven's name, which *Schlüssel* is the *Schlüssel* that you need for each of those confounded doors as you go upward in the dark? Is it the big *Schlüssel* or the little *Schlüssel*, or one of the medium-sized *Schlüssels?* And must you give the *Schlüssel* two turns to the right and then one to the left, or two turns to the left and then one to the right? What with *Schlüssel* after *Schlüssel*, you get so schlüssely that at last you give it up and make for the nearest hotel, where a *Polizeibeamter* worries you with questions, because you have neither luggage nor a passport.

And then, an American or Englishman will find himself a little bit uncomfortable in the Pariser Platz, because of the well-known Teutonic horror of fresh air. My room is a delightful one, with a window which looks out upon the Thiergarten. But in summer, Berlin is sometimes warm and stuffy—not as New York is warm, yet oppressed by a certain deadness of the air. At night I keep my window open, but it does not make much difference. So, finally, I hit upon the scheme of leaving open the door into the hall after all the household have retired, and of opening also the door into the dining-room. Then the sluggish air begins to stir and let a stream of coolness pour into the room. But alas! In the still hours of the night come stealthy steps along the hall, and both doors are closed tight, so that again I swelter on the feather-bed. A second night and still a third this happens, and then I seek the Frau Inspektor.

"Ja, mein Herr, it is I who close the doors that you have so carelessly left open. Know you not that the night air is very dangerous? I almost fancied that your window was not closed!"

"My window was wide open," I reply. "And I *must* have air—plenty of it!"

The Frau Inspektor gasps and lifts her hands in horror.

"Unmöglich! It cannot be! *Ne! ne!* A few more nights and the Herr will be so ill, and then—oh, *Nachlässigkeit!"*

All argument is useless. The Frau Inspektor, out of the very goodness of her heart, will never hear of such a suicidal thing as letting me enjoy a draught of air in summer. In imagination she sees herself responsible for my speedy death. Her mild blue eyes begin to fill with tears. So I retire vanquished. But in the watches of the next sleepless night I plan a new campaign.

The Frau Inspektor has a son, a child of forty years, whom both the Frau Inspektor and her daughter, the Fräulein Emmi, coddle most absurdly, though they view him with profound respect because he is a male and because he resembles (so I hear) his father, the late Herr Inspektor. I waylay him and desire his attention.

"When you were a student in the Gymnasium, Herr Otto," I begin, "did you ever read any stories of American life?"

"Ach, ja!" returns Herr Otto, his

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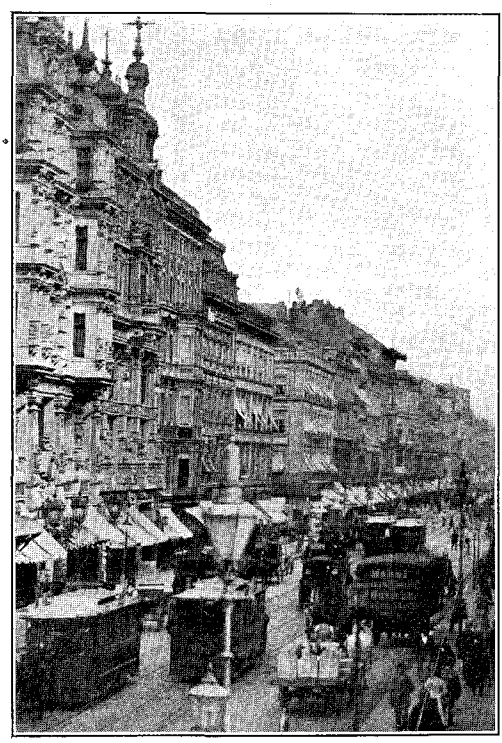
mind aroused to pleasing reminiscence. "So many read I then! *Zum beispiel,* the stories by a most wonderful romancer written. We read them all, we younger ones—*so gern!* What was the name? Well do I remember it—Herr Kupfer, or it may be Kupper. He wrote of the red savages in your country, and of the all so-skilful *Scharfschütz*—how call you him?—Lederstrumpf! And the great forests—larger even than the Grünewald!"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "And you remember how Herr Cooper has described our life—how we live in those open forests through the summer, and how even in winter we have only huts of logs, that do indeed keep out the snow, but that let the wind blow through?"



THE LEIPZIGERSTRASSE

"*Wunderbar!*" murmured Herr Otto. "A strange people, *die Amerikaner!* I remember. *Aber—das ist nicht Sitte bei uns!*"

My heart sank as I heard this fatal formula. When Germans tell you that a thing is not the custom with them, they feel that the very last word has been said and that the incident is closed. However, I returned to the attack.

"Of course, Herr Otto, such habits are unknown in a nation which has reached a high plane of civilisation—a nation like Germany, for example. But it is different with us. *I* don't believe that in all America there is such a thing as a porcelain stove. And even in winter, Americans haven't yet learned to lie all night between two feather-beds. I have always been used to a great deal of air, and I can't be civilised all at once. Naturally, the Frau Inspektor does not understand this, because she has not studied the ways of strange peoples. But you, who are a man of the world and a great reader, will know that I am in no danger of falling ill from having the doors open at night. Indeed, if they are to be closed in the hot weather, I shall have to go out and sleep under a tree in the Thiergarten—and that, you know, is *Polizeiwidrig—streng verboten.*"

"*Ja, ja,* that understand I," assented Herr Otto, preening himself visibly. "I will myself speak to the Frau Mamma."

And he must have spoken to her very effectually, for that night and thereafter the doors were all left open, and I slept as comfortably as Leatherstocking himself.

But, putting aside the matter of the keys and the need of a mild duplicity in the management of Herr Otto, there is nothing to fret one's soul in this neat little *pension.* At the *Mittagsessen* and the *Abendessen* there is daily gathered a little group of interesting human beings whom chance fortune has drawn together here. Besides the Frau Inspektor, and Herr Otto, and the Fräulein Emmi, there is a good-natured gigantic Swedish basso who has sung the Dragon's part in *Siegfried,* from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. There is a silent little Frenchman whose German is apparently limited to about twenty words and who seems to have nothing to do; so that I like to believe that he is a sort

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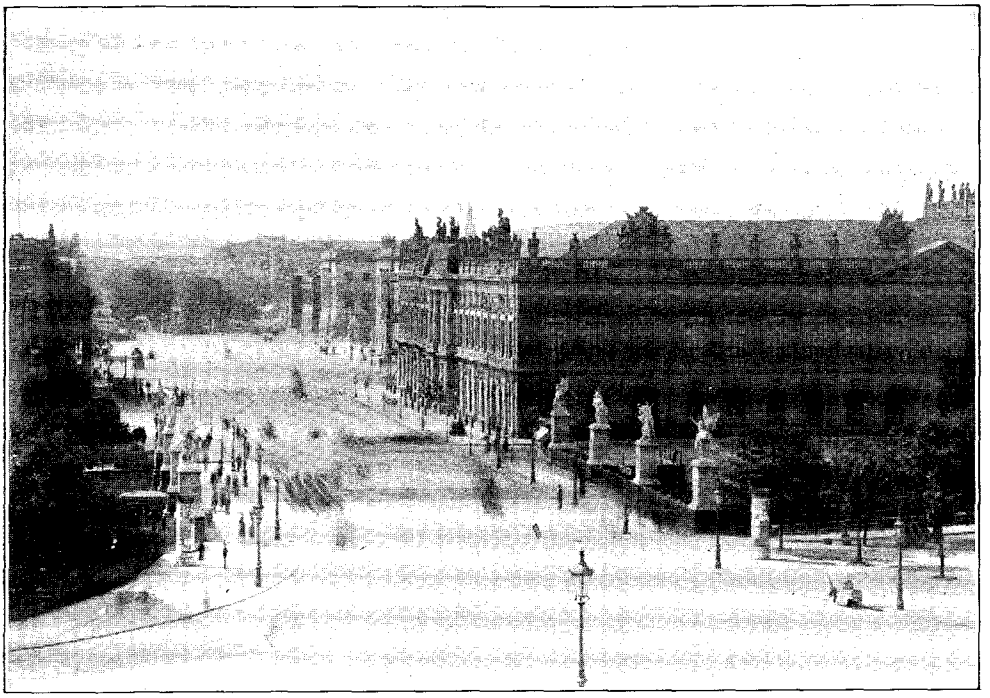

"There is a brown-stone effect to the Schloss which recalls New York"

of diplomatic spy from the Quai d'Orsay. And again, there is a young lady from Vienna who represents the Advanced School of German Thought, for she smokes multitudinous cigarettes after dinner, goes out alone at all hours, and returns (also alone) at two in the morning from goodness knows where. Finally, there is a Finnish girl who is learning German, so as to teach it in Helsingfors. She has rather a plain face, but she wears a bang and that makes her distinctly fascinating. There are many young men and maidens in America today who have never seen bangs—or "fringes," if you like—worn. Apparently the bang, long since expelled from Western Europe, has only now reached Finland. For my part, I am hoping for a general renaissance of the bang. If the fact were only understood, there is no woman so plain, so naturally unprepossessing, as not to appear attractive when she wears a bang. The deep fringe of hair falling low upon the forehead has a strange power of creating fascination, of making an appeal, of compelling man's attention. Perhaps it is the same sort of appeal by which the primitive woman with tumbled tresses stirred the first desire of the cave-man amid the infinite silence of unbroken forest. But the little Fräulein Stella is quite unconscious of her charm, and eats eggs and Leberwurst without an esoteric thought.

And so do we all eat eggs and Leberwurst and many other things more recondite. The Frau Inspektor has a carefully prepared cycle of repasts. By noting down what you have had on any particular day, you can forecast just what you are to have on the corresponding day next week. It is all very good; except that on the day appointed for berry-soup and smoked goose, I usually find it convenient to dine out at Hiller's on the Linden. But when the Frau Inspektor treats us to mock-hare (or *Falsche Hase*) I am always present. Mock-hare is just as near as Germans can come to producing Philadelphia scrapple. Scientifically, mock-hare and scrapple may be viewed as representing absolutely independent research arriving at almost identical results—like John

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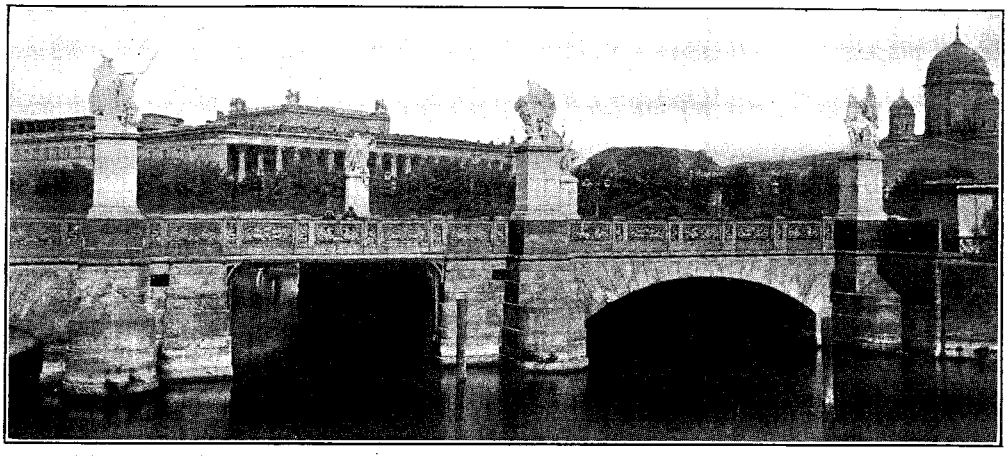
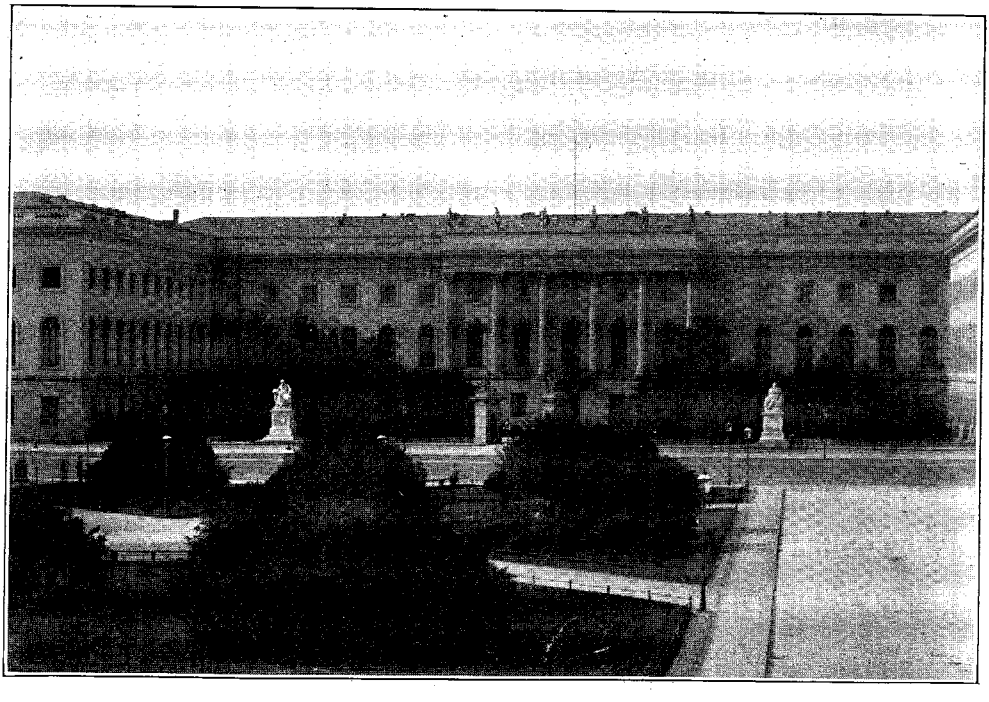


"Though the Schloss Bridge, with its statues overlooking the river, is beautiful, it has not the air of mellow age"

Couch Adams and Leverrier discovering the planet Neptune. If the Frau Inspektor only had a little Indian meal, the mock-hare would be actually scrapple—with that lovely golden brown colouring and crispness of taste which make scrapple one of the immortal contributions of America to the world's gastronomic Walhalla. Rank it with canvas-back duck and terrapin, and buckwheat cakes and Little Neck clams and green corn. But if it were not for the pinch of Indian meal, scrapple would not be scrapple. It would be mock-hare.

I eat so much of this delectable dish and say so much about it, that the Frau



THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

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Druck von C. Hagedorn, Leipzigerstr. 125

Inspektor is flattered deep down in her gracious soul. The Fräulein Emmi, one day, mysteriously presents me with a slip of gilt-edged paper on which she has written out the recipe for mock-hare, so that I shall be able to have some made for me in far-off America.

"Though," says the Fräulein Emmi, "it ought to be cooked upon a range or stove."

I blush slightly, knowing that she has in mind the wild, open forest life which I have described to Herr Otto—a life of roaring campfires rather than of decent kitchens. However, I take the recipe with gratitude. The Fräulein Emmi reads English more or less; and as a compliment to me, she has composed the recipe in that language, with the aid of a dictionary. I reproduce it here just

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as she wrote it on the sheet of gilt-edged paper:

FOR THE FALSE HARE

350 gramm. beef
350 gramm. porck } hacket
1 little bread in Water gesoaket
3 spoons other Bread pulverisirt
2 teaspoons pepper salt.
1 onion fine hacket
In fat to damp. All together stirr and stick with Lard.

It is delightful of a summer morning to wake and hear the notes of a bugle in the Thiergarten below one's window. Looking out, one sees a group of Uhlans riding between the strips of greenery, the little pennons fluttering from their lances, and their splendid horses moving all together. The perfect training of the German cavalry is wonderful. At a distance they seem like a row of lead soldiers, cast all in the same mould. Each lance is held at precisely the same angle. Each rider has precisely the same seat upon his steed. Each horse, even, lifts his hoofs at precisely the same instant as each other horse. And when you see fifty thousand cavalry and infantry at some great review on the Tempelhoferfeld, it is just the same. A column of a thousand men seems not to be composed of individuals. It might have been carved as a whole out of some blue and red material, and its movements are as regular as those of a machine. In fact, an intelligent machine is the ideal of the ruling German—not the highest possible ideal, but one of which the realisation is astonishing wherever you observe it—in the army, the police, the post-office, the universities, or the court. Perhaps, after a little, you weary of its mechanism. Spontaneity, individuality, personality, have all been thrown into the hopper of a huge official mill, and have come out a finished product which lives and works and thinks according to a formula.

It is the eternal presence of the German soldier that differentiates Berlin from an American city of its size; for all else here is modern—the ornate palace of the Reichstag, the glorified Luna Park display of the Siegesallée, the brand-new Protestant cathedral or Domkirche, the avenue of the Linden itself, lined with glittering shops and restaurants, the Leipzigerstrasse, crowded by trams and vans and bustling burghers. There is a brown-stone-front effect to the Schloss which recalls New York; and though the Schloss Bridge, with its statues overlooking the little river, is beautiful, it has not the air of mellow age. To be sure, there are many places here which are redolent of history, but it is very modern history. One looks at the column in the Belle Alliance Platz, and it takes you no further back than Waterloo. The building that nestles under a great mansard roof and encompasses a garden in the Wilhelmstrasse, gives you a thrill when you remember that in its offices the mighty Bismarck, with his Reichshund crouched beside him, created a great empire, and gave law to Continental Europe until the day when his "young master" sent an aide-de-camp to turn him out. But this was only a few years ago. We all remember it; and the man of blood and iron might himself appear upon the steps without seeming like a visitant from another world.

Yes, Berlin is very new—an infant among European capitals—and even old Fritz upon his lumpy horse is not an ancient, since his end came after we Americans had won our freedom. Compare the German capital with Paris or Vienna or Brussels, not to speak of Rome, and it seems almost as new as Cincinnati or Detroit. The distinctive and pictorial interest of it comes first of all from the swarming soldiery—from the bright helmets, spiked or plumed, the glitter of gold lace, the blue and crimson uniforms, the white jack-boots, and the clank of sabres everywhere. A dozen times an hour you see some gorgeous warrior stiffen suddenly and salute, as he perceives another of his kind somewhere within the regulation distance. It is most attractive for a time; and the bugle of the Uhlans in the morning is but the overture, the thrilling note with which the martial drama of the day begins.

Yet after a little while, the everlasting army officer gets upon your nerves. His lordly and all-conquering air, his supercilious pose, his assumption that he has

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the right of way, no matter where you meet him, his refusal to swerve a hair's breadth as he stalks along the broadest *trottoir*—somehow you feel that there is a great deal too much of him. And then you hear stories of his insolence to women, his bullying of civilians, the grim tales of the barrack-yards where simple country boys are tortured by the drill-sergeant with inconceivable brutality, and now and then a darker and more sinister revelation of the moral rottenness which is festering like a plague-spot underneath the brave display of gorgeous uniforms and rigid ceremonial. It is not necessary to read such books as that of Bilse or such journals as the *Zukunft*. Any German can relate to you out of his own personal knowledge things as sickening as these. And after that, the *schneidig Offizier,* as he swaggers by you on the Linden, nose in air, and regarding you with scorn, is not provocative of admiration.

Here is where I recall the Adventure of the Herr Lieutenant. You must know that, staying temporarily in Berlin and viewing it with scorn, is an American friend, whom I may, for the purpose of this narrative, call Bob—especially as that is what everybody calls him in his native land. Now Bob is a frank and free-spoken and energetic person with a sort of mental twist which leads him to condemn whatever is under his immediate eye, and to admire whatever is remote. At home he professes to believe that the great Republic is tottering to its fall. Everything American is either detestable, ridiculous, or worthless. They do it all so much better in Europe. But here, in Berlin, you should hear Bob blaze with patriotic ardour! America is God's country, sure enough. As for Germany and the Germans—pah! Bob has a most wonderful vocabulary to which half a dozen languages have contributed, and his fluency is marvellous; yet he finds it difficult to relieve his burdened soul of all its pent-up feeling.

And he is not in the least particular as to when and where he says the things he desires to say. It is just a bit appalling to hear him, in the midst of the crowded Café Keck or the Oberbayrische Restaurant, express his candid views as to the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the rest of the royal and imperial family, the German army, and the whole administration of the Empire. His words come hot and pungent like a cataract of tabasco sauce. If any one else should utter half a dozen sentences such as these of Bob's, he would be swiftly haled before some bedizened functionary and then laid by the heels in a dungeon for the crime of *Majestätsbeleidigung*. But Bob keeps right on, precisely as though he were in Brooklyn, and no one even warns him. It is just Bob's luck.

Well, one evening, rather late, we are roaming in a somewhat lonely and ill-lighted section of the Alt-Moabit, when down the pavement comes, very haughtily, a young Herr Lieutenant of his Majesty's Brandenburgers. He is very blond and very trig, much pinched as to his waist, and padded as to his shoulders, and his strut makes it apparent even from afar that the earth and the fulness thereof are all his. I can feel Bob fairly bristle as this young warrior heaves in sight. The sidewalk is reasonably wide and we give a full half of it to the Herr Lieutenant. But he has already set his course, and to swerve from it for the sake of two contemptible civilians would be absurd and ignominious. The result is that he comes into violent collision with Bob. Now Bob had instantaneously perceived just what was going to happen and had braced himself for the impact of the Herr Lieutenant. Therefore, the Herr Lieutenant reels violently and almost falls into the roadway, his cap half shaken from his head and his sword getting awkwardly mixed up with his sky-blue legs. He pulls himself together fiercely.

"Du! Lump!" snarls the Herr Lieutenant.

"Schweinehund!" flashes back Bob, like a rapid-fire gun.

Now to call any German a pig-dog is a very serious matter. But to apply that name to an officer in uniform, especially after you have knocked him all over the place, is an insult that can be washed out by blood alone. According to the unwritten code of his Majesty's army, the Herr Lieutenant must instantly draw and run

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Bob through the body. His hand goes swiftly to his sword-hilt. But Bob is by no means slow. With the agility of a cat he leaps aside, and catches up what an American rustic would call a "rock." It is a fine, smooth, round cobblestone of about two pounds in weight, and Bob poises it deftly in his ready hand.

"You slab-sided, spindle-shanked, waffle-jawed, pop-eyed son of a pink porcupine!" cries Bob. "If you pull that tin sword of yours, I'll mash your face into *Blutwurst!*"

It may have been the effect of the moonlight, but I notice that the roseate cheeks of the Herr Lieutenant have suddenly turned to chalk. Perhaps he is appalled to find that the American language contains so many compound words. Doubtless on the field of battle, with his fellow-Brandenburgers, he would cheerfully rush forward to certain death amid the cannon-thunder. But up here in a dim corner of the Alt-Moabit, to have his face, his beautiful face, converted into *Blutwurst* by a "rock" at the hands of a foreign savage —there is no glory in it. And Bob has a very wicked look as he balances the cobblestone in his nervous, muscular hand.

There is a poignant silence for about two seconds. Then the Herr Lieutenant adjusts his cap, endeavours to assume an air of high disdain, and stalks stiffly off into the night with muttered words, among which I can distinguish only "Barbarismus!"

Bob and I make our way to the hospitable shelter of the Herculesgarten, and there celebrate together, with many a stein, this signal victory of the United States over the German army.

I wonder whether it is because the military caste is so exalted that the proletariat is so sordid and unpleasant. One extreme is usually balanced by the other. At any rate, the rabble of Berlin is grosser and more offensive than that of any other northern capital—than in Paris or in London, for example, or in cosmopolitan New York. Intense poverty cannot rob the French of a certain artistic feeling, nor the English of a certain rough *bonhomie,* nor the American of a certain self-respect and orderliness. But a German crowd is like a herd of animals—coarse, rude, unmannerly, and yet quite servile in the presence of a uniform. To see them in their free moments, I take a little steamer which plies along the Spree from the Jannowitz Brücke in Berlin to Stralau and other pseudo-rustic places by the river—the German equivalent of Coney Island and Pleasure Bay and Nantasket.

The boat is packed with puff-faced men and blowsy women and squalling children. On the little deck before the wheel-house I observe two girls, not ill-looking and doubtless servant-maids out for a holiday. They lean over the railing. Beneath them is the lower deck jammed with perspiring humanity, so close that not one can move from where he stands. A slow Teutonic smile begins to spread itself over the broad faces of the girls. Then they lean forward and begin, quite pleasantly, to spit down upon the passengers below them. They grin when the marksmanship is particularly good. Their human targets cannot possibly escape them. In any other country there would be a riot on the boat; but this is Germany, and the lower deck is much amused by the rich humour of the two *Dienstmädchen.* There are little squeals and there is much dodging, but no one seems to feel disgust.

As you glide along the river you see, on either bank, beer-gardens, open-air restaurants, grotesque little hotels, and also open spaces where excursionists may sit and eat and drink what they have brought with them in bottles and pails and baskets. It is not a holiday, yet it seems as though the entire population of Berlin were already swarming in the *Umgebungen* of the capital. Heavens! What shoals of sardellen, what heaps of herring, what hills of hams, what mountains of sausages, and what continents of smoked goose, cheese, sauerkraut, and pork, are being washed down with seas of beer and glühwein and other fearsome brews! Surely Gargantua must have been a German. And when you reach Stralau, you simply attain a climax; for while here are tents containing sword-swallowers and bearded ladies and Circassian beauties (from Sanct Pauli at Hamburg) and a "Reptilien Ausstel-

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lung" you can scarcely notice them because you are distracted by the extraordinary capacity for guzzling which you see illustrated all about you. I used to think that the piles of "hot dogs" which disappear at Coney Island of a summer afternoon were staggering; but Stralau would engulf them in an hour, and then bellow for still more. There are also seventeen different kinds of music rending the atmosphere, and, oddly enough, most of it is in a minor key. If the English take their pleasures sadly, these Germans surely take it dismally—one might say morbidly. For what is the ballad that is being sung by yonder red-bearded baritone and most approved by those who stop between two bites of *Wurst* to listen? You may buy the words from the songster himself for the sum of two pfennig. "Schreckliches Ende Einer Kindermörderin." Fancy—eating, drinking, on pleasure bent in the open air and sunshine, and then topping off with a gruesome ditty which describes the shocking end of a child-murderess!

Take a train through the lovely Thiergarten and visit Charlottenburg. Again, you will see very much the same sort of crowd. Most of them will not visit the pretty palace there, but will make straight for the mausoleum. When it is opened by the attendant, in rush the *Volk*. This is the final resting place of kings, a place where Prussian sovereigns lie in the dignity of death. I have watched American crowds at the tomb of Washington and the sepulchre of General Grant, but never in either place have I seen a man who did not bare his head and speak in lowered tones and move about with evident respect. Yet many call us the most irreverent of peoples! Watch these Germans squeezing, grunting, and snorting like so many swine around the royal tombs. If they were allowed to do so, they would camp upon the coffins and devour cheese and sausages in the very presence of the dead.

No, the ruling military caste and the porcine populace are the upper and nether millstone between which the great body of the German people are held fast. The men of intellectual power, the men of affairs, the men who are the mainstay of the race must let the heel of militarism press their necks a little longer. They are upright, honourable, courteous and altogether right; but they must still bow low to degenerates like Kuno von Moltke, for example, just as the peasants and the very poor must sweat to pay the sums which a military State demands. And these last pay in blood and self-respect as well as in hard coin. Their women cannot be virtuous and still earn a living. During the Franco-Prussian War, how the American and English pulpits rang with moral lessons! The French were worshippers of the great goddess Lubricity, and therefore they were humbled. The Prussians were God-fearing, temperate, and pure, and so they were exalted. I should like to have these sermonisers walk with me through the most respectable quarters of Berlin. In Paris, vice is kept strictly within bounds by the *agents des mœurs*. The smaller French cities are not merely decorous but dull. While Berlin—! Stroll through the beautiful arcade, the *Passage* which runs from the Linden to the Friedrichstrasse, and you will see effigies and pictures and mechanical toys such as might have been designed for Elagabalus. There they are, exposed to everybody's view as openly as though they were Teddy-bears or Noah's arks. One cannot venture to describe them. They surpass the worst things in that Neapolitan collection to which no priest or woman is admitted. And what is supremely detestable in German pruriency is its utter grossness. The Frenchman at his lowest lets his wit play around the lupanar. The German at his lowest draws his inspiration from the latrine and the sewer.

Berlin boasts that it has no *maisons tolérées*. What need, when almost every *Wirstshaus*, almost every *Lokal*, and almost every café, swarm with women who thrust themselves upon you with the slow smile that all over the world has but a single meaning? Crude printed handbills in red or blue announce the *Tingeltangel* or the *Schwalben-Nest* or what you please, as being a *Strohwittwer Heim* with *Fesche Bedienung* or *Internationale Bedienung*. The whole city teems with meretricious lures. It is the garrison taint, the inevitable concomitant of that social order under which marriage

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is made impossible by the obligations of military service. Napoleon's armies shook German feudalism to pieces; for even in Napoleon's despite, they spread everywhere a love of nationality and a knowledge of the rights of man. The restless days of 1848 gave to Prussia the semblance of constitutionalism. But Bismarck's three successful wars, while they did create an Empire, made it an Empire of brute force and of brutal rule. Only a great military disaster can now hurl this down and leave the true German people free to build again, and at last to have a country that is not a camp.

Some day, if God is very good to me, I shall be sitting at my window in the Pariser Platz and looking out across the Thiergarten toward Charlottenburg. But there will be no Uhlans and no bugle calls. A strange hush will have fallen on Berlin. Shutters will be closed and curtains drawn along the Linden, and the whole great avenue will be as still as death. At the Brandenburger Thor a few mounted officers of the police in their dark uniforms will be sitting their horses, immobile and gloomy.

As I gaze with intense expectancy across the sea of green, there comes an impalpably faint murmur, like the far-away sound of surf upon the shore. It grows and swells, and then it deepens into a sort of muffled thunder pierced by the roll of distant drums. The murmur becomes a surging symphony. The clear call of trumpets cuts it with a shrilling blare of triumph. Now I can see the glint of sun on steel. Down one of the broad *allées* there gallop half a hundred horsemen who draw rein beside the Brandenburger Thor. Then, of a sudden, comes a great flood of splendid cavalry, with glittering corselets, regiment upon regiment of cuirassiers, who have at last avenged the red ruin of their glorious *débâcle* at Gravelotte. On they ride, not with the stolid, surly mien of Prussians, nor with the mechanical perfection of the toy soldiers of the Tempelhoferfeld, but swinging lightly in their saddles, their faces radiant with that joyous daring which belongs to the most war-loving nation in the world.

But now they have massed themselves about the Thor. Far as the eye can reach are regiments of sturdy infantry filling the whole vast area of the Thiergarten. Before them, surrounded by a brilliant staff, rides a general whose name is now perhaps unknown to Europe and the world, but who on that day will be the greatest man on earth. As he nears the Thor, the glorious tricolour is unfurled, surmounted it may be—for who can tell?—by the Napoleonic eagle. And then, following the rising thunder of a thousand drums, there bursts forth a crash of music—thrilling, maddening, divine. I *feel* the words that are behind:

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs—
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs!
Sous nos drapeux que la Victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que nos ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

And as the music swells and billows into a tempest of martial melody, rolling up the Linden and flooding it with a glorious sea of sound, I, at my window, shall lean far out and cry aloud with an infinite exultation—

"Vive la France!"

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A CENTURY OF MONTYON PRIZES

TO do good and to preach the good are very different things; this is an established truth which no one will try to deny. But there exists at the same time a very widely accepted theory that the second is much easier than the first; this is by no means the case. Let those who say so, or think so, just try. Or, if they do not care to try, let them ask some of the members of the French Academy who have been requested by their colleagues to prepare one of the yearly reports, in the form of speech, which is read publicly when the so-called "prix de vertu," awarded by the noble company, are announced. They will all tell you that they found this to be the most delicate task that can be entrusted to a man, and that nothing taxes so much the resourcefulness of the human brain as to eulogise virtue. Just think of it: to be preaching and yet entertaining, to be in the greatest earnest and yet witty, to be dealing with the most bourgeois subject in the world and yet be clever! When Mr. Carnegie established a few years ago—100 years after M. Montyon—his famous prizes for heroism, he did not ask that speeches be made at the occasion of the conferring of the rewards; but even if he had done so, the task would have been easy as compared with the one which confronts yearly the forty "Immortels." For, while Mr. Carnegie, more ambitious in proportion as he was richer, decided that only a nation of heroes would do for him, M. Montyon was satisfied with a nation of plain and honest people; to celebrate valorous deeds of heroes would be a mere play for such eloquent people as the members of the French Academy; but they must find how to praise *with eloquence* the commonplace, unexciting qualities of the humble ones. They must avoid solemn words, which would not fit the modest deeds; but they must avoid just as carefully terms that might convey any idea of contempt for the winners; they must not be haughty and not be paternal; they must not be ironical and not be frigid; they must not be enthusiastic and not be flat; finally and especially, they can never afford to be *quelconque*. All this they must not be; yet what they ought to be defies description; they must be subtle, exquisite, intellectual, æsthetic enough to please; and in performing this extraordinary task they must convey the impression that it costs them no effort whatsoever. The ingeniosity of the men who wear the palms and the sword knows of no greater test; and, if some one wants to make a special study of the classical qualities of form and style in French eloquence, he will find in those yearly reports on the "prix de vertu" his most genuine and his most telling examples. The exacting "Tout-Paris" goes to this early winter session, year after year, with great expectations, and the Academicians are careful to select only a recognised master to achieve the feat. Men who won fame in all sorts of domains have been successively called upon: scientists like Laplace and Cuvier, politicians like Tocqueville and Guizot, critics like Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière, priests like Montalembert, poets like Sully-Prudhomme, philosophers like Renan.

Last year we had a special treat. As the hundredth celebration of this ceremony was drawing near, Maurice Barrès —one of the recently elected members— had the original idea of looking up the speeches of his forerunners, and he extracted from them the subject for a very suggestive piece of oratory, namely, he offered, according to his own words, "a sketch of the variations of the idea of virtue in the French Academy."

Those moralists who still doubt that the ethical standard is constantly undergoing changes, according to time and circumstances, will find convincing proof in M. Barrès's speech that even the élite of humankind is not free from the influence of events in its views of moral sublimity.

The first time when the Academy had to award a "prix de vertu" it was shortly before the Revolution, and evidently one

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could feel in the air the forthcoming struggle. The "parti des philosophes" had invaded the Academy; they conferred the prize (there was then only one of them) upon a poor woman, the owner of a little drygoods store, who had broken the chains of a prisoner in the Bastille.

In 1790 the Academy was suppressed by the Revolution, and it was not until 1820 that the Immortals were entrusted again with the function of rewarding virtue. This was a time of reaction against the Revolution; the king and the former nobility were in power again; and the Academy, echoing those reactionary feelings, picked out for distinction those obscure heroes, who, during the storm, had not allowed themselves to be diverted from their duties toward their lords; old servants were rewarded who had registered their names in the Public Charity Office, in order to avoid the humiliation to their noble masters ruined by the confiscation of their properties. Also priests received honours who had never discontinued, at the constant risk of their life, to minister to the faithful and to the poor, even during the period of the bloody "Terror."

If we pass over to the next generation, we can see the fear of the socialistic and communistic ideas which were to break out in the new Revolution (of 1848) influence the Academy. Anxious for the "conservation of the traditional life of the nation," Guizot eulogises the military virtues, and Montalembert the religious virtues, as the real safeguards of morality and social order.

Twenty-five years later the war with Germany had shaken the country. In 1871 there was no session of the Academy; but it was only natural that the following year, as France was still bleeding from the wounds inflicted on its national pride, the virtues which seemed to deserve especial commendation should be those of the soldier crippled in the service of the country, and those of orphans and widows continuing courageously the struggle for life deprived of their natural support.

Yet France soon recovered, and only twelve years later the new, the modern note was struck by Renan, in one of the most brilliant "virtue" speeches ever made. Renan gave vent to his "destructive scepticism," as Barrès says; to his broad tolerance, as others would put it. With the inimitable charm of his style he emphasised the fact that of the ten or twenty philosophies which claimed to provide a firm basis for the idea of duty, not one could stand the test of reason; but then, he continued, this is of no particular importance; virtue itself remains, let us honour it wherever it comes from; we cannot afford to spare any help; lay virtue or denominational virtue, philosophical virtue or Christian virtue, virtue of the old régime or virtue of the new régime, civic virtues or clerical virtues—let us take them all, welcome them all!

But again such serene views could not last. Men are no philosophers; clouds were already gathering which darkened both the social and the political horizon. On often futile pretexts, the *France noire* (ecclesiastical) and the *France rouge* (democratic) clashed. The Academy took side with the conservatives. Not long ago, Bourget endeavoured to show in his speech—as Chateaubriand 100 years before under similar circumstances in his *Génie du Christianisme*—the beneficent value of the Catholic Church, with its firm and clear dogmas, as opposed to a vague humanitarianism and a so-called natural religion. Yet, also just as in the time of Chateaubriand, those who by reasoning declared for conservatism, proved to be in fact pervaded with the spirit of our epoch. M. Barrès, the other day, had to eulogise, it is true, the devotion to military ideals, thanks to the events of the Morocco campaign; but, above all, he had to speak at length of two great social works, founded by laymen, and direct if not exclusive products of the humanitarian ideals of our days. The one was the excellent *Œuvre du Marin*, of M. de Thézac, the man who very intelligently fought the evils of alcoholism among the sailors of the coast of Brittany; the other, the Central Office of Information about the poor, founded by M. Lefèbvre with a view to directing charity in the right channels and taking it away from the non-deserving. The preoccupation of

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THE BARON DE MONTYON

social problems is indicated also by the prize given to the parents of two large families, one of nineteen, and one of twenty-one children.

The name of the first founder of a "prix de vertu"—who has since been imitated by many liberal donors—M. Montyon, is well known. But few think it worth while to inquire further, taking it for granted that a man who proposes to reward virtue must be a most uninteresting personality. But the prejudice is wrong. M. Montyon is a picturesque character. His biography has been written several times, and, again recently, some of his rather amusing business adventures have tempted the pen of M. A. de Molin.

Montyon was one of those French noblemen of the eighteenth century who, although devoted apparently to the old social organisation and faithful servants of the king, were thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of sentimental idealism inspired by the writings of Sterne, Richardson, Rousseau to the generation of men who prepared the French Revolution. Himself a laureate of the French Academy for his "Eulogy of the Chancellor Michel de l'Hospital," an impersonation of all the noblest qualities of humankind, he decided to foster similar virtues among men, by establishing two prizes to be awarded by the French Academy every year, one for the book which seemed "most useful for the temporal welfare of humanity," the other the first famous "prix de vertu." When the Revolution swept away the Academy (1790), Montyon himself fled first to Switzerland, then to London. When the kings came back, he did, too, and in 1819, by testament, he reëstablished his two prizes, at the same time bequeathing his very large fortune (much larger than he knew himself) to philanthropic institutions. A quaint man he must have been, full of contradictions, for he left wherever he went the souvenir of an utterly disagreeable nature but of the most kind-hearted of men; petty, mean, hard in business transactions, but magnificently generous in his gifts; a most dreadfully egoistic creature, but yet at other times the most

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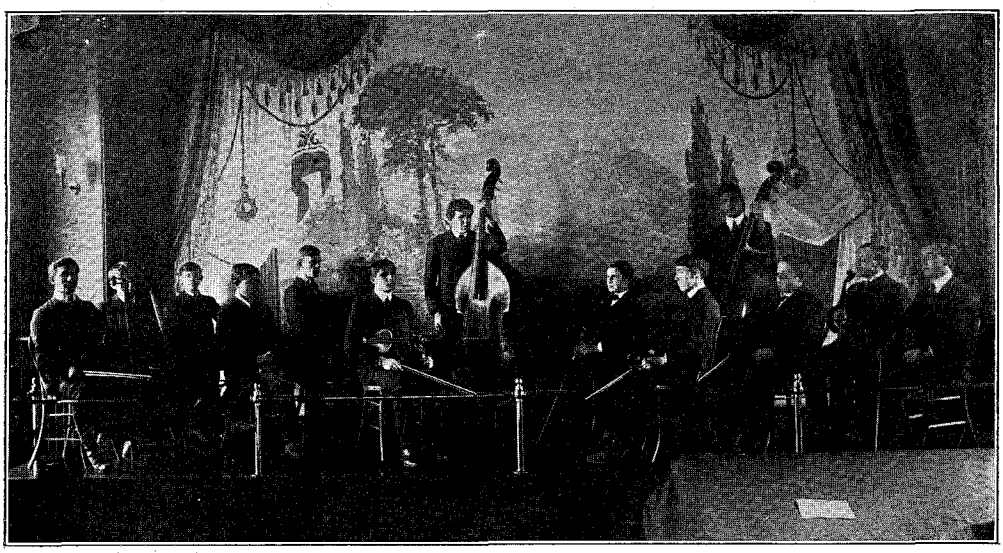
disinterested that ever lived. M. de Molin thinks that all his peculiarities are due, first, to the fact that he was a financier, and second, to the fact that he was not married. We leave it for others to discuss that matter. Certain it is that he did his share in attempting to correct in some measure the injustices of human destinies—more than can be said of many of us—and if there are other ways of shining in this world, the one chosen by the odd Baron de Montyon is not the most contemptible after all.

Albert Schinz.



THE ORCHESTRA OF THE PERKINS INSTITUTION

The most widely known blind orchestra in the world. Playing only classical music, this orchestra fills the largest theatre in Boston.

BLIND MUSICIANS

MANY of us have derived our ideas of blind musicians from the pitiable mendicant of the streets, who draws a melancholy sound from some battered instrument — generally a superannuated hand-organ—and sometimes levies on our small change. There is a wide distance between this beggar and the performers of some of the American institutions devoted to the education of the blind, who not only aim to interpret the symphonies of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn and Schubert, but, in the opinion of authoritative musical critics, have challenged comparison with the finished achievements of our best orchestras of seeing musicians.

If Boston may still have a valid claim to being the "musical centre of America," the opinion of her two leading critics on the work of the orchestra of the Perkins Institution for the Blind should be convincing. After attending an annual concert given by this institution Mr. Louis C. Elson wrote that "even the intricacies of a fugue, or the most complex contrapuntal passages, are unravelled by a blind pupil almost as easily as if he were able to read the printed notes of the well-tempered clavichord." Speaking of the ren-

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dering by this orchestra of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Mr. Philip Hale, of the Boston *Herald,* wrote that "the results obtained were surprisng, well-nigh incredible, and in the performance there was often a grace, a finish that older orchestras composed of men more kindly treated by nature might envy."

This Boston institution has for years been building up its music department under the direction of Mr. Edwin L. Gardiner, until it has taken a leading place in this important branch in the education of the blind. The orchestra includes performers of both sexes, and consists of six first violins, five second violins, three violas, four violoncellos, two contrabasses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarionets, two bass-clarionets, three horns, two trumpets and a pair of tympani. Their public appearances in the largest theatre in the city are eagerly attended by the best class of Bostonians.

The achievements of the New York Institution for the Blind are equally as amazing, and certainly more convincing evidence is given of the remarkable possibilities for blind students in music. No one in this generation has contributed more toward making the blind independent than Mr. William B. Wait, who for nearly half a century has been the principal of this school. In music, especially, this school has aimed to measure its ambition by the highest standards, and has subjected its students to the examinations of the American College of Musicians of New York City, unquestionably the highest criterion of scientific training in music in this country. To secure diplomas from this college the candidates must pass examinations in notation, music history, harmony, counterpoint, terminology, æsthetics, acoustics and orchestration.

In spite of their handicap of blindness the pupils of this school have competed on even terms with their seeing rivals in this college, with wonderful success. It would almost convince one that in order to study music with brilliant success it were better to take up the work blindfolded and according to the methods used by these pupils. Since adopting the tests of the American College of Musicians, 51 of the pupils of the New York Institution for the Blind have passed 240 examinations, 225 on theoretical subjects and 15 demonstrative (9 organ and 6 piano). Thirteen of these successfully passed all the tests necessary for associateship, and 2 secured fellowship credentials. Five of them won "honours," for which a general average of 90 per cent. or more is required. The work of last year shows that the work is growing. Seven passed in counterpoint, five receiving honours; one passed in acoustics, and another completed the requirements for associateship by passing the piano demonstrative tests. The associateship honour places one in the class of the most proficient musicians; the requirements demand a suc-

A BLIND SOLOIST

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THE SENIOR CHORUS IN THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND

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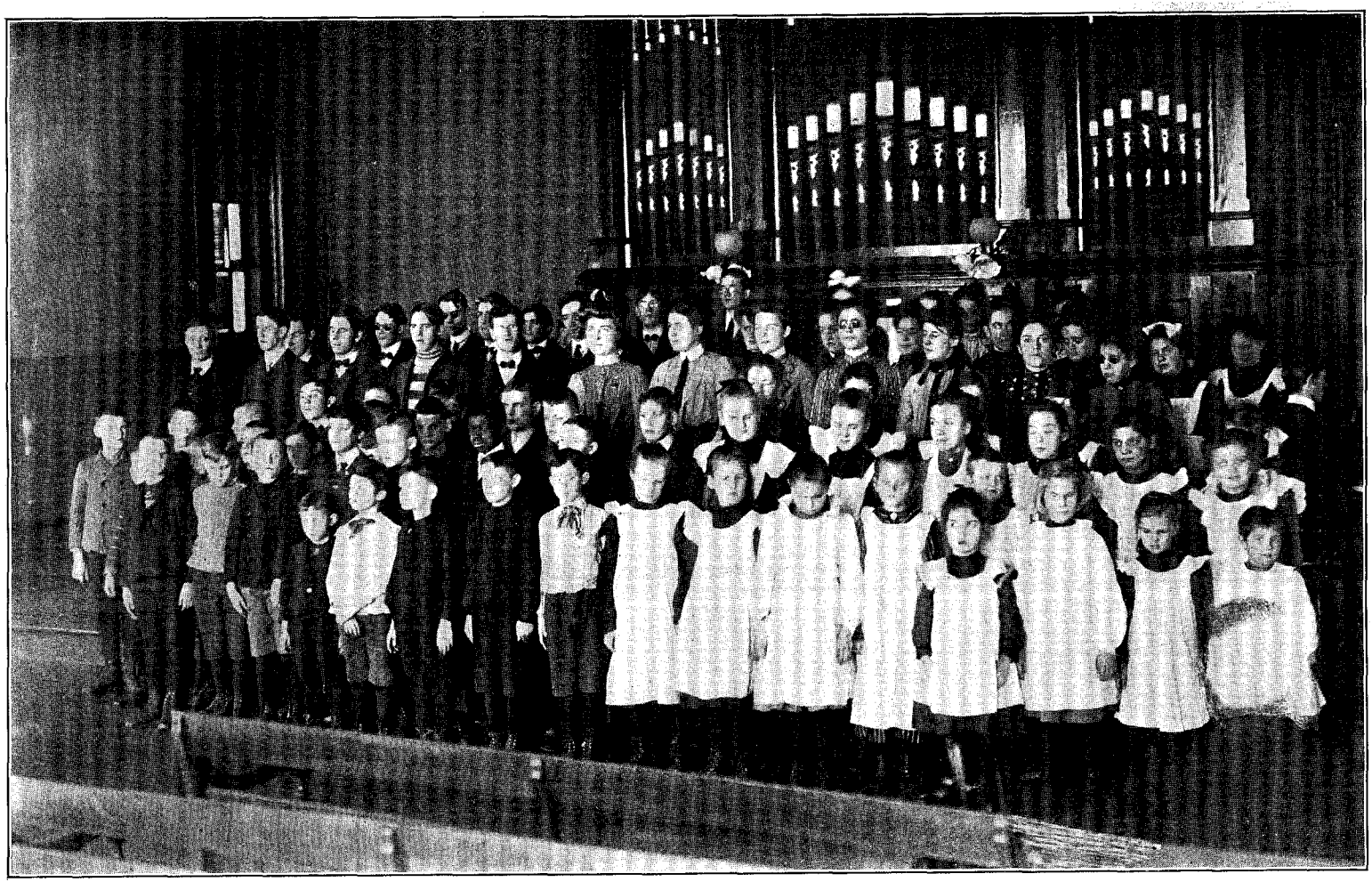

CHORUS OF THE NEW YORK STATE SCHOOL AT BATAVIA, NEW YORK

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THE KETTLE-DRUM OF THE PERKINS ORCHESTRA

cessful written examination in seven subjects relating to theory, a demonstration of technical skill at the piano or organ, and the performance of master compositions selected from the works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. Miss Hannah A. Babcock, the director of this department in the New York school, with her staff of assistants, has undoubtedly put her work on the surest foundation, and to those pupils who possess any musical gift can practically insure the needed training to secure a competency that will compare favourably with that earned by seeing people in the same line of activity.

Such results are not obtained without the most painstaking endeavour on the part of both pupils and teachers, and the process which makes a trained musician out of a blind child—often defective in other ways—is most interesting. A great many years ago a French naval officer, Charles Barbier, conceived an idea that gave a new impulse to the education of the blind. The French naval signal code was composed of huge dots on the surface of flags to denote the various manœuvres of the ships. It occurred to him that by embossing "points" on the surface of paper it would be possible to devise a written language for the blind that would enable them to read more readily with their fingers than is possible with "line type," and through the economy of space greatly reduce the expense of publications.

Barbier was not a teacher of the blind, but Louis Braille perfected the system, and now the children of the schools are taught to read in braille, the name given to it in honour of the man who adapted it to their use. But the most remarkable fact is the adaptability of this system to the notation of written music, so that the pupil, by the touch of the finger, is able to interpret a composition from the arrangement of the embossed dots, there being, of course, as many groups, or "cells," as the notation requires.

It may be readily understood that in some respects the blind have the advantage of ourselves, inasmuch as the same

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ment of the ability to read music and to perform the difficult compositions of the masters is far more arduous. It is a noteworthy fact that blind persons are almost invariably of a sunny, optimistic temperament, while those who are afflicted with absolute deafness are inclined to be morose. It is the resistance within the electric light bulb that causes its brightness, and it may be possible that this interesting phenomenon in matter may have its psychological counterpart in a blind person who has so much to contend with. The teachers of the blind invariably testify to their determination and persistence.

It is therefore very desirable that greater importance be given to music in all schools for the blind than is the case in seeing schools. Before the general use of braille, the teaching of music was chiefly by "rote," and learning in that manner is never intelligent in music or anything else. In the orchestra work each learner had to have his part read over and over to him before he had mastered it. Now, with a sheet of music written in braille in his lap, the blind student may feel his way until he has mastered the piece.

As soon as a blind child is started in the kindergarten his musical education begins, and he is a long way on the road before he is promoted to the higher grades. They begin by learning to distinguish tones, and if there is a foundation of talent, however small it may be, the work is continued until they can perform creditably on the piano, and possibly upon another instrument. In the kindergarten of the Perkins Institution there is an orchestra, and on festival days they regale their friends by rendering a kinder symphony with great credit and delight to themselves, as well as to their visitors.

Vocal music is given equal attention, and there are daily singing classes, where the training is undoubtedly more thorough than can be given in the public schools. In the kindergarten a specialty is made of two- and three-part songs, and by the time the blind child is ready to enter the grammar grades his future as a musician is practically determined. If there is little expectation that it will be of pecuniary value to him it will be abandoned, for great stress is given in all schools for the blind to give them some accomplishment that will aid in making them independent bread-winners. Possibly there is some ear for music, but the gift is not sufficient to warrant the continued training to produce the finished musician, and the pupil will be given over to the piano-tuning department, which has given to so many blind the means of making themselves independent.

In the higher grades the most promising pupils are given special attention. There are classes in harmony, and if the bent of the individual is vocal, an effort will be made to do everything to perfect the nature-given talent. In Boston and New York a good deal of time is devoted to reading about music—the lives of the master composers, and any articles in the magazines and newspapers bearing on the subject. In Boston the work of stereotyping the best music into braille is constantly going on, the work having been greatly aided by two inventions of Mr. Wait, of the New York school, the stereograph and the kaleidograph. There are now on the shelves of the Perkins Institution over 1,900 plates, representing the most complete collection of high-grade music possessed by any institution.

The great American question, "does it profit a man?" may be given an affirmative answer when applied to the intrinsic value of the effort to produce income-earning musicians of blind boys and girls. The graduates of the musical department of the Boston school of the past few years have found the fact that they are blind no bar to the acquirement of an honest livelihood. Several of them are employed by piano manufacturers as tuners for their instruments, some are organists in the churches or have charge of the choirs, others are in the concert field, and many are teachers. The New York school has probably graduated its students with a better equipment for useful and remunerative work, owing to the standard of requirement already mentioned. Two of these, at least, have been the founders of successful schools of music; there are many church organists and choir-masters, and a few have be-

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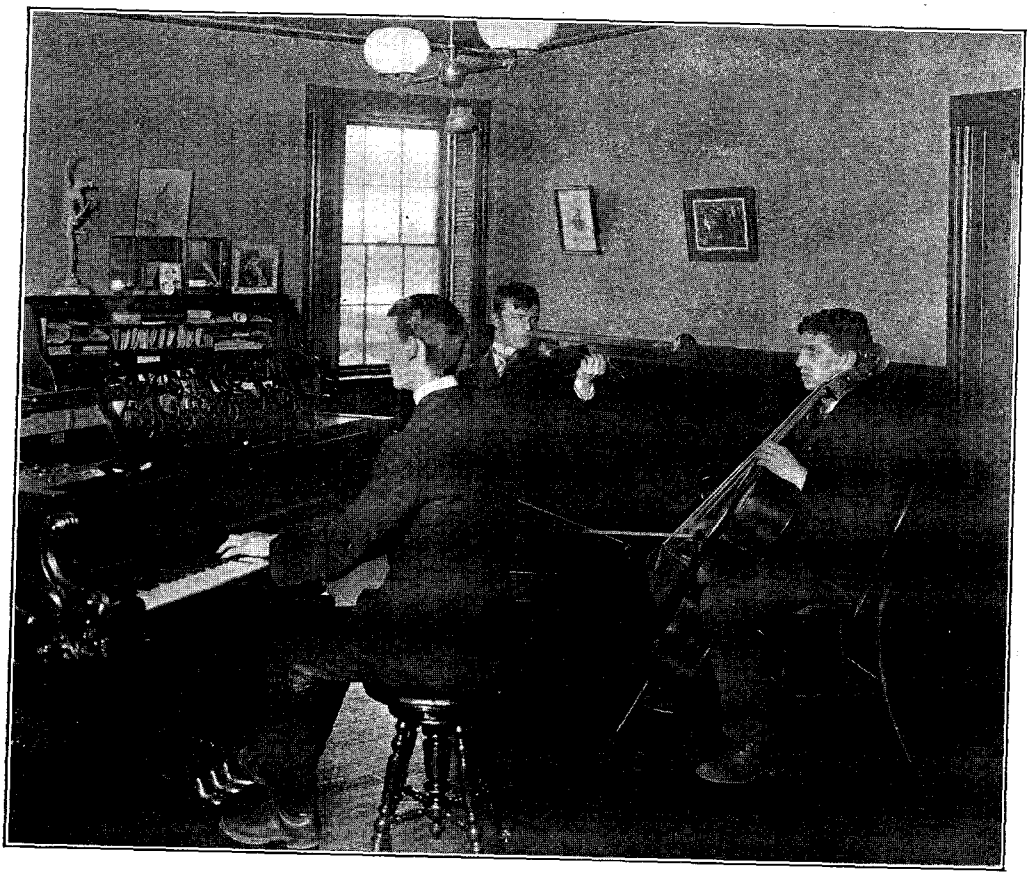
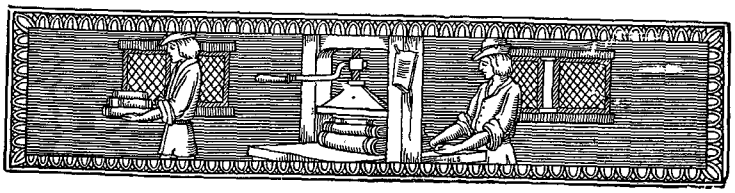


TRIO OF THE ORCHESTRA

come composers of pieces which have met with popular favour on their own merits.

Music, while it is only one of the many useful branches taught in blind schools to-day, comes nearer to placing the blind on an equal basis with those blessed with sight. Yet the equality is more in the attainment than in the ease in attaining, and an added evidence that there is much we may learn, in the appreciation of our own blessings, if we will observe their patient persistence in making the best of their lot, and the kindly tenderness of their teachers in helping them along.

Stanley Johnson.



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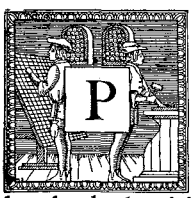
THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

CHAPTER XXXVII (*Continued*)



PETER turned and screwed up his eyes.

"Where's Codd to?" he asked.

"Up there, no doubt. But what good will he be? The house is afire by the look of it."

Mr. Toop bade Jill good-night and hastened down the hill. A quarter of an hour later, with half a dozen other men, he set out over the Moor and proceeded as fast as possible through the night to Stone Park.

Moleskin, Joel and Rupert Johnson were of the company, and with them hastened several labourers and a dozen boys.

"The man's away," said Mr. Cawker. "There's nobody there at all but old Codd."

"So like as not they've knocked him on the head and set the place afire to hide their crime," suggested Joel. "Northmore's always good for twenty or thirty pound in cash, and some bad characters have got to know it."

"As for Codd, I know of no man us could better spare," began Moleskin; then he was interrupted by the sound of a galloping horse and Moleskin changed his speech to a yell, for in another moment he must have been ridden down.

"Hold on! Hold on! Who is it? Be that you, Emanuel?" he shouted.

Then Pomeroy pulled up, and his weary beast stretched its legs, put its head down and panted.

"You're too late, boys. Rick's gone and the shippon too. Poor damned things in it squealing like hell; but I couldn't let 'em out. I've burned myself as 'tis, trying."

"Who be up there?"

"Not a soul. I bawled but couldn't make none hear. That knave Codd ought to be there if he haven't come to grief. Us may save a bit; but the rick's done for and the little rick, fifty yards off, is afire too."

He returned with them, and through the dark, dry silence of night they soon heard the fire roaring. The roof of the shippon had fallen in and the animals that it contained were dead. Through smoke and smother came the sharp stench of roasting flesh.

"'Tis the man's three pedigree heifers!" cried Joel Toop. "What a cruel calamity. The hay was nought to that."

All worked amain to circumscribe and stamp out the fire. Then suddenly shrill cries arose and in the fitful light appeared the spectacle of Emanuel Codd hanging out of an attic window on the roof of the farm. He was illuminated in flashes of intermittent fire and became invisible between them.

"For God sake, save me, souls!" he yelled.

"Come down, you old fool!" roared Moleskin. "You're safe enough; the farm's not touched and the fire's got under."

Then Emanuel descended in his night-shirt and night-cap only. They sent him back to dress, and by the time that he had done so the fire was nearly out.

Much damage had been done, and Codd, who was in a condition of great excitement and collapse, refused to stop alone through the night. All stayed for some time to see that no fire broke forth again; and then the main company, much reinforced since the beginning of the tragedy, returned to Merivale, while Mr. Peter Toop and Rupert Johnson, as responsible men, stopped with Codd until the morning.

Ives was the centre of interest, though he could tell the people little. He had marked the fire far away on his homeway journey, and hastened his horse when he perceived it. But, once arrived at Stone Park, he found himself too late to be of service. He supposed the place empty and had therefore galloped forward as fast as a tired horse could take him, to give the alarm.

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Many theories of the catastrophe were advanced, but only that of Ives Pomeroy himself came indirectly near the truth.

"I was past here this morning and saw that old fool smoking his pipe in the hay yard. So like as not he's the cause of this job. But of course he'll swear different."

"'Tis a terrible bad stroke," declared Moleskin. "My heart bleeds for them beautiful young beasts. They had 'Charles I' for a sire, and they would have been worth their weight in gold some day."

"Let the man smart, and be damned to him," answered Pomeroy. "'Tis his turn, ban't it? I'm not sorry, for my part. Shows he'm not bullet-proof more than his neighbours. If it do bend his stiff neck a bit——"

But Moleskin reproved these sentiments.

"Mustn't say that now. 'Twas so once; but he's a reformed character of late, and ban't for our side to speak against him or wish him ill. Drinks as hard as the best of us now. And set madly on a girl too. What more can you ax of any honest man?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ARSON

A telegram on the following morning informed Matthew Northmore of his bad fortune, and an element of superstition in the man received the news with equanimity. From the first he associated the catastrophe with Ruth. He could not explain to himself this impression; but it existed, and looking back, long afterwards, he marvelled as at a miracle.

Codd had first word with Northmore on the day that followed the fire; and he lied in a manner to deceive any man. His tale was natural and contained nothing to arouse the least suspicion; but Emanuel reserved his master-stroke until later in the day, because he knew that Ives would come to speak with Matthew, and he desired to do nothing definite until Pomeroy had visited Stone Park and left it.

The interview between the farmers was not a long one. The elder proved cold and indifferent; he barely thanked Ives for his great efforts at the fire, and showed no particular interest in the details. Pomeroy, quick to catch the opposing mood, on his side, let his eagerness wane. He told how he had seen the fire from the Moor and made haste to no purpose. It was not until he mentioned his conversation with Codd during the previous morning, that Northmore felt interested.

"He said that you stopped a few minutes and then lost your temper and cussed and swore at me and a few more people; then went your way."

"He lies as usual. I cussed and swore at him, as well I might—the knave; but at none else. I talk to people's faces, not behind their backs. I offered the man to increase his pension to a shilling a day, because it came over me that I'd given him less than my mother might have willed. That's why I stopped. Then he turns round and spits out his gall like a gallied snake and cries for more! Who wouldn' curse the fool?"

"He said that you threatened to be level with me again."

"I never named your name. He said you was from home, and I said I knew it, and that's why I had stopped to talk a moment. But I'm not here now to answer to you for anything, I believe. I worked like ten men to help dout the fire, and if you've got nought but frosty looks, may you do better next time yourself, and burn your hands to the elbows as I did yesterday."

In a hot mood Ives departed, and this incident served long to cast him back into the old slough of turmoil and mental unquiet. Again his sense of justice was outraged, and he stormed inwardly to think that Northmore could place greater reliance upon Codd's word than on his own. Had he guessed what was happening in secret, Pomeroy might have taken swift steps before it was too late; but not until many days had passed, did he learn of the things conceived and plotted against him, and by that time their consequences could not be evaded.

Mr. Codd heard Ives depart after his

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interview with Matthew Northmore; and then his master called him.

"Pomeroy says that he never mentioned my name yesterday, and that, when he called, you were sitting smoking beside the stack."

"Like him!—the craft and malice of that man! It's a lie. 'Twas him that smoked on the lew side o' the stack, and I warned him against it."

Mr. Codd affected great excitement and indignation. Then the thing happened that he desired and Northmore went out on to the farm.

The trap was set. From under the edge of a haystack, to the rear of that destroyed by fire, a piece of paper peeped. Codd saw his master stoop and pick it up. Then he hastened out of sight.

Not until after dark did the old man venture in the direction of the lure. Then he found that his bait had vanished.

Matthew meantime explained this discovery to himself. The papers had been thrust beneath the stack and so escaped observation. It was clear that he who set the papers there alight had counted on their destruction in the conflagration of the second rick; but the torch had gone out too soon and the hay escaped.

Fifty years earlier, so Northmore reflected, Ives Pomeroy would have been hung for his night's work. He pieced the plot carefully, saw his enemy return after dark, set the farm on fire, lie hidden until all was ablaze past extinction, and then pretend to discover the catastrophe and gallop off to bring succour.

Northmore acted in wrath, and Mr. Codd, creeping about close at hand, was not astonished to hear himself called. He appeared before his master, and Northmore spoke:

"Go to Merivale police station; see Inspector Bachelor and tell him I want him."

Codd peered about stealthily, but the evidences of Pomeroy's guilt were not visible.

"The inspector—have 'e got a clue?" he asked eagerly.

But Matthew was not prepared to share confidence with Emanuel.

"Go at once and don't chatter," he answered; so Mr. Codd departed.

"They'll take him to-night," reflected Emanuel. "I must get down-along again on some errand. I wouldn't miss it for money!"

His legs went swiftly as he hurried off to Merivale; but the mind of Northmore travelled still faster, and ere the aged sinner had got half-way to his destination his master's determinations were altered. Indeed Matthew soon felt surprised to think that, even for a moment, he could have lost sight of what this might mean. The old intuition that had flashed across his mind when first the ill news came, returned now; the riddle was read; he saw the immense possibilities of this incident staring out very clearly at him. The problem promised to be one of very simple proportions; but he could not decide in a moment. Indeed, after the first feverish lust to leave no moment wasted before he should reach Ruth, he relapsed into a lethargy. He brought forth the matchbox and papers again, and was sitting motionless staring at them, when Codd and Inspector Bachelor returned.

Then Matthew acted with celerity and, at the first sound of their voices, he concealed the property of Ives Pomeroy and securely locked it up.

The interview that followed was widely different from any that Emanuel Codd imagined. Indeed, nothing of interest transpired, and Northmore, far from bringing any charges, or endeavouring to incriminate his enemy, never mentioned him save in one connection.

"When young Pomeroy came to tell me what he knew this afternoon," explained Matthew, "he said that he saw my own man, Codd, sitting smoking against the identical rick that was burned. I tell you this that you may remember there is a possible sort of explanation, apart from any idea of arson."

"You'll never find it out," foretold Northmore. "For my part I have felt this thing would be a mystery from the first. It is just bad luck, and though the fire will always be associated with Codd, I do not blame him in the least. Indeed, I feel positive he is not responsible."

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"Are you insured?"

"The hay, yes. Not the cattle unfortunately."

Inspector Bachelor went his way; then Codd appeared, hopeful that some news might await him; but Northmore disappointed the plotter and bade him go to bed.

Instead, however, the old man crept off again to Merivale with his ears hollowed to catch a breath of news. But nothing was said, nothing was known. At the Jolly Huntsman a theory gained ground that Mr. Codd himself had accidentally and stupidly done all the damage.

His master meantime still sat in his room with the door locked. Great questions asked themselves in Northmore's brain, and he could not answer them.

Should Ruth hear of this? What line would she take? The truth none could reasonably doubt upon his evidence, and the punishment of such a performance would not be less than five years' penal servitude. Such a sentence must be another name for ruin. Even as his own great opportunity dawned out of this welter, like a red sun out of a snow-cloud, Northmore had time to be astonished that any man, for hunger of sating his evil passion, could thus face destruction. None he had ever known, excepting only Ives, were built on a mental plan to commit such wicked folly. Northmore tried to consider the position from the point of view of Pomeroy, and he made the worst case possible against himself; but allowing for everything, he could find no grounds sufficient for this rascality. Then he thought of Ruth Rendle; and the suspected performance of his enemy, seen by that light, assumed more reasonable proportions. Pomeroy's atitude to Ruth had surely changed and he was now jealous. Past words and threats all began to look reasonable and orderly upon such an explanation; and yet Northmore asked himself again and again how Ives could for an instant be jealous of so futile a rival.

He thought all through the night, and he came to a fixed purpose that he would be a fool to neglect this amazing opportunity. Three lives were threatened, and anon, with sophistry, he proved to his own satisfaction that the course he proposed to take was absolutely the right one and best calculated to advance the welfare of these involved souls. He spun a great web and caught himself hard and fast. He decided that Pomeroy was proved utterly and hopelessly unsuited to be Ruth's husband, even if he now had reached the point of desiring to be; and he satisfied himself that, rather than let Ives suffer penal servitude, Ruth would— There he allowed his thoughts to push him no further in that direction, but turned to other points of view.

He rested but two hours and slept not at all. At dawn he rose, made a meal and bade Codd saddle his horse. Life stood still with him until this vital matter was done. All looked reasonable in the sunshine, as he rode to Tavistock and smoothed out his crumpled thoughts of the preceding night; but he could not tell how his proposals might sound uttered aloud in the presence of Ruth.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE ORDEAL

The storm-driven Northmore fought long, and lost. Self-respect and justice went down before this temptation, and a nature, sapped of late by the strain and nervous fever begot of passion, found itself not strong enough to resist. The circumstances of his case were peculiar and unfortunate, for Ruth's refusal could not extinguish his fires. The man appeared incapable of relinquishing her and lacked resource to harden himself against this blow and seek elsewhere. Blindly, dumbly he clove to her; vainly he hoped. He believed in all honesty that the world had yet to see such a husband as he would make. Moreover, since Pomeroy was proved a barefaced and deliberate rascal, the sooner Ruth knew it, the better. Her own welfare must be vitally involved, and he now felt that nothing would be more fatal for her than union with the master of Vixen Tor.

It was still early when he reached Tavistock, and Ruth showed much sur-

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prise at his appearance. He asked for a few minutes of private conversation and she was able to grant them. They occupied a little public parlour behind the shop, where visitors drank tea. The place was secluded and empty. Ruth lighted the fire, while she listened, and, as she nursed the flame, knew not that she tended the altar of a great self-renunciation. The man wasted no words, but silences fell between his sentences, and his speeches stood out raw and hideous, punctuated only by the crackling of the fire on the hearth.

"You know I've had a bit of bad luck at Stone Park?"

"Yes, indeed; 'twas in the paper. I'm very sorry about it."

"Good money gone and valuable beasts that money won't buy again. A devilish bit of work to burn poor unconscious creatures—eh?"

"So bad that I can't think anybody would have done it. 'Tis an unfortunate accident."

"I wish it had been. At least I won't say that, since it's a lie. I'm not sorry for what has fallen out, Ruth, because we always like to be proved right, and this proves me terribly right."

"I don't understand."

"You've got to understand. Hear the facts and then do what you please. This brings all to a climax. You've got to choose. I'm sorry for you in a way, and yet I'm not, for I do believe the Lord's behind it. Perhaps all happened because the Lord loves you—you, Ruth. Anyway, you're not the first woman whose hand has been forced by Providence."

She stared at these whirling words and uneasily remembered recent rumours that Northmore was not as steady as of old. She looked at him, but said nothing. He was pale and perspiring. His eyes shone brightly and his words jostled as they tumbled from him.

"The man who has done this infernal thing is Ives Pomeroy. Don't shake your head, don't laugh, for God's sake! it's no laughing matter."

"I do laugh," she said. "I laugh out loud, because I know now that you have been fooled, or are fooling yourself. I would sooner believe that any man on Dartmoor had done it. I would sooner believe your own hand had done it. Never—never! Even you, who hate him, should know him far better than that."

"I would not believe it at first. I argued against it in my mind, even in face of facts, but it's true enough, Ruth."

"Never! not if an angel said so."

"It had to be proved to me; and it must be proved to you. Then I've got to ask a question. I'm only a human being: I can't face a thing like this and suck no good out of it. I must have something for my burned hay and dead stock. He did it, and, by an accident, the still larger harm that he had planned was prevented."

"You're bewitched to think any such thing."

"On the morning of the fire he rode past Stone Park going up to the peat-works at Amicombe Hill. He knew that I was away and told Emanuel Codd that he knew it. Then he went off. 'Twas he that raised the alarm, remember, on the night of the fire."

"What more could he do?"

"He could light the flames before he set to work to put 'em out. And that's what he did do. Look now. These things I myself found under a second hayrick some way from the first. With my own eyes I found them. What should you judge that was?"

He took a pasteboard box from his pocket and opened it. Then he held up a wisp of grey, half-burned paper.

"'Tis a piece of paper that's been set on fire and then gone out."

"Exactly! That's what it is, a piece of writing-paper with writing on it. A letter, in fact."

"Yes."

"Look at it."

He handed the note to Ruth and she glanced down and saw her own words.

"You didn't think he'd use one of your letters to set fire to my hay, Ruth?"

"A scrap of paper isn't sufficient to condemn a man, surely. This may have happened in a thousand ways."

"It's proof positive, Ruth; and you are quite quick and clever enough to know it. But here's more yet."

He handed her a matchbox.

"Whose is that?"

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"Pomeroy's. I gave it to him years ago. I know he uses it."

"Evidently he does."

Northmore said no more and waited a long time for Ruth to speak. The fire crackled; the girl's hand itched to add new fuel to the flame.

"Be just to me," said Matthew at last. "You are always just. You have reproved me sometimes for persecuting you. But be just to-day. There are only three people in the world who know this thing—you and me and Ives Pomeroy. None else need ever know it."

"Why do you come to me with this?" she asked fiercely; but she knew the reason.

"Because I must take my last chance on the flood tide. I come to you with this, because I want you—with my heart and soul and strength I want you. I shall die before long if I don't have you. You've got the fate of two men in your hand and now you must act. You've hinted that I've bullied you sometimes; and so did Pomeroy say so. Never—never till now; but now—well, call it what you please. I'm not proud any more. I'm only starving and a bit mad, perhaps, as starving people will be. You must marry me, Ruth. This leaves you no loophole. I'll say nothing more but that I know in a very little time you'll bless the thing that has made you do it. I see the future crystal clear. Speak then. If Pomeroy's to go to prison, say so. If he's to be free, say so. I'm cruel, I know that; but I'm cruel to be kind."

She stood and stared, and grew very white.

"I mean it," he continued. "Don't think I'm speaking rashly. I've fought with God A'mighty's own Self for a long night over this. I'm right, I'm doing the will of Heaven. I know, as well as I know anything, that the man's to have another chance and that you're going to give it to him. That's all that stands between him and penal servitude; there, under your hand, the letter you wrote him, the matchbox you gave him. Did Providence let me find this out, and not another, for nothing? Be my wife and let him go free to justify his days and fulfil his mother's prayers. If not—but you'll not go back now. To be true to him is to be true to me, Ruth; to be false to him—I know 'twill be your love for him will make you take me. But I'll suffer even that torture; because I'll look forward. You'll change when you get to find the husband I am, I'm sure of that."

"You've planned this, Matthew?"

"Fate planned it. God Almighty planned it. Don't decide afore the full meaning and force of the thing is made clear to your mind. Don't do anything in a hurry and repent later. I've waited long enough, God knows I can wait a bit more yet."

His voice was hard and no love rang in it. She knew that he was in reality despising himself, taking little joy in this necessary scene, and looking on feverishly to the time when it should be behind them both. But she also saw that he had not hurried to these vitiated conclusions; that he had slowly and steadily driven honour and justice out of his heart; that nothing she could now say or do would shake him from his purpose.

It took her long to decide, and she strove frantically to avoid decision; but she could not. Pomeroy had done terrible wrong, and it remained with her to determine who should suffer for his crime.

Northmore neither broke in upon her silence nor watched her working features. He guessed very accurately at the nature of her thoughts and let her fight out the battle alone.

She rose at last and walked up and down for a time; but the letter and matchbox seemed to act as a magnet, to draw her eyes and excite her fingers. The minutes drifted on, and her decision was not made.

Then an elderly, grey woman came across from the shop.

"I must go out now, Miss Rendle. If you'll step behind the counter, please. It's after ten o'clock."

"Just coming, thank you," answered Ruth; and the woman went away.

Then the fascination of the proofs mastered her and she permitted them to exist no more. Before he could lift his hand, Ruth had taken the things and thrown them into the fire.

Still he trusted, because none had ever known her to act falsely.

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"You understand what that means, Ruth?"

"Yes," she answered, "I understand. It means that I'll marry you, Matthew, and make you the best wife I can."

CHAPTER XL

SACRED GROUND

While Ruth endured strong emotions, in which the significance of her conduct began slowly to stamp itself into her mind and paint the future, Pomeroy also went through something of a crisis, and his brooding darkness again lifted and gave place to a phase of calm hope and decision.

Moved by unrest on the day that Northmore rode to Tavistock, angered at the farmer's cold attitude, at Codd's conduct and at the world in general, Ives took himself and his thoughts from work, and wandered before a great west wind that drove him upward into the desolation. He was unsettled every way, and now, surveying the theatre of his life from King Tor, he despised it and despised himself for stopping in it.

Pomeroy felt a sort of humiliation to remember that he had never passed from these pitiful precincts into the bourn of the world beyond; that the actions and activities of thirty years had revolved about yonder grey smudge under Vixen Tor, the place of his birth. Merivale and Stone Park; the river and the Moor; the cots, the homesteads and the public house —these things had made his life. Why, the vagrant, who crawled down one hill, drank and departed up the other, showed more courage and enterprise than he; the very ponies ranged freer and further.

Then, suddenly, even upon this moment of darkest impatience, like the sun through a cloud, there wakened light and sweetness and a harmony of new thoughts. The poetry of the things that were past touched him, for of late days the loveliness of his mother's life had dimly gleamed for him, and he dwelt upon it after a fashion that was not possible until time had rolled between his heart and the agony of her death.

He looked down now, and the valley was all changed. There woke in him a proud, defiant joy to be here and nowhere else; because he was regarding the quiet places of his mother's life; her home and the hamlet wherein she had dwelt; the little heath-tracks and footpaths that her feet had trodden; the cottage doors where her presence had entered. These low, grey roofs were blessed forever, because her head had been under them; this was the valley that must shine for him brighter than any star of dawn or evening, because she lived and laboured in it—lived and laboured for him—and loved him ceaselessly, from the first hour of his life until the last hour of her own.

He gazed upon sacred ground and this little cup of earth brimmed for his young soul and grew lovely. Her presence still haunted all, spanned the valley, and the hills, as with a rainbow, and linked them to the watcher. Here was the gate of heaven, where his mother's feet had rested a little before she passed onward. He began to think upon her, and there followed the customary advantage to himself. From her memory he passed to the things that were good to her, and her wishes, and her hopes. Far off he saw a horseman riding down into Merivale, but at that distance he could not recognise him. Only when this rider left the road and proceeded towards Stone Park, did he know that it was Northmore. It darkened his mind to reflect upon Matthew, but he dismissed him, thought of Ruth and considered the difference that her departure had made to him. The loss was lessened because he saw her at Tavistock nearly every week, and often on Sundays she visited Merivale. He had driven her backwards and forwards thrice, and won pleasure from so doing.

Ives decided that he would ask Ruth to marry him that night. He rejoiced in her suddenly. Her portrait fired him; her body gladdened him. It seemed that much of her natural beauty and charm had evaded him as a younger man. He remembered how his mother chid him, when he had told her in the past that he could see nothing to admire about Ruth. Then he assured himself that it was not his own mind and taste had changed, but Ruth. Five years had made great differences in her.

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He leaped down off King Tor and went home and prepared to go into Tavistock at nightfall. Then he changed his mind and postponed the event until a subsequent day, when the shops closed early.

Morning found him furious to see Ruth. He woke longing, above all other deeds, to kiss her. He could not wait until the early closing day came. He could not wait at all. He made a swift breakfast and set off to Tavistock before nine o'clock.

As he passed the cottage of old Mrs. Bolt, Jill appeared at the door. She had seen him approach and now ventured to speak.

"If you are going into Tavistock, I wish you'd bring back a box of them throat lozenges for the old woman. Chemist sells 'em. They be called somebody's bronchial tablets and they rest her breathing parts a lot."

"I'll get 'em," said Ives.

Jill wondered not a little why Pomeroy found himself still at liberty. Mr. Codd had told her of the entire success of the plot. He explained how Northmore had found the matchbox and the papers; how he had sent instantly for Inspector Bachelor and doubtless acquainted him with the facts. But Ives continued to go free and not so much as a rumour as yet associated him with the outrage at Stone Park.

Old Rachel proved in a lachrymose mood and asserted a strong desire and willingness to die at once.

"They'm all there—every one that I care about the leastest bit," she said somewhat ungraciously. "I want to go to 'em and I hope it won't be long afore I do. I've no nature in me now of a morning, when I wake up—not a spark have I, Jill? 'Tis no joy to me to see the morning light. I'll go in my sleep, I hope, and then my eyes will open on a better dawn than ever us seed on Dartymoor. Have 'e any messages? because now's the time for 'em while my wits be clear."

Pomeroy considered. At such a moment no feeling of scepticism clouded his mind. He was indeed over-bold and over-sanguine.

"Tell my mother I'm tokened to Ruth Rendle," he said, and Rachel became mildly excited.

"At last! Her dream for years it was. Really going to be!"

She held out her hand to him; then she rose slowly, and put up her old face to his and kissed him.

"Give you joy of it—and her. No need for me to promise to take that. Such a great thing will never be kept from Avisa—not for an hour. 'Twill make her Heaven brighter and 'twill be the pleasure of some good angel to carry the news to her. Mind you let me see Ruth the next time she's up here."

Ives thanked his mother's ancient friend and then left her. Jill had said nothing before his intelligence; but he could not leave her so. His look pleaded with her more than his words.

"Wish me joy too—can't you?" he said.

"For the sake of the past I wish you every blessing that the world can bring you, Ives."

"Thank you for that. And you? There's a whisper going. . . . I hope you'll take him. 'Twill mean large comfort, and you'll be the richest woman we've ever had in Merivale."

"I know," she said. "Well, why not, since you——?"

"There's no reason against it. Let me be the first to congratulate you. Nobody knows better'n me the splendid woman you are."

He went away and left her still wondering. She had it in her mind to take his side now and fight for him with Northmore. He certainly must not go to prison. She pondered many things and saw no reason to despair of the future.

Ives found Ruth ill.

She was in the shop when he entered and could not leave it. Therefore, he offered her marriage over the counter.

He was first concerned for her pallor, and she explained it by a sleepless night. Then he spoke of trifling things, yet struck one small matter very near her heart.

"What'll you say? I've lost your matchbox, Ruth. 'Twas my greatest treasure, and now 'tis gone and I shan't be happy till you've given me another. I must have left it up at Amicombe Hill."

She stared at him and he caught her doing so.

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"Forgive me," he said, "and get me another. But ban't about that I've come. D'you know, Ruth, I seemed awful near my mother yesterday. I was up over on King Tor looking down, and I could have sworn my mother was at my elbow somehow. From that moment I've felt a craving to see you and—and—— And then this morning, after I'd somehow looked upon it as done, I asked myself how I could dare to have the cheek to hope for it. It came awful slow and sure, Ruth, and that's my excuse for never having offered myself before, though I've been on the edge of it terrible often."

He stopped a moment and she stood with her head bent. She did not speak. She was struggling to retain consciousness.

"Looking back, Ruth, 'tis amazing to me I could have lived in the same house with you and not been mad for you waking and sleeping. But mother wanted for us to marry, and such a cranky dog I was that just because I knew that—and yet not quite that neither. I was in love with you afore even them days. Maybe it's too late to dare to offer myself, Ruth; but God judge me if I'm not in earnest; and I'll be the best husband I know how to be. Not much of a man for such a maid as you—but——"

He bent across and took her hand. She looked at him and tried to speak but could not. A moment later she sank away from him and fell in a heap.

He shouted aloud and, finding no other way, climbed over the counter to the detriment of the cakes displayed upon it. Ruth had fainted. She recovered quickly, however, and Ives, in some dismay, went off to the nearest public house and quickly returned with brandy.

She drank it and thanked him.

"'Twas the shock," she explained to the shopkeeper. "He told me something I didn't expect, Mrs. Foster. But I'm all right again now. Come back presently, Ives."

Pomeroy went off and did not return for an hour. To him it was the longest hour that he had ever spent, and during its progress he suffered considerably. Something had gone amiss—that much he clearly saw. For the rest he was in the dark.

She waited for him when he returned and together they went out beside the river and walked under great trees there.

"Forgive me for making such a show of myself, Ives, but 'twas the sudden shock coming just now. I'm very fond of you, Ives, and always shall be, and I'm proud to think you'd care to marry me; but 'tis too late for that. I'm going to marry Matthew Northmore. I've promised him, Ives."

"Northmore! Good God A'mighty, you can't! What! after all these years? Don't you hate the man? Right well you know it!"

"No, I don't. I can't hate such love as he's got for me. It's better than I deserve, whatever shape it takes. He's been faithful, Ives; and he's strong; and he's won. Such as I am, he's won me, and marry him I will."

Pomeroy would not hear of this. He protested, stormed and swore. He demanded reasons from Ruth, but she would say nothing definite.

"You're not honest in this business," he answered. "And you've fooled me now, as you fooled him before. Would he dare to offer himself again, after all he knows, if you hadn't invited him to do it? You've played with him and broke his heart and driven him to drink, and now, when the man's sunk miles from his former manhood, you take him. You've done a deadly wrong; and well you know it. But you shan't—you shan't marry Northmore—not while I've got a shotgun. If I ban't worth a thought—well, I say nothing against that. I'm a useless, worthless pattern of man—not good enough for a woman like you. But you shan't marry him—that I will swear. I'll save you from that if I swing for it. You won't be honest with me, Ruth, though I've always been honest with you. Then I'll leave you and see what he can tell me. D'you think I'm a born fool? D'you think I don't see very clear that there's a lot more behind this than my mind can fathom? I'll go to him then, and I'll strangle the truth out of him if there's no other way to get at it."

"Don't do that, Ives. Nothing can be gained by more wickedness. He and I understand each other perfectly well. I am doing what I believe to be

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right. Have pity upon a woman, and don't——"

"To hell with the whole pack of you!" he roared out. "'Twas thus with t'other, and now 'tis thus with you. I'll die at peace without a wife. I'll finish with all of you, for not one has ever been anything to me but an unrestful plague. Never again—never—so help me God—will I touch a woman. And answer me that man shall; and the more you pray for him, the more I'll drag it out of him! He's won you with some damned lie."

He left her, ghastly white—standing and shivering under the trees. Then he set off homeward. But the accident of passing a railway station changed all his purpose in a flash. This catastrophe upset his equilibrium and, by some inward cataclysm, heaved up another common hunger of his nature to the top. He longed for women in the same moment that he cursed them. His spirit had gone sour under this storm, and he was full of passion turned to poison. He took train at Tavistock, went down to Plymouth, spent two days there, and gave a loose rein to sense. Then he returned home exhausted in body, but fortified in mind. His brains were clear again, and he perceived that some great unknown event must have brought about Ruth's action. What had Northmore done to change her? Nothing that he could conceive was too bad for the master of Stone Park now. He planned a thousand crushing counterstrokes; and then some dawn of reason began to touch the chaos of his mind. His long rages weakened; the futility of this great relapse impressed itself upon his soul. He decided to hear Northmore. These reflections came with his return home on the third night after Ruth had refused him. He woke refreshed in body, but his mind now suffered a retrogression. He doubted why Northmore should be allowed to speak. He longed to be at the man's throat; he felt that Matthew must battle for this woman before he won her.

And elsewhere Ruth considered the story from its beginnings, saw herself gradually waking to the purpose of Ives, watched herself waiting for him to speak the longed-for word, and then perceived how upon this dream, even at the moment of fulfilment, had come the horror of the fall of Pomeroy and the attitude of his wronged rival. For her the matter was ended, and she could not take back her word.

CHAPTER XLI

ENGAGEMENTS

Two days after the return of Ives, certain familiar persons met at the bar of the Jolly Huntsmen and Peter Toop announced his approaching marriage.

Moleskin and Rupert Johnson were of the party; Emanuel Codd sat in a corner; other local men crowded the bar and both Peter and Joel stood behind the counter.

"In a word, souls, I be going to follow a good example. Here's Matthew here tokened at last, after most faithful conduct, I'm sure; and Moleskin's daughter have taken this here man Johnson; and there's marryings in the air to right and left beside; so why not I? I'm taking her in the early spring."

"Bet you a dollar that I know her name, Peter," said Mr. Cawker.

"Very like. I ban't the sort to hide my doings under a bushel, Cawker. To be plain, 'tis Mrs. Jill Bolt, widow of the late Samuel."

"A fine, red, recommendable sort of girl," said Moleskin. "She haven't had much luck so far, but she's drawn a prize at last, and no mistake! She've got a temper, however, if colour counts. Your hair is taken from the evil to come, Peter; but you'll have to look sharp after your beard. Shake hands and good luck and long life to you both!"

The company expressed great gratification and all took Mr. Toop's hand in turn. Some were coarse, but all were kind.

"And you, Joel?" asked his brother. "What do you say? You stand there rinsing glasses like a machine—haven't you got a word?"

Joel was clearly ill pleased with this news.

"I hope 'twill prove better than it looks; that's all I've got to say," he answered.

Peter flushed; his jaw dropped and he stroked his beard.

"I didn't expect that," he said.

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"Your only chance was to choose a female getting well up for elderly. What good be a fiery young woman like that to you? She've only taken you for your money!"

"He's jealous! He's jealous," cried Codd. "Look at his eyes—I lay he wanted her hisself!"

"Not I. When I marry 'twill be something that belongs to my own generation, not a giglet wench to bring my grey hairs to the grave. And this I'll say: I warn you, Peter, that I go out of this house the day that woman comes in."

Peter panted and his eyes flashed a grand indignation from behind their glasses.

"Think better of that," he said. "Don't wait for her: go to-morrow—go to-night if you like. For a brother to say these things! 'Tis not to be borne!"

The old men glared into each other's faces; then Joel left the bar.

"A jealousy for certain," declared Northmore. "Perhaps he'd thought of her too in his cautious way and was actually going to ask her. But meantime you'd dashed in and won."

"Well, there it is," said Peter as he took snuff freely. "I won't pretend I don't feel Joel's harsh view of the case. It makes me a thought down about the whole thing, especially coming to-night, when I'd planned to let it out in a pleasant way and make a bit of gossip for you all. Well, what's it to be?"

They drank and grew excited. The talk ranged to Northmore, and he too was toasted. His forthcoming marriage had set many tongues wagging and the temporary disappearance of Pomeroy was associated with it.

Now Peter spoke of the matter.

"For my part, when I heard of your great deed and that our Ruth had come round, my first thought was pleasure that you and me should become, as it were, relations by marriage. And I feel so still, I'm sure. You'll make as good a husband as I shall, Matthew. But next I turned my mind on young Pomeroy, because his mother, afore she went home, was very much set on them two being man and wife. However, he held off and you held on, and now you're rewarded for your pluck, as you deserve to be. Have you seen him since the news was out?"

"I haven't."

"There may be more reasons than one for his going off," declared Emanuel. "For my part, 'twouldn't surprise me if he didn't come back afore he's fetched."

The old man caught his master's grim stare and was silent.

"Be off, Codd," said Matthew pointedly. "I'll speak to you presently. The name of Pomeroy's been in your mouth rather too much of late, and I should like to know why. Get on the way home and I'll follow you in five minutes."

Codd rose, both frightened and angry. His plot seemed likely to miscarry and his own position was difficult. Emanuel could not make Northmore proceed against Ives without defeating his own object; because he was supposed to know nothing about the papers and the matchbox. He determined to see Jill as soon as possible and learn whether her cunning could find a way.

Now he departed and Moleskin criticised him unfavourably.

"I wish you'd never took on that old dog," he said to Northmore. "He ban't a nice party and there's not a man in Merivale—let alone the women—that hasn't had to suffer evil from his tongue. I wonder you haven't risen in a rally and taken him down to the river and tried to wash his beastly old mind a thought cleaner afore now."

Northmore lived a dual life at this time. An inner existence of pain and feverish unrest was contrasted with a visible state of reckless happiness. He could say no unkind word; he cared not even to think a harsh thought of any man. Therefore he argued for Codd.

"Live and let live," he said. "You're the last that should throw a stone, neighbour."

"So I am," confessed Moleskin instantly, "so I am. But I hate a small heart."

"All's well with you, and your daughter going to marry this fine chap, Rupert here."

"Yes, yes; we be prospering something wonderful and I've not heard that anybody's much vexed over it."

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"What about last October?" asked a labourer.

"Ah, Jack," answered Moleskin. "The same old story—birds missing and noises in the night down in the woods round about. Those things ban't rightly understood, and never will be till they have a different sort of chap from head-keeper Gregory."

"If you mean my uncle—" began Jack.

"Yes, my dear, your uncle I do mean. Your uncle is a very good man—when he's got a better to watch him. But he's not a great thinker, Jack. You always know what he'll do next. A very proper, steadfast quality for every-day people; but not for a gamekeeper. Such a man is like a soldier and ought to deal in surprises. 'Tis the dealer in surprises, Jack, as finds the best market. And that reminds me; I've got a little matter to attend to myself, this evening."

Moleskin emptied his glass and departed, leaving behind him a fine ethical problem for the company to solve.

"Why should that chap's wife and daughter come near to starving so long as he was straight, and find themselves easy and comfortable again now he'm at his old games?" asked Peter. "The moment he lapsed from righteousness, things began to brighten up for his women. There's something wrong in that surely."

But none could provide a reason for this anomaly. They were still arguing when Ives Pomeroy suddenly appeared.

Peter began to chide him amiably, but he stopped, for the newcomer was not in a mood for pleasantries. He accosted Northmore harshly before the people.

"I've just been over to your house and they said you was out. So I thought I might meet you here."

Northmore was no actor and he found it difficult to face the other without emotion, for this sudden meeting surprised him. He firmly believed that Pomeroy was guilty, and this conviction now buoyed him up.

"My business is with you, but anybody may hear it," continued Ives. "Ruth Rendle tells me that you and she are going to be married."

"Yes; she's consented at last. I hear you saw her a day or two ago. You weren't in a hurry to wish me joy."

"Did she tell you why I went to see her and what happened?"

"I wasn't interested."

"But you would have been. I went to ask her to marry me, Matthew Northmore. And she told me that she was going to marry you."

"Of course. What then?"

"Then she fainted," said Ives shortly. "That's what happened then."

"Your bluster and noise, I suppose."

"Don't face me like this!" thundered the other. "I'm not here to hear your drivel. I want the stark truth out of you, and I'll have it! You've got to tell me this: why has she changed her mind?"

"How d'you know she has changed?"

"Know it? Hasn't your name made her grow thin? Hasn't your plaguing worn her out? And now to take you! What's the reason! That's what I will know."

"You've no right or sense in all this," answered Northmore. "You're mad to behave so, or ask such a question."

"Am I mad? Then why did she faint? Tell me that. I want to know what she's took you for, after hating the sight of you for five years. And that's what you've got to tell me."

"Have I?"

"Since when have you won the right to order the world to tell you its secrets?" asked an enemy of Ives.

"If there is a secret, 'tis a vile one, as any man can see," answered Pomeroy, turning on him. "This man has forced her to cave in and say she'll marry him. He's tormented her into it. And how was it done? 'Tisn't because she won't take me that I want to know, for I'm not good enough for her and never was. But I understand her ten thousand times better than him, and I know she'd never have took him unless 'twas for some terrible purpose."

None spoke and Ives turned on Matthew.

"You've made her do this against her nature," he said; "you've driven her into it out of your own hunger to have her; you ve——"

But Northmore silenced him by a louder sound and raised a din by beat-

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ing at the side of the counter with his stick. He was pale and furious. His self-control had departed.

"Be silent, you hypocrite! You—you of all men—to dare to speak to me like this."

"Of all men I should be the one."

"You're a fool for your pains then."

"Perhaps I may be; but I'll have something more still for my pains, if I've got to tear it out of you with my naked hands. Answer you shall!"

Then Northmore spoke.

"We'll finish this alone. I'm engaged to-morrow, but the next day when you will. We can meet on the Moor. This shan't be left as it stands. It can't be."

Pomeroy went over to him and spoke privately.

"The Lone Stones, then—the evening after to-morrow."

"As you please."

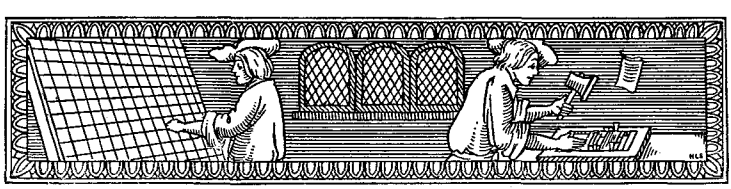
"And the truth, or God's my judge, I'll let daylight into you!"

"You'll find truth bitter, as men of your stamp must."

For the moment, regardless of consequences or his promise to Ruth, Northmore had determined to tell Pomeroy what he knew against him. He was in no mood to argue with himself or to ask himself what would be the other's attitude on learning that his crime was no secret. But the Lone Stones had struck coldly on Matthew's ear and silenced him more effectively than mention of any other spot on earth. He associated the circle with Ruth's first refusal to marry him. He even suspected that Ives might be familiar with that vanished event and had chosen the place on purpose to remind him of it.

But Pomeroy, when he named the Lone Stones, thought only of their remoteness from all human life and human interference. It was a good place to knock a man on the head; or to be knocked on the head if fortune fell contrary. Passion had him tight, and raged high at this season. He departed with a spirit darker than the moonless night and swore to himself that Matthew Northmore should never marry Ruth.

(*To be concluded*)



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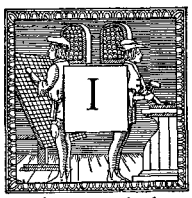
THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER I



IT was an April morning in the Irish town of Waterford; beyond the suburbs, the grass lay thick and green upon the countryside in the virgin freshness of the spring, and the chestnuts glinted with the delicate sheen of bursting leaves; but in the streets the dust of March was whirling to the April breeze, powdering the narrow byways with a cloak of grey, eddying in a mad dance along the open spaces.

Portion of this dusty, characteristic, sparsely populated town is dedicated to business—the business of the shops; a second and more important portion of it is given over to the quays, from whence a constant traffic is carried on with the hereditary enemy, England; while a third part, that holds itself aloof from commerce, is to be reckoned as half residential, half professional. It is to this third quarter that the eye of the story-seeker must turn on this April morning; for it is here, in Lady Lane—a thoroughfare as long and narrow as a Continental street, composed of tall old houses with square-paned windows and mysterious hall doors giving entry to vast and rambling interiors—that the story, comedy or tragedy, is to find its stage; here in the dining-room of one of the flat-fronted houses, that the student of human nature is to take his first glance at Stephen Carey—hero, so far as middle-class Irish life produces heroes, of the anticipated romance.

A man's room, one would have said at half a glance; moreover, the room of a man self-made! There was no art, no beauty suggested or displayed; but there was comfort of a solid kind in the fire that burned ruddily in the grate and in the breakfast table that stood awaiting occupation. A man's room, although a closed workbasket stood on the sideboard, and the china on the table indicated breakfast for two!

And this first impression was correct; for if the title of man be won by work, by patience, by a spirit that holds firm in face of great odds, then Carey's room was unquestionably the property of a man; for he had carved his own path to worldly success, hewing it from the rough material by days of toil and nights of thought.

Carey was a type—a type of that middle class which by right of strength has formed its huge republic, and spread like a net over civilisation—invincible, indispensable as the vast machines from which it has sucked its power. It is as parent of this new republic that the nineteenth century will go down to futurity; and it is from the core of this new republic, virile in its ambition, tyrannical in its moral code, jealous of its hard-won supremacy, that we have garnered such men as Carey—the men of steel drawn from the great workshops, tempered, filed, polished to fit the appointed place; helping to move the mighty engine of which they are the atoms, useless if cast out from its mechanism.

There is no corner of the civilised world over which the ubiquitous army of this republic has not marched. Even in countries where advance is slowest and change most subtle in its inroads—even in Ireland, where the people still instinctively bend the knee to the fetish of old name, and the aristocrats, dwindling year by year, hug their pride the closer for decay—this invasion of the middle classes has become a fact raised above denial. A century ago the rich Irish trader, the manufacturer, even the lawyer or the doctor—unless by chance he could produce a pedigree—held little place in the social scheme; but to-day his granddaughters flaunt it with the best in the world of sport and the vaster world of education. True, the entry to these new

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pastures is through a gate that still stands barely ajar and hangs upon rusty hinges, but there is incentive in the thought of a forced passage, and the constant sight of a social Mecca stirs this section of a naturally indolent community to unprecedented action. For this, the well-to-do shopkeeper gives his son a profession; for this, the successful doctor sends his boys to an English university; for this, the mother of a large family stints and saves to educate her daughters abroad.

It is not an exalted class: it is a class held together by material ambitions and common ideals. But it is a section of society strong in its own narrow purpose —an outpost in the great progress.

From this class Stephen Carey had come, as the new, strong grass shoots up between the cobble-stones of an ancient street. His story was that of many another Irishman—the story of a boyhood bred upon false conceptions, and a youth called upon before its time to grapple with realities. The eldest of seven brothers, he was the son of a builder, a man of dogged, taciturn nature who had risen from obscurity to a position of consideration. Forty years ago, Barny Carey had been a well-known figure in Waterford commercial life, and there were few of the older business men who could not still recall his large, pale face, his shock of sandy hair, and the short, thick-set figure invariably clothed in an ill-fitting frock-coat. But despite the fact of a large acquaintance, not one among his fellow-townsmen could recall an intimacy with Barny; there had been something daunting in the man's reserve, something deterring in his proud, silent stubbornness that had precluded friendship; and not even the workmen by whose toil he had mounted the ladder of success, or the sons in whom the very core of his heart centred, had known what it was to hold him in affection.

Yet it was these sons—these seven sons—on whom his whole inarticulate nature had bent and spent itself. There are always these chinks in the hard man's armour, and it is the business of Fate to search them out with cunning shafts. For himself, Barny Carey had made no secret of the fact that he was a common man, the son of a mason, trained in his youth to the mason's trade; he had accepted it as a thing defined, and had made no move to alter or ignore it; but with his sons it was to be a different matter. His sons were to be gentlemen!

This was his dream—his dream as he had worked in his office, his dream as he had watched his buildings rising story upon story, monuments to his success. Stephen—Stephen, the first born—was to be a lawyer; the law had always appealed to Barny as something impressive and formidable, and his soul yearned to see Stephen deal in justice as he himself had once dabbled in mortar and bricks; Joseph, the second son, was to be a priest, for God had been generous to him, and he must not grudge his offering to the church; Tom, the third, was to be an architect; Barny, his namesake, was to be a civil engineer; Maurice was to go into a bank, and Patrick to sea; while for Frank, the youngest, and the only one who resembled his dead mother, there was but one possible career—being a seventh son, he must, in pursuance of time-honoured superstition, become a doctor. So he had lived in his schemes, taciturn and unloved, meting out education with a liberal hand; and in due time Stephen had been articled to a solicitor, Joseph had been sent to Maynooth, and Tom had gone to Dublin to study for his profession.

Then it had been—in the very weaving of the plot—that the threads had tangled. The tale of how a business, apparently impregnable, can be undermined by any one of the contingencies that arise in commerce is too long and too immaterial to the story in hand to be followed here. It must suffice that one bad year followed another, that money had become scarcer, that Barny Carey had been forced to draw upon his reserves. At first his dogged nature had refused to see facts as they really were; then the gravity of the situation had gradually forced itself home, and common sense had whispered that it would be wiser to recall Tom and put new blood into the business; but the old, narrow

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pride that had become as the breath of Barny's life had risen to scout the suggestion—and so had come the beginning of the end.

Money had been needed—and still more money. He might have borrowed, for his credit in Waterford was good, but here again the stubbornness had been tyrannical. He had never gone into debt, and he would not begin in his old age! So in pride and silence he had taken the infinitely more risky course—he had departed from his previous scheme of safe investment, and had begun to speculate.

There is no need to describe the first plunge and the first failure; the second plunge, necessitated by the first, and in turn the second failure; it is depressing in its very commonness. All that really concerns is that within two years Barny Carey died, broken by secret anxieties; and that Stephen, just crossing the threshold of life, woke from the imaginary position of a rich man's heir to the reality of finding himself guardian to six brothers, only one of whom was self-supporting.

What Stephen did in that tremendous crisis, rather what he did in the long, toilsome years, when the actual crisis was passed and the daily burden was still to be carried, is among the unwritten records of heroism. In plain words, he worked as men only work in such circumstances as this, garnering the spoils saved from the wreck with a hand almost miserly in its rigid severity, stinting himself to the point of penury, that his brothers might not turn back from their allotted paths; and in his own career struggling, struggling unceasingly, turning an impassive face to the slaps of fortune, grasping unquestioningly at every helping hand.

Until now the story-seeker, looking into his room at Lady Lane, finds a man of thirty-eight—a citizen with a wife and three children—a solicitor with a growing practice—a matured, controlled, successful Stephen Carey, possessing but one responsibility remaining from the past—Frank, the youngest brother, the seventh son, still studying medicine in Paris in fulfilment of Barny Carey's dream.

CHAPTER II

The hour of nine was proclaimed by a clock somewhere in the town; and a moment after, the announcement was made further patent by the cessation of a dozen mass bells that, for a quarter of an hour, had been chiming from north and south, east and west. In this newly made silence the door of the empty dining-room in Lady Lane opened slowly, to admit a servant carrying a tray of eatables for the prospective breakfast. She entered the room in a leisurely, easy fashion, moved forward to the table, and, still holding the tray, allowed her eyes to wander to the window and become riveted upon two errand boys, who had deliberately set down their baskets to play a game of marbles in the narrow roadway. With the calm absorption of the born idler, she would have remained indefinitely rooted to the spot, regardless of the boiled eggs and bacon that were fast growing cold, but that the sound of steps in the hall outside brought her forcibly back to the realisation of duty. In obvious perturbation, she twisted round, almost overbalancing the tray; then, with equal suddenness, she gave a little gasp of relief.

"Gracious, ma'am, I thought you were the master!" she explained. "I was just seein' how them boys of Clery's do be idlin' their time. 'Tis a fright, surely!"

The person addressed was Mrs. Stephen Carey—Daisy Carey—still possessed of the pretty blue eyes and the pretty fair hair that had found her a bidder in the days when her charms had been displayed in the open market. She was still attractive, still girlish in face and figure, despite the five years of domesticity and the three babies in the nursery upstairs; but it was a passive attractiveness—the sleek, uninspiring attractiveness of one whose days are full of small concerns, and who is obviously content to shape the future on the pattern of the past. Moving forward to the breakfast-table, she seated herself in her accustomed place, and picked up two envelopes that lay upon her plate.

"Are these all the letters, Julia?" she said. "I thought I'd have got three."

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"Them are all this mornin', ma'am—except the master's. I took him up seven with his tea."

"Oh, well, put the things on the table! And, Julia——"

"What, ma'am?"

"See that Nurse gets her breakfast soon, will you? Baby cried a lot last night, and she didn't get much sleep. She must want a cup of tea."

"All right, ma'am! She can come down now; I'll stop above with the children."

"Oh, will you? That would be awfully good of you! Thanks very much!"

"Not at all, ma'am! Why wouldn't I?" Julia set down the breakfast things, paused to straighten her cap, which always drooped a little to one side or the other, and departed, closing the door behind her.

Left to herself, Daisy began to open her letters. The action was not very enthusiastic, for she knew by the envelopes exactly where they came from, and could even have hazarded a very shrewd guess as to what each contained. One was from her aunt, the Reverend Mother of a convent in the County Clare; the other was a bill from a local dressmaker. She opened the former first, and, propping it against the sugar bowl, began to skim the thin sheets covered with close writing, while she mechanically poured herself out a cup of tea and took an egg from the stand in the middle of the table. But presently her attention wandered, and her gaze, as Julia's had previously done, strayed to the window, through which the shrill voices of the boys came raised in dispute over their game. She sat for a minute or two in idle, uninterested contemplation; then, as in the servant's case, her truant wits were recalled by the sound of a step, and, turning sharply 'round, she bent forward in a listening attitude.

The steps drew nearer, and with the confirmation of their sound she rose from her seat, moving so hastily that the nun's letter fluttered down from its upright position, and picking up a cover-dish that stood upon the table, carried it across the room and set it in the fender.

She was seated again, and apparently absorbed in the dressmaker's bill, when the door opened and her husband walked into the room.

There was nothing dramatic in Stephen Carey's entrance, nor was the man himself arresting by right of mere personal appearance. In figure he was tall beyond the average, but lean and a trifle ungainly; and his face—hard, strong and clean-shaven—was too obviously the lawyer's face to lend itself to expression. His mouth alone of all the features gave promise of hidden emotions in its wide, thin-lipped flexibility, though the shrewd, observant eyes seemed to belie the weakness; for the rest, a well-shaped nose that broadened at the nostrils, a square jaw and a crown of rough, red hair made up a rather commonplace exterior. Yet, despite the lack of physical attractions, the man was a personality. You felt it instantly he came into a room, and, moreover, you felt that others felt it. He was one of those beings to whom it is given to claim consideration by a frown—service by a single word. As he came forward now, carrying a bundle of open letters in his hand, his wife knew without looking up that, for some unknown reason, his anger had been roused; and with a sense of uneasiness, her mind sped over the possible household incidents that might have annoyed him. The baby's crying last night! Julia's habitual lateness in the filling of his morning bath and the making of his morning tea!

This dread of having displeased him was subtly—most subtly—indicative of Carey's position in his own house; for though he rarely lost his temper, and still more rarely gave proof of its loss, the whole household—from Daisy herself to the little four-year-old Teddy, just beginning to form conclusions as to those about him—each and all were imbued with the dislike of irritating him.

Five years ago, with the taking of this high-ceiled, many-roomed house, Carey had faced the problem of his marriage,—for in middle-class Ireland the choosing of a wife follows the making of a home by a natural sequence of events. It has been illustrated that he was by necessity a practical man; he was also a man self-satisfying, and to a great extent self-centred; and when it came to a question

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of marriage, it was scarcely to be expected that he would have lost his head, or even his heart—though neither was it to be expected that he would choose carelessly. His idea of a wife had the faint savour of Orientalism so frequently to be found in his country and his class. A wife, in his opinion, was useful—possibly attractive as well, but fundamentally useful; a chattel, a being to be clothed and fed and housed to the best of man's ability, but beyond that hardly to be considered; and he had looked round his little world much as the Eastern might have studied the slave-market.

Age and ugliness, even when compensated for by money, he had dismissed from his consideration with the contempt of his race for physical disability, and when at last his eye and his choice had fallen upon Daisy Norris, the daughter of one of the richest men in Waterford, it was not, as gossip had unanimously held, entirely an affair of ducats; there had been pride in the matter, too, and a subconscious self-approbation—for Daisy had pretty blue eyes, pretty fair hair, and was barely turned twenty.

The fruit of that attitude was visible now on this spring morning, as he seated himself at breakfast; for Daisy, without a word, poured out his tea and pushed the cup across the table, then rose again and carried the cover-dish back from the fire.

"Will you have some bacon?" she asked in a low, pretty, rather mincing voice. "I was keeping it hot for you!"

Carey looked up, as if seeing her for the first time; and in the light from the window the strong line of his jaw showed prominently. "No!" he answered shortly; then his glance fell again to the letters in his hand, and he burst suddenly into speech. "I declare I'm sorry the children aren't girls if this is the return boys make you!"

"Is that from Paris? Is it from Frank?"

"Yes! It is from Frank!" He answered her question abruptly, in the deep, masterful voice from which he had never troubled to expel the native intonation.

"And what is it about?"

He ignored the words, and, with abrupt irrelevance, rapped out a query of his own.

"How much did old Dan Costello leave his daughter?"

Surprise—and behind the surprise extreme curiosity—gleamed in Daisy's eyes, but she answered in the native, roundabout way. "Why, nothing, of course! What would an accountant in a bank have to leave? Don't we all know her aunt is supporting her?"

"And where is she now? The girl, I mean."

"Why here, in Waterford. She and the aunt came back from France on Monday. I know, because Mary saw them both at the ten o'clock mass yesterday."

Carey gave a short, sarcastic laugh. "Oh!" he said. "Then I expect there isn't much we couldn't find out about Miss Isabel Costello! I suppose Mary could tell us the price of her gloves and the size of her shoes."

Daisy said nothing; for it was a fact, testified to by many a characteristic scene, that her unmarried sister Mary and Stephen were actively antagonistic. She felt no impulse to defend her absent relative; incidentally, because Mary Norris was so exceedingly capable of defending herself, but particularly because her curiosity was still aflame and prompting conciliatory action. For a while she remained silent, in the hope that Carey would unburden himself without prompting; and at last, as the hope faded, she delicately approached the subject.

"I wonder if Frank saw the Costellos at all while Miss Costello was taking Isabel away from school! 'Twas funny, their all being in Paris at the same time!"

"Funny! I don't think I'd call it funny! Listen to this!" Carey caught up the letter that he had been brooding upon and, without comment or explanation, began to read aloud:

"DEAR STEPHEN: I write this because it's only fair to tell you that, since you heard from me last, something very important has happened to me. I am engaged to be married! I suppose you know that old Miss Costello of Waterford came over to Paris a fortnight ago,

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to take her niece home from a convent school. Well, I came across her by the merest chance the first day she was here; and as she seemed rather out of it with the language and one thing or another, and as 'twas nice to see any familiar face—I made myself civil. The end of it all is that I've been going about with her and her niece for the last ten days; and that Isabel and I have fallen in love with each other, and have decided to get married as soon as ever I can make a way for myself. Of course I expect you will be awfully upset when first you read this, and will think me an awful fool; but don't answer too soon, for I don't mean to spring it on you—and I think you'll understand when you see Isabel. Anyway, as I say, take time to think it over! And don't imagine I'm forgetting how much I'm in your debt—and always will be.

"Your affectionate brother,

"FRANK.

"P. S.—Give my love to Daisy and the boys. I hope she will be nice to Isabel; it's dull for her living with Miss Costello.

"P. P. S.—Of course all this is strictly private. F. J. C."

Carey read the letter to the end without comment; then he rolled it into a ball and flung it across the room into the fire.

"In love!" he ejaculated with biting contempt. "In love!"

Daisy's eyes had remained wide open, in the effort to grasp, whole and entire, this astounding news; now her pretty mouth opened as well.

"What are you going to do?"

Carey glanced at her. "Do? Break the whole thing off, like you'd lop a dead branch from a tree!" He drew his cup toward him, swallowed some of his tea and, with absent-minded annoyance, helped himself to some of the bacon he previously refused.

"Do you think it's for this I'm making a doctor of him?" he demanded, after a moment, not especially of his wife, but of the world in general. "Do you think it's for this that I've saved him from sweating in some Waterford office—perhaps even standing behind a counter?"

He was very angry when he alluded thus openly to the monetary straits from which he had emerged; and outbursts of passion had not been frequent enough in the five years of marriage to eliminate the slight, fastidious shudder with which Daisy met the revelations. She drew herself up now with a faintly affected movement, indicative of her own superior refinement.

Carey caught the action. "Oh, it's all very well for you!" he said, "but I can tell you, people like Frank, who are dependent on others for their bread and butter, had best see which side the butter is put on at. A man with a position to make has nothing to do with love. Love! Rot!"

As the last expressive word left his lips, the door of the dining-room opened again, this time to admit a small, fair-haired girl in a neat tailor-made dress, wearing a straw hat, and carrying a prayer-book under her arm.

"Good-morrow, Daisy! Good-morrow, Stephen! How awfully late you are!" With an absolute lack of ceremony, she came forward, threw her prayer-book on the table and began to pull off her gloves.

"I'm too early for the ten mass," she announced, "so I thought I'd come in for a minute."

Daisy looked up. "How is father's cold?"

"Oh, gone, or as good as gone. He had a Turkish bath last night."

Carey raised his head. "Frightfully dangerous for a man with your father's weak heart."

Mary Norris sniffed disdainfully. "We'd all have weak hearts if we had time for them. I'd have one myself if I hadn't to do the housekeeping. Daisy, do you know who I met while ago?"

"No. Who?"

"The Costello girl and the aunt!"

Daisy almost started. "Oh, Mary! And did you speak to them?"

"Speak to them? Of course I did. I was simply dying to see her properly."

"Well, and what is she like? Do tell us!" In the keenness of her interest, Daisy pushed back her chair, leaving her tea unfinished.

Mary waited a moment, with the lingering enjoyment of the adept in relating a piece of gossip. "Well," she said ju-

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diciously, "to begin with, she's as different as anything from the lanky little thing she used to be before she went to school. She's awfully curious-looking, and yet she's awfully taking. She has lovely teeth and a queer sort of light in her eyes, different from other people. Oh, and do you know what?"

"No."

"She's asked to the Fair Hill dance—and she's going to come out at it. I believe Mrs. Burke knew her father long ago; the Costellos were a good family in Wexford, you know, though they were as poor as church mice. I wonder if she'll give Isabel a dress. 'Twould be a charity if she did, for I'm sure she has to wear her aunt's old clothes."

Before she had finished, Daisy turned impulsively to Carey. "Oh, Stephen, isn't that lovely! I'll see her splendidly at Fair Hill."

Mary's sharp green eyes followed her sister's. "Surely, Stephen isn't interested in the dance?"

"No, Stephen is not interested," Carey replied, rising from the table and walking across the room. At the door he looked back. "Daisy, remember that that letter is private."

Daisy said nothing; and as soon as he had disappeared into the hall, Mary came quickly round the table and perched herself on the arm of her chair.

"What on earth is the matter with him?" she asked.

Daisy looked behind her with a certain furtiveness. "Wait a second, and I'll tell you."

"It's all right. He'll be ages getting his coat."

"Well, you'll be most *fearfully* surprised!"

"What at? Do tell me!"

"Am not I telling you? Oh, you *will* be surprised!"

"Go on! Go on!"

"Stephen has had a letter from Frank, saying that he met the Costellos in Paris."

"Good gracious! And they never said a word about him, though I told them I was coming in here!"

"Didn't they, now? That was deep!"

"Why deep?"

"Because Frank says——"

"Oh, do hurry!"

"I *am* hurrying! It's you that keep on interrupting. Frank met them ten days ago in Paris, and ever since he's been with them morning, noon and night; until the end of the whole thing is that he has fallen head over ears in love with Isabel Costello—and actually wants to marry her! Now, what do you say to that?"

Mary stared at her sister. "I never in all my life heard anything to equal it!" She gave each word its full and separate value. "Why, she hasn't a penny to bless herself with!"

"Not a farthing."

"Stephen must be simply——"

"Ssh! I hear him. Don't for your life pretend that I told you."

Mary gave her a withering glance. "Do you think I'm a fool, Daisy?" She picked up her gloves and prayer-book, and was sauntering slowly toward the door when Carey entered.

"Hallo! Going?" he said.

"Only up to the nursery." She swung out of the room, and they heard her run upstairs.

Carey advanced a few paces. His overcoat was on and he was carrying his hat in his hand. "Daisy," he said, rather abruptly, "have you answered that invitation of the Burkes' yet?"

Daisy raised her eyebrows, for all social matters usually lay within her undisputed demesne. "No. Why?"

"I suppose I'm included in it?"

"Of course! But they know you never go to dances."

Carey slowly buttoned up his coat. "I have been thinking," he said; "and it seems to me that it's very little good tackling Frank until I've seen the girl. It's the girl who must be squared first of all. I've thought it out, and you may as well accept this invitation for me as well as for yourself."

Once again in this morning of surprises Daisy's blue eyes opened widely. "But, Stephen—" she exclaimed.

No answer was vouchsafed by Carey. Having given his commands, it was not his way to justify them by reasons. Without looking again at his wife, he passed out of the room and down the hall; and a moment after, the closing of

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the outer door announced to all whom it might concern that the master spirit had left the house.

CHAPTER III

A matter of small significance, one would say, that a man should announce his intention of going to a dance! But we are dealing with a small world. To the ant, a grain of sand represents an appreciable portion of its own environment; and in his family circle, Carey's acceptance of Mrs. Michael Burke's invitation made a definite stir of excitement.

The hall door had barely closed upon him when Daisy had flown up the stairs to impart the news to her sister; and Mary, in the intervals of swinging the second child, Francis, to and fro on the rocking horse in the nursery, had replied with the terse comment, "You take my word for it, Daisy, he's got his back up!"

There had been a good deal of unvarnished truth in this blunt sentence, for in her way Mary Norris was a person of discernment. She shared with Daisy—indeed, with the whole female section of her set—an extraordinary and far-reaching curiosity; but with her, inquisitiveness was supported by a moral courage and an instinct for a secret so marked that mere love of scandal was raised to a fine art. Women feared her and yet leaned upon her; but men feared her and fought shy of her, for there was a satirical humour in her smile and a sharpness in her eye that made her a very lively companion, but left you with an uncomfortable suspicion that, having amused you at the expense of your neighbours, she only awaited your departure to pillory you for the benefit of others. For all things are grist to the mill of such professed gossips—the meanness of so-and-so's husband, the neglected condition of so-and-so's children, the terrible stories that so-and-so's servants have told in their new situations. Petty and contemptible, perhaps! And yet for the class in which it thrives, this network of scandal has a meaning and a result. Life carried on under the microscope has a curiously restraining effect upon the units that compose it; by a high moral standard you may influence the man whose aims and ideals are already elevated, but by the wholesome tonic of his fellow-man's criticism you touch every class of human being. This knowledge that other eyes are forever peering into his holy of holies is a factor to be reckoned with in the life of the Irish townsman; and it may be a question for the sceptic whether his indisputable moral integrity would flourish as notably elsewhere as it does in its present restricted atmosphere.

A fortnight went by, during which Stephen Carey never once alluded to the coming festivity, and Daisy lived in a ferment of excitement concerning her new dress, the question of whether she would have her hair done at the hairdresser's or at home, the continuous speculations as to who had, or had not, been included in the Burkes' invitation list. The actual moment of fruition—when all doubts were to be set at rest, all conjectures dissolved into certainty—found the Lady Lane household in the usual excitement that such an event provokes. Mary Norris, who was to accompany the Careys to the dance, arrived with her portmanteau at five o'clock, and retired at once to the large back bedroom that was to be her property for the night, and in which Daisy's new red dress was already laid out upon the bed, flanked by a pair of high-heeled slippers, open-work stockings and a fan; for the sisters still retained the habit, borrowed from their childish days, of dressing together for any noteworthy entertainment.

Mary entered the room, followed by Julia, and paused at once to examine the finery.

"It's lovely, Miss Mary, isn't it?" Julia hazarded, setting down the portmanteau.

Mary said nothing.

"The mistress is afraid 'tis the way 'twill be too bright. But sure, as I was sayin', there's no tellin' colours by gaslight!"

"No!" Mary agreed, mentally considering the effect of the red next her own forget-me-not blue dress.

"Will you be havin' a cup of tea, Miss Mary? And will I put a match to the fire?"

"Oh, yes, do, Julia! I have to crimp

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my hair. But I don't know about tea. What time will the mistress be in?"

She took off her gloves, threw them on the table, and began in a businesslike way to unpack her things.

"Oh, she can't be long now, miss! She's gone this good while."

Julia knelt down before the fireplace, applied a match to the sticks, and blew vigorously upon the flame. "'Tis the way this kindlin' is damp!" she added to herself. "And sure I'm tired of tellin' Bridget to put it over the range. Miss Mary, I suppose 'twill be a grand ball?"

"Oh, yes, 'twill be a splendid dance. There are over a hundred asked, and there's to be a band and a sit-down supper. I hope 'twon't rain, though!" Mary glanced anxiously toward the window, as she drew her dress from its wrappings.

"I suppose 'tis the garden you're thinkin' of? There's a grand garden at Mr. Burke's."

Mary reddened. "Nonsense, Julia!"

But Julia had the privileges of eight years' service in the Norris family, so she looked back over her shoulder without perturbation. "Ah, go on, Miss Mary! Sure, 'tisn't dancin' the whole time you'd be on a fine spring night like this!"

"Indeed, I hope it is—if I have partners."

Julia smiled knowingly to herself as she rose, previous to departing; then she made a sudden gesture of delighted admiration as she caught sight of the glories of the blue dress.

"Oh, Miss Mary! But that's somethin' like! And the lovely little silver bow-knots on the blue silk. 'Tis like a Blessed Virgin's altar, it is!"

"Yes, I think it's nice," Mary agreed, not quite certain that the simile was flattering; then she looked quickly round, as the door behind her opened. "Oh, here's the mistress! Well, Daisy, I'm waiting ages!"

Daisy came into the room, laden with little tissue-paper parcels, which she deposited on a chair before kissing her sister. "I'm just dead!" she announced. "I tried five shops for a black aigrette for my hair, and had to get a bit of tulle in the end. Waterford is a terrible place! But what do you think of the dress? Is it fearfully bright?" She twisted round eagerly toward the bed.

"N-no."

"You think it looks brighter than it did at Mrs. Walsh's yesterday?"

"Well, you can't even see yourself properly at Walsh's, to say nothing about colours! I don't know why you go to such a dingy old hole."

"She cuts very well!"

"Not at all! That's your imagination."

"Indeed, it isn't! You said yourself my brown was the nicest dress I ever had. And anyway, Mary, I think it's rather mean of you now, when it's too late, to be making me dissatisfied. I suppose the dress is awful!" Her voice trembled a little with a mingling of disappointment, annoyance and exhaustion. "Perhaps I'd better wear my old pink!"

"Don't be silly, Daisy!"

"I'm not silly! You'd be sillier, if you were in my place! I don't think I'll go at all!"

Silence reigned after this announcement, while Mary began to take down her long fair hair.

"Lily O'Farrell has a dress exactly the same colour as yours!" Daisy announced at last. "I saw it yesterday at Walsh's."

Mary looked round, her mouth full of hairpins. "I'm sure I don't care how many people have the same coloured dress!" she said indistinctly. "I hate to be remarkable!"

Daisy coloured at the thrust. "It's better to be remarkable than dowdy. Julia, what are you waiting for?" She turned suddenly on the servant.

"Nothin', ma'am! On'y to hear when you'll be takin' your tea."

"Oh, bother tea! I don't want any."

Mary hurriedly took the hairpins out of her mouth. "Nonsense, Daisy! Don't be silly! You know we'd like tea—unless, of course, you want to have dinner with Stephen."

"You know very well I'd hate to have dinner with Stephen!"

"Well, for goodness' sake, let us have the tea!"

Daisy's attitude relaxed a little. "All right! Very well!"

"And what'll we have?"

"Well, we could have some ham—and there are cakes——"

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"That would be lovely! Ham, Julia—and cakes—and, Julia, don't forget the mustard!"

"All right, Miss Mary! And when will you be wantin' it, ma'am?"

Daisy looked at her sister. "In half an hour?" she suggested.

"Or now?"

The expressions on both their faces wavered, until finally they laughed. "Very well!" Daisy said. "Now, Julia, please!"

In silence they watched her go; then Mary shook out her long mane of hair and, taking up a crimping tongs, carried it to the fire and placed it between the bars.

"I wonder who'll be there?" she said for the fiftieth time.

"Owen Power will, anyway!"

Mary bent forward, and busied herself rather unnecessarily over the position of the tongs. "How do you know?"

"I met Josephine Power when I was trying Sheehy's for the aigrette, and she told me Owen and Jim are both going."

Mary took out the smoking tongs and, carrying it to the dressing table, began to pass it through her hair. "A great condescension on Owen's part, I'm sure! Oh, bother! I've singed my hair."

For a while Daisy remained silent, watching her sister as she made a succession of journeys between the table and the fire; then at last, as Mary knelt down once more before the hearth, she walked across the room and suddenly put her arm about her shoulder.

"Polly, do you like him still?"

Mary turned and looked up at her, her face flushed and half aggressive. "I'd be very sorry to trouble myself about any man!"

"I know! But, still——"

"What?"

"Well, you know he likes you."

"Indeed, I don't!"

"Nonsense! You know it right well. What about the picnic at Woodstown in October? 'Twas ten o'clock when you and he got back."

"Well, I had a puncture—and we had to mend it."

They both laughed, but almost immediately Mary became serious again. "I wonder if he'll ask me for a dance, Daisy? 'Twill be so horrible if he doesn't."

Daisy's more malleable nature bent instantly to the softer tone. "As if he wouldn't!" she said.

"Oh, it's never safe to be sure."

"Nonsense!"

Mary stared hard into the fire, as though the riddle of her future was open and readable in the heart of the coals. "Men are awfully queer, Daisy," she said at length. "You can never be sure of a man."

"Nonsense! All men marry, if they can afford to; and—and if they like any one."

A frown of impatience crossed Mary's white forehead, and a little tinge of contempt lifted the corner of her mouth. She shook back her hair, as if about to retort with some scrap of the worldly wisdom she had acquired, no one knew where; but on the spur of the moment her impulse changed.

"Ah, well!" she said. "'Twill be all the same in a hundred years! Here's Julia—and the tea!"

CHAPTER IV

The dance was to begin at nine—an hour unusually late and fashionable for an Irish town; and at half-past eight the hired car that was to convey the Careys to Fair Hill was already drawn up in Lady Lane.

It is a peculiarity of the town of Waterford that no closed vehicle plies for hire in the streets; so when those of its inhabitants who are not blessed with carriages fare forth after dark on duty or on pleasure, they resort, by necessity, to the livery stables, from which issue vehicles that, for the most cogent of reasons, avoid the searching eye of day. It may be a brougham that answers to the demand—a relic of former glory, moth-eaten and tottering to its fall, or a hansom cab that has drifted like a piece of flotsam from the sea of London life, or perhaps it may be a "covered" car that can trace its antecedents to Limerick or to Cork. To those who have not actually travelled in such a vehicle, the name

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"covered" car is a mere figure of speech, conveying nothing and demanding definition; outwardly, it has the appearance of a large square box, one end of which has been knocked out and replaced by a low door, a step and a pair of funeral curtains; inwardly, it is possessed of two seats, upon which the passengers sit *vis-à-vis*, clinging to straps that depend from the small windows that are set like portholes on either side of the drivers seat. A drive in a covered car is never likely to be forgotten, for a haphazard abandonment of life and limb marks it from the first moment to the last, when by an ingenious movement of the jarvey, the horse is pulled round, vigorously backed, and the wheels of the car collide with fearful violence against the curb.

Such a conveyance Daisy and Mary found awaiting them when they emerged from the house at a quarter to nine, arrayed in long, light dust coats and wearing woollen wraps over their heads; and immediately the hall door was opened, the driver—a disreputable individual in a tall hat several sizes too large and a coachman's coat from which most of the silver buttons had disappeared—hurried forward, thrusting a lighted pipe into his pocket.

"Wait a minute, ma'am! Wait a minute! I'll back her!"

"Oh, don't!" Mary cried. "Don't back at all! We'll get in as it is."

"Oh, sure, whatever you like, Miss Norris! 'Tis equal to me. I'm on'y thinkin' of ye'er feet on the muddy road —though, after all, 'tis more dust than mud it is."

Neither answered this mixed statement, but as hastily as possible beat past his dirty assisting hand, and seated themselves high up under the windows of the car, to protect their skirts as far as might be from subsequent contact with Carey's feet.

"I feel awfully nervous!" Daisy announced, when at last the driver had reluctantly returned to his horse's head, to tie up a broken piece of harness. "I wonder if my hair is straight? I wish to goodness I had gone to Davitt's after all. I'm sure it's hideous."

"Not at all! It's all right!" Mary said without looking at her.

"I wonder if I'll have any partners?"

"You will, of course! Anyway, it doesn't matter to you. You're married."

Daisy turned round indignantly. "Oh, indeed, doesn't it?" Then she paused, as Carey appeared in the open doorway; and in the diversion of interest, her anger died. "How awfully well Stephen looks in evening dress!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"That's a matter of taste." Mary stooped to gather in her frills; and as she raised her head, she added in a louder voice: "For goodness' sake, Stephen, hurry! We won't get a single partner."

Carey came slowly across the pavement, buttoning up his coat. "All right! Go on now!" he called to the driver, as he placed his foot on the step.

With his added weight, the shafts rose and the car dropped back to what was its typical angle.

"Good heavens!" Mary exclaimed. "You're a frightful weight!"

"Twelve stone! Why aren't you sitting at the same side?"

She looked at him with scorn. "On account of our dresses, of course!"

Further controversy was cut short by the starting of the car, which was accomplished by much noisy admonition from the driver and sundry backings and false starts on the part of the horse, before they could pass triumphantly down the street at a respectable trot. For the first ten minutes a cramped and uncomfortable silence reigned; then at last, as they came within appreciable distance of the steep ascent that led to Fair Hill, Carey spoke again, moving his legs painfully.

"Of all the abominable tortures man ever invented," he said, "covered cars are the worst! This decides me. I'll have that motor of Leader's."

At the tremendous announcement, Daisy jumped round in her seat, forgetful even of her dress. "Oh, Stephen, you don't mean it? Will you really? How lovely! How perfectly lovely! I don't know how I'll sit in it, the first day we go out, I'll be so terribly proud!"

Mary lifted her chin. "They say it nearly beggared Leader!"

"So much the better for me! He paid

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a thousand for the car, and now he'll be glad to get four hundred for it."

"Oh, but the buying isn't all! Old Mr. Hayse told me the other day, as a dead secret, that it costs him five hundred a year, with petrol and repairs and things."

"Well, old Hayse is as blind as a bat and drives at fifty miles an hour. If you knew the compensation cases I've settled for him out of court, you'd say five hundred was doing it rather cheap. Here we are at the hill! I'll walk up, Daisy!" He opened the door of the car without calling to the driver, and let himself out.

As the horse started forward in appreciation of the lightened weight, Daisy thrust her head out of the car.

"Stephen! Stephen!"

"Yes! What?"

"You'll wait for us at the door of the dancing-room?"

He assented, and stepped back to the side of the road, as a large one-horse carriage, crowded to its fullest extent, dashed proudly past the hired car; and at the same moment Mary caught Daisy's arm and drew her back into the shadows.

"Don't hang out like that, Daisy! It looks so badly!"

"Why? Whose car was it?"

"The Powers', of course! Didn't you see?"

When Carey's foot dropped from the step of the car to the hard roadway, he drew a breath unmistakably pregnant with relief. Whether the relief depended entirely upon a release from a cramped position, or whether it had for inspiration a subtler sense of loosened bonds, it is for the psychologist to say. Certain it is that he felt more free of outlook and more individually independent after Daisy's appeal had melted into silence and Daisy's pretty, anxious face had been merged in the darkness of the car. Not that he cherished an opinion of himself as a man shackled by matrimony; nor that we, who would follow his story, must think of him as such! Love, and the conditions engendered by love, had never loomed large enough upon his horizon to be considered as factors capable of mending or marring his existence. His feelings as he stiffened his shoulders to the ascent of the hill were simply the feelings of a man who has been freed from a position that wearied him and who, as a matter of reaction, turns with zest to his personal concerns. A task awaited him to-night—a task self-set, and therefore acceptable; and all action—even action so tame as that which he anticipated—had its own incentive power. He reached the summit of the hill almost as soon as the covered car; but, jealous of his stolen solitude, he did not follow it up the avenue of chestnuts that glinted a faint green against the April night sky, but paused outside the gates to look back over Waterford, lying half-veiled in vaporous fog.

The scene was eloquent, as are all Irish scenes—touched with an unnamed pathos, wrapped in that mystery from which memory can draw such innumerable and binding threads; and as he looked down upon the clustering roofs and pointing spires, he stepped unthinkingly into that region of sentiment to which, by right of birth, every Irishman holds a key, and into which his feet turn instinctively the moment the rein of self-restraint is loosed.

As in the windings of a dream, his mind sped back over the years of his youth and manhood to the days when, as a little red-haired boy, he had followed his father's workmen up their scaffoldings, and had looked out over this same city of roofs and spires, weaving with a child's imagination picture upon picture of the world beyond the confines that formed his home. The subject of these pictures had always been the same—always the wonderful, fabled world where name and fortune awaited the adventurous.

But Fate and Time between them had clipped the wings of the soaring dreams; the boy with his ugly, clever little face and preternaturally observant eyes had slowly grown to manhood without sight of that great Beyond—had slowly grown to manhood, and to the conscious compromise with ambition that men of his country and of his class are daily and yearly driven to make. In Ireland, the bread of expediency is the

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staff of life, and Stephen Carey had early seated himself at the frugal board. If now, in these later days, a ghost of the lost ambition ever glided behind his chair, pointing a wavering hand toward the great market-place of life, where the fountains flow to quench all thirsts, only his eyes saw the passing of the shade; none guessed that for a moment his achievements shrank to their true proportion, and the good substantial bread became as ashes in his mouth.

Out of the vaporous mist the phantom rose with its train of stifled hopes, pressing up against him, whispering inaudible words, proffering intangible embraces; but his mood to-night was aggressive rather than depressed, he shook off the clinging presence and set his face toward reality pictured by the long line of budding trees and beyond them, by the large, square house ablaze with light.

The hall door of Fair Hill was hospitably open. As he drew level with the house, and he saw as on a stage the lighted interior—the fine square hall, built within the last five years and possessing not a fragment of romance; the rugs of expensive texture and vivid colouring; the palms standing upon ugly pedestals of glazed pottery, each detail significant, each betraying in its own proportion the taste and the social standing of Michael Burke, successful dealer in butter, justice of the peace under the new régime, kindliest, most honest, least intellectual of men.

Burke himself passed across the lighted hall as Carey mounted the steps, and paused to greet him.

"You're very fashionable, Stephen!" he cried. "But better late than never! Where are the ladies?"

"Oh, they're here! I walked up the hill. How does this sort of thing suit you?"

Michael Burke made a comical face. "Well, to tell the truth," he said, "there's great temptation in the thought of my old pipe upstairs. But when the young people begin to grow up, Stephen, faith, pipes and the rest must go empty! You'll be in the same boat yourself some day, when you've three young men waiting to be settled."

Carey laughed indulgently, for he liked Michael Burke with his odd turns of speech, his homely ways and sterling character. "I suppose so!" he agreed—"I suppose so, indeed! Where am I to leave my coat?"

"Oh, upstairs! Upstairs! My little snuggery has been turned inside out for a dressing-room. Up with you! You know the way. There's the first dance beginning, and Ellen will be wanting me! Don't be long, though!" With a nod and a friendly smile, the little man disappeared through a velvet-draped doorway, into a room from which the first bars of a waltz were floating out into the hall.

A very few minutes sufficed to relieve Carey of his hat and coat, and presently he was back again in the hall, following the direction his host had taken. The dancing-room was already full of whirling couples when he made his appearance; and, pausing inside the door, he was compelled to make one of a little group of young men and girls who had hurried down from the dressing-rooms at the first sound of the music, but who were reserving themselves for the second dance, while they criticised their fellow-guests.

One or two heads were turned as he appeared, and a couple of youths muttered a diffident "Good-night, Mr. Carey!" but the girls of the group scarcely noticed him. In their world, the married man hardly exists as an independent being, for he is a thing appropriated, labelled, laid irrevocably on the shelf. For the first few moments his presence had a damping effect, but very soon the animal spirits of the party rose above the shy silence, and set them chattering again like a band of sparrows.

"I tell you what, though, she's awfully pretty!" The man who spoke was Owen Power, a young barrister of handsome face and consequential manners, who paid periodical visits to his people in Waterford and was supposed to bring with him from Dublin an air of fashion and advancement not locally to be acquired.

"Owen is struck!" put in a heavy youth, in a dull, drawling voice.

"What'll somebody else say?" cried a girl of seventeen with a dazzling

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complexion and bright, impertinent eyes.

"Shut up, Amy!" The heavy youth had a brother's privileges, and used them ungallantly.

Amy laughed and tossed her head. "All right, Jack! I won't mention names. But we all know why you're so interested."

Jack growled something unintelligible but threatening, and at the same time Power adjusted his pince-nez and leaned forward.

"Here she is! And, I say, *doesn't* she dance!"

"Who is she dancing with?"

"I can't see."

"It's Willie Neville!"

"No, it isn't!"

"Yes, it is, though!" The girls peered over each other's shoulders in a fever of curiosity.

"I say!" Power cried again. "I say, doesn't she dance! She puts me in mind of the Spanish dancer we had in Dublin for a week last year."

"Oh, well, she's nearly foreign as it is!" Amy put in. "Half the Wexford people have Spanish blood. Here she is!"

The word "foreign" attracted Carey, who had been absently trying to single out his wife's red dress in the crowded room. It touched him to interest, and instinctively he turned to find the object of the description.

Out of the heterogeneous crowd that twisted and reversed and backed in a frenzy of energetic joy, his eyes alighted upon one figure and remained arrested, while in his mind Power's words found a sudden and strenuous echo. She could dance! She certainly could dance!

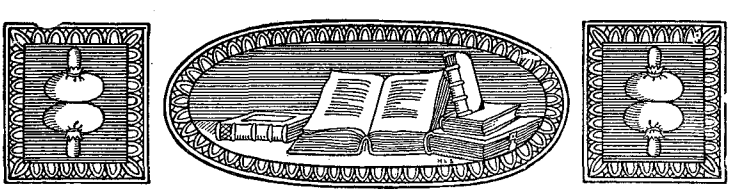
By ordinary judgment, she was merely a girl of twenty; but in that moment she might have been a flower swaying in the wind, a young animal stretching itself to the sun, a bird in its first flight—anything fresh from Nature's hand, pulsing with the delight of living and knowing itself alive. She skimmed down the room, unconscious of the partner whose arm encircled her; she saw nothing beyond the stirring perspective of light and colour, heard nothing but the swaying music of the waltz that swelled and faded in waves of sound. She swept past the little group in the doorway, totally unaware of its existence, and for one instant Carey looked down into her face. But it was only for an instant; immediately he drew back against the wall, with a curious, half-shamed sense of having looked upon something not meant for his gaze. For the essence of womanhood, intimate and unguarded, lay in the flushed cheeks, the half-closed eyes and parted lips.

To rid himself of the sensation, he turned abruptly to Power. "Who is that, Power?" he asked. "The girl in white?"

Power answered with his eyes upon the retreating couple. "That's old Miss Costello's niece—just back from school."

The last bars of the waltz crashed out, and a laughing, excited crowd made a rush for the door. Carey stepped aside to let it pass; and then slowly, as though acting upon some half-formed thought, he walked down the ballroom to where Mrs. Michael Burke was holding a little court.

(*To be continued*)



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"RACKHAM'S WHITE RABBIT IS AN APPARITION IN A PEARL-COLOURED FROCK-COAT AND RUFFLES"

THE SKETCH-BOOKS OF WONDER-LAND

HEN new illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland* were first published, one comment was that it would have been quite as sensible and as becoming to issue an edition of Sir John Tenniel's illustrations with a new text, by, say, Richard Le Gallienne or Mrs. Humphry Ward. Now that the expiration of the English copyright—leaving publishers free to reprint the original text but not the original illustrations—has stimulated the production of half a dozen or more new outfits of pictures for this nonsense classic, these are still brought out in a way that is almost sheepish. The artists behave rather as if they had been caught sketching not enchanted domains, where they have a perfect right, but some enemy's fortifications. They want it understood that their work is not intended to supplant the Tenniel pictures, yet even this apology they do not make in person but virtually by literary attorney. "The Tenniel Pictures," says E. S. Martin in his preface to the Peter Newell edition, ". . . are identified beyond fear of separation with Alice and her familiars." "Enchanting Alice!" exclaims Austin Dobson in *his* metrical preface to the Arthur Rackham edition,

" . . . . . Black and White
Has made your deeds perennial;
And naught save 'Chaos and old Night'
Can part you now from Tenniel."

These diffident disclaimers recognise the peculiar relation of text and pictures in the Alice books. The lover of these volumes has the clearest possible notion of how all the personages in them must have looked, and doubtless supposes that he got that notion directly from the author. But no author could possibly have said less on the subject than did Lewis Carroll. "The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle nursing a baby," he tells us. That is the nearest thing to a description of the Duchess to be found in his book. "There was a table set out under a tree in front of the House and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it and talking over its head." "They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break." In this wise are the principal characters introduced. The author is referring his reader to the illustrator, just as he does in so many words in the case of the Gryphon: "If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture."

The only liberty taken with the text in either of the new editions is for the purpose of escaping a definite reference to the frontispiece as a source of information regarding the King's method of wearing his crown over his wig. Bill the Lizard

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"NEWELL'S WHITE RABBIT IS A HALF-DISTRACTED SCHOOLMASTER"

himself might be a wombat or a star-nosed mole for anything the author says about him until three pages after Alice has kicked him up the chimney. The picture which tells what manner of creature he was at the very moment when we want to know is not an embellishment but a part of the text. Yet the fact that a non-illustrated *Alice* would be all but inconceivable is properly in favour rather than against the new illustrators. If there is one place in the world or out of it where vested rights ought not to be respected, it certainly is Wonderland. If Mr. Newell and Mr. Rackham have something to add to our imperfect knowledge of that delectable country, they are benefactors. As for borrowing, it would be as reasonable to accuse Stockton because long after the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle had finished their lobster quadrille, he reported the colloquies of the Griffin and the Minor Canon.

Whether anything has been added is not a question for the art critics at all. How do the new creations impress those who look at them as friends and not as samples of technique? May they not, like fresh interpretations of classic theatrical rôles, bring out shades of meaning and character unobserved before? Indeed the three sets of illustrations which are worth considering at all do show their subjects from as many angles. Tenniel won his reputation by political cartoons, Newell by illustrations of his own whimsical verses, Rackham by half droll, half uncanny designs for *Rip Van Winkle*. So, as might be expected, Tenniel's Wonderland is in general the most logical, Newell's the most fantastic, Rackham's the most unearthly. This can be seen in their embellishments of the very first paragraphs. Tenniel's White Rabbit is an English country squire. Newell's a half-distracted schoolmaster, Rackham's an apparition in a pearl-coloured frock-coat and ruffles. It is again to be seen in the different choice of subjects. Tenniel alone has drawn Alice at the moment of destiny when, picking up the bottle marked "Drink Me," she, like a prudent little girl, is turning it about to see if it happens to be marked "Poison" on the other side; Newell alone has drawn the three weird sisters, Elsie,

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"WE SEE TENNIEL AT HIS BEST IN THE DUCHESS"

Lacie and Tillie, at the bottom of their treacle well; Rackham alone has drawn Alice at that remarkable crisis when she has nibbled the right-hand bit of mushroom and, shutting up suddenly like a telescope, has received "a violent blow underneath the chin," from her own foot. We see Tenniel at his best in the Duchess, Newell in the Mock Turtle, Rackham in the Caterpillar.

Peter Newell's snub-nosed housewife in a ruff is all very well in her way, but she is not a Duchess. Rackham's lady, with her high beak-nose, her ermine, ostrich plumes and false curls, is every inch a Duchess, probably a Dowager Duchess. As she appears in the Sixth Chapter there is little if any fault to find with her. She is just the woman to sit like a feminine field-marshal under the Cook's galling fire of saucepans, plates and dishes and take "no notice of them even when they hit her." She is just the woman to reply to Alice's confession that she did not know cats *could* grin, "They all can, and most of 'em do." She might, in fact, do all of the things recorded in Chapter Six. But Mr. Rackham must have forgotten Chapter Nine. That is the most charitable explanation. It is simply inconceivable that his Duchess could have said, "You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing." His Duchess is austere. She could never have unbent and "tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's." It is the superiority of Tenniel's Duchess that she is no less convincing in her maudlin than in her morose mood. She is not refined or tactful in either. If, like Du Maurier's swell who mistook another duchess for the widow of a cheesemonger in the New Cut, we did not know her rank we might exclaim, "How she goes on to be sure!" As it is, like him, after he was set right, we admire "her aristocratic simplicity of manner." That is because we do know her for a Duchess.

The recipe for mock-turtle soup in the cook-book, and the allusions to "flappers" in the text are—except, of course, the unreported talks between author and illustrator—the only sources of information about the Mock Turtle's appearance. Tenniel made him a helpless, hopeless beast with plated carapace and plastron, scaly flippers or flappers and a moon-calf's head. Rackham's is much the same, only more delicate and anæmic, pensive and sentimental. But Newell had ideas of his own. Zoologically speaking, his Mock Turtle who "went to school in the sea" does belong to a marine species. It is a little hard to believe such

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a lumbering, blubbering monster capable of passing in "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week, *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils." Tenniel's or Rackham's Mock Turtles, though not inspired scholars, can be imagined as obtaining high marks, even from the old Conger-eel. But they lack the one quality which is absolutely essential. Newell's is the only one of the three that would furnish really first-class mock-turtle soup, and this must be the deciding factor.

Mr. Rackham's Caterpillar is similarly the only caterpillar that corresponds strictly to the specifications. The author mentions only two facts about the Caterpillar's exterior: that his colour was blue and that his arms were folded. Even Tenniel ignored the folded arms in his design. This, however, is a minor point. The question is one of delineating a character. This Caterpillar is a perfect incarnation of incisive curiosity. His questions are far more disquieting than the Queen's tantrums. He is a subject worthy of Sargent's brush. It may be that Tenniel sketched him from behind because he felt himself unequal to more exacting portraiture. Newell has drawn a caterpillar with button eyes, a crest like a toothbrush, and an infantile expression. His is a caterpillar that could not possibly impress anybody. But Rackham's snuffy, loose-lipped, spectacled smoker wears the real air of authority. He cannot be imagined as ever turning into a butterfly or moth. If he turns into anything it will be a bookworm. His eyes are dim with study and introspection. He is probably of German extraction and his valedictory observation to Alice, "You'll get used to it in time," sounds like the answer to the Welträtsel.

And Alice herself? Wondering, gentle and considerate, even if she does speak of cats to the Mouse and of "din—" to the friends of the Whiting, she

"TENNIEL'S WHITE RABBIT IS AN ENGLISH COUNTRY SQUIRE"

is too dear a child to be treated with anything but tenderness. Tenniel drew her as a little girl of his own time—forty years ago—in starched frock, white stockings and tiny, black strapped slippers. Newell kept the white stockings and much of the old-time quaintness, though his Alice has a thought too much aplomb. The really daring change made by Rackham is in bringing his little heroine down to date. Most of us doubtless will continue to love the old Alice best, but the modern little figure does bear one message of its own. It tells us that the gate of Wonderland has never been closed, that it never will be closed, and that to the children of the twentieth century, old and young, as to their children and their grandchildren, it is still given to eat now and then of the magic fruit of the Amfalula tree in whose boughs the Dinkey bird sings.

Philip Loring Allen.

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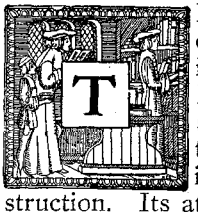
ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

V—The Paris that Was

BY L. E. ROUSSILLON



HE Paris that was, the city that has vanished as irrevocably as ancient Nineveh and Tyre, is simply the Paris of yesterday. The older city is far easier of reconstruction. Its atmosphere has been preserved in countless churches, palaces and monuments. One may walk through the Rue des Francs Bourgeois and the adjacent courtyards and understand something of the environment of the Parisian of the sixteenth century. It is quite easy to follow in the footsteps of Messieurs d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis from the time we first meet them on the staircase of the Hotel de Treville until we take leave of them sometime in the reign of Louis the Magnificent. Until a few months ago, at least, the Auberge du Cheval Blanc stood almost exactly as it was when in the middle of the seventeenth century Manon Lescaut alighted in its courtyard. On the other hand it is a far more difficult matter to find the Paris that surged in Balzac's brain when he was building the *Comédie Humaine,* the Paris of M. Eugène Sue and his "Schoolmasters" and "Slashers," the Paris in which Colonel Thomas Newcome and his son Clive delighted, and where Philip Firmin laboured at journalism, the city where Thackeray himself found Terré's Tavern and the inspiration for the "Ballad of the Bouillebaisse."

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields—
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is,
The New Street of the Little Fields.

And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a dish of Bouillebaisse.

There is no Rue Neuve des Petits Champs in Paris nowadays, although there is a Rue des Petits Champs. But Terré's Tavern is no more. Victorien Sardou in a preface to a book on old Paris by Georges Cain, the curator of the Carnavalet Museum,* commented on the amazing difficulty of recognising in the Paris of the Second Empire—that is to say, the city after Baron Haussmann had carried out his sweeping changes, the Paris of Louis-Philippe. That Paris of Louis-Philippe was the city of the playwright's own youth and for him it had manifold charms. "Most of its streets," he wrote, "were very narrow and had no sidewalks. Pedestrians were obliged to take refuge from passing carriages on shop thresholds, under entrance gates, or else beside posts erected here and there for that purpose. On the boulevards, where a single omnibus plied between the Madeleine and the Bastille every quarter of an hour, I have seen a crowd watching a fencing bout, and on the Place de la Bastille I used to play quietly, trundling my hoop round the Elephant." The Elephant, one dark corner of which was the home of little Gavroche of *Les Miserables!*

*Nooks and Corners of Old Paris. By Georges Cain. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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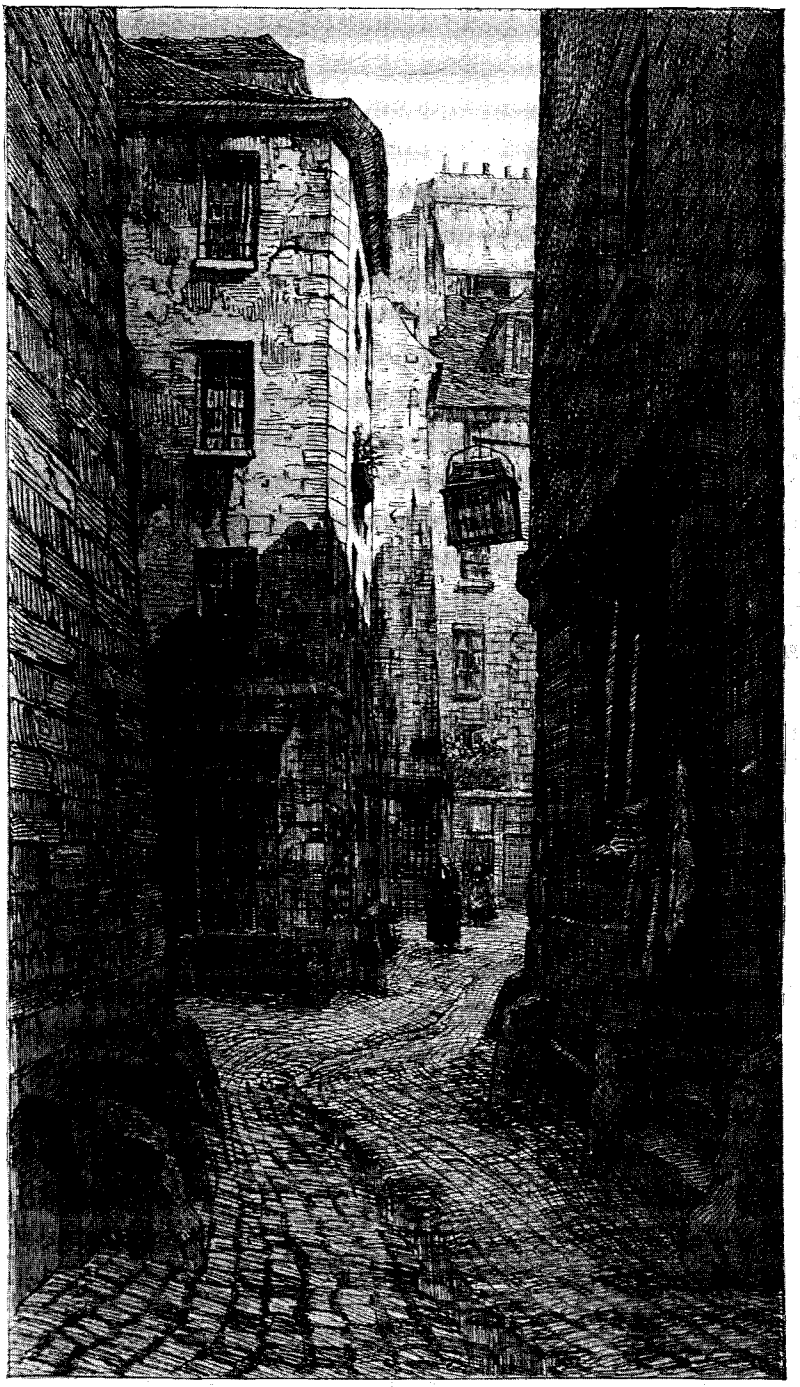

THE DARK ALLEYS OF THE OLD CITÉ

Probably the most sinister and picturesque quarter of the vanished Paris was in the Cité, under the shadow of Notre Dame. It was here that Eugène Sue laid the scenes of the opening chapters of *Les Mystères de Paris*. It was in this alley that he placed the "Den of the Ogress," where the Grand Duke of Gerolstein, representing himself as M. Rudolph, a workman, made the acquaintance of the unfortunate Fleur de Marie.

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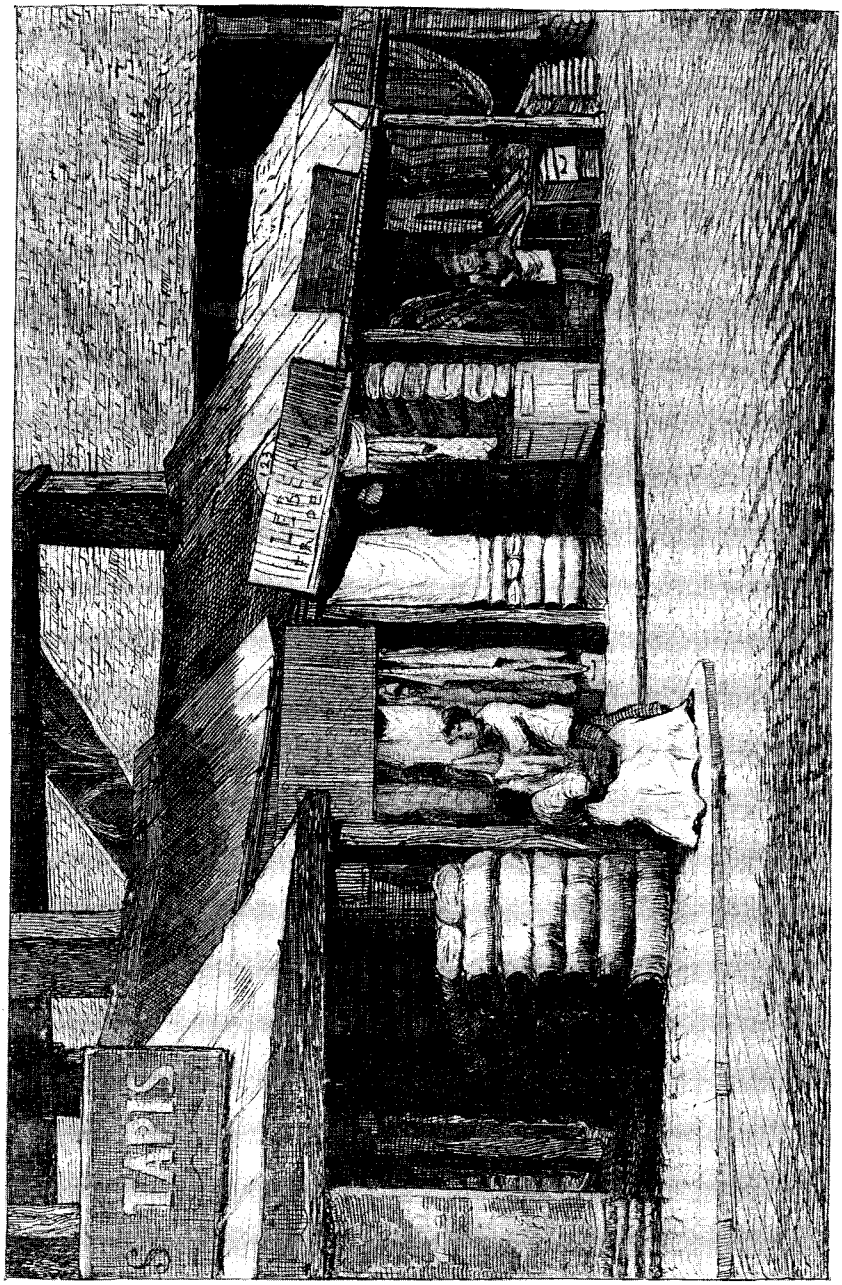

THE OLD TEMPLE MARKET

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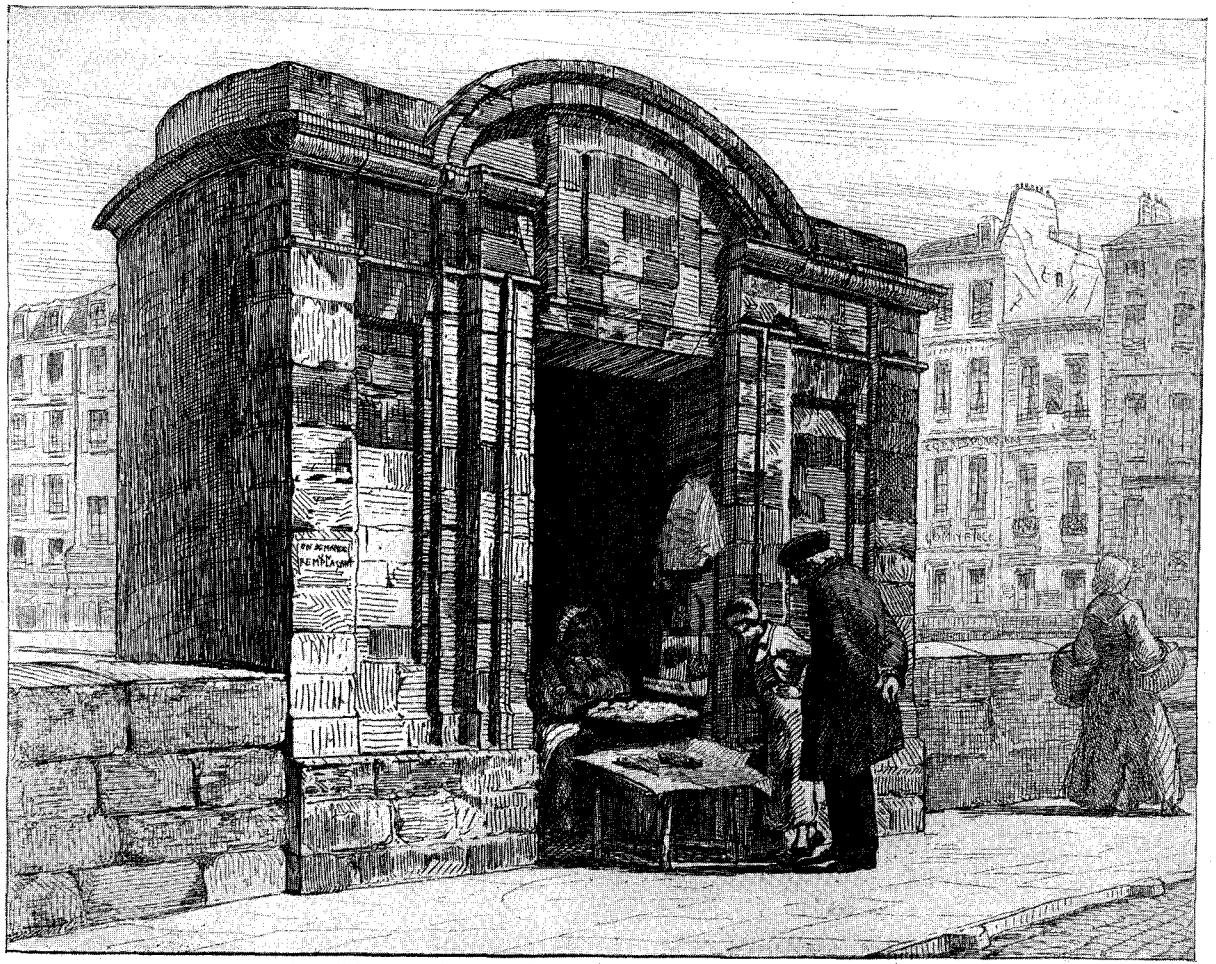

A SHOP ON THE OLD PONT NEUF

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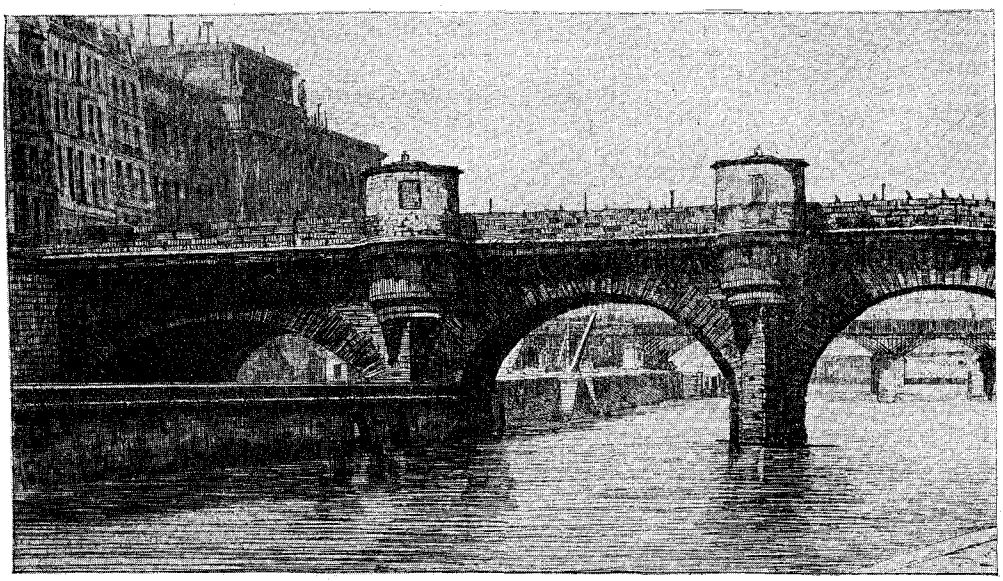
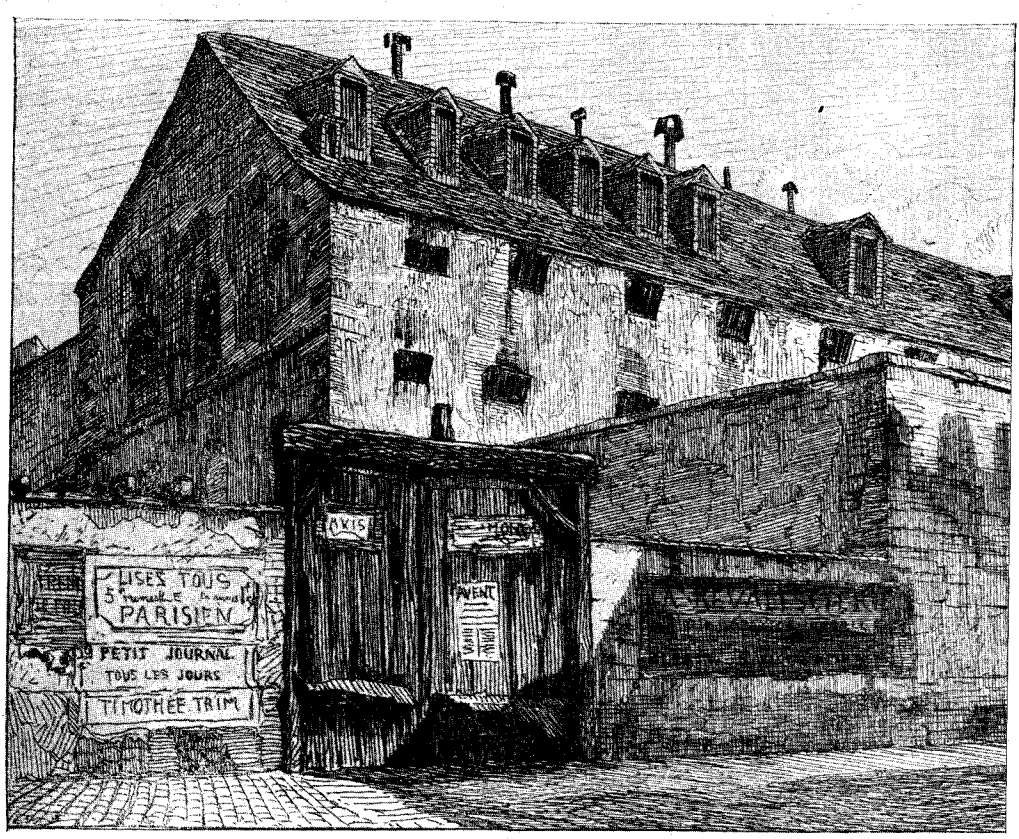


THE OLD PONT NEUF IN 1840



THE OLD PRISON OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, KNOWN AS THE HOTEL DES HARICOTS

Balzac, Dumas and many other famous Parisians were often incarcerated here for delinquencies in their service as National Guardsmen

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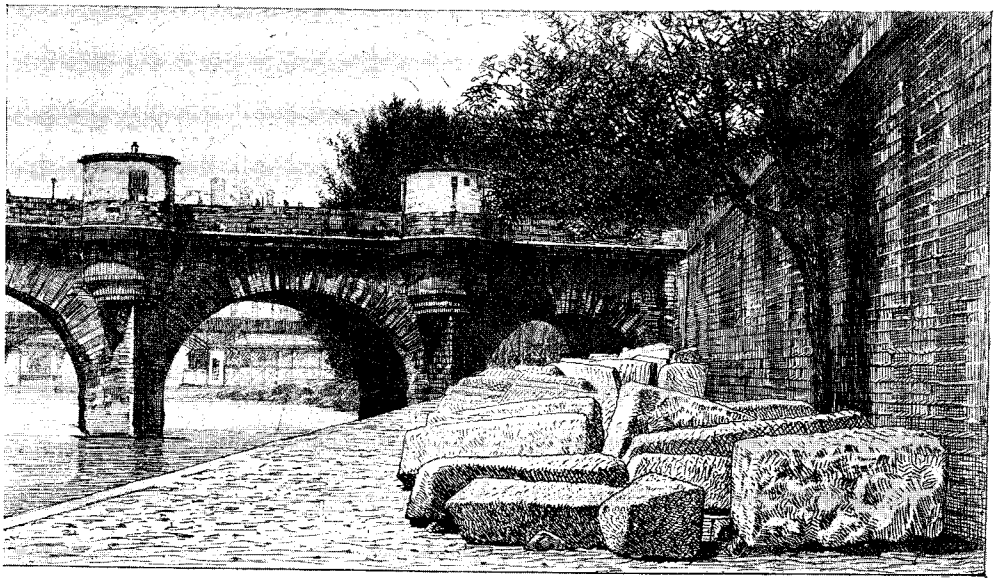

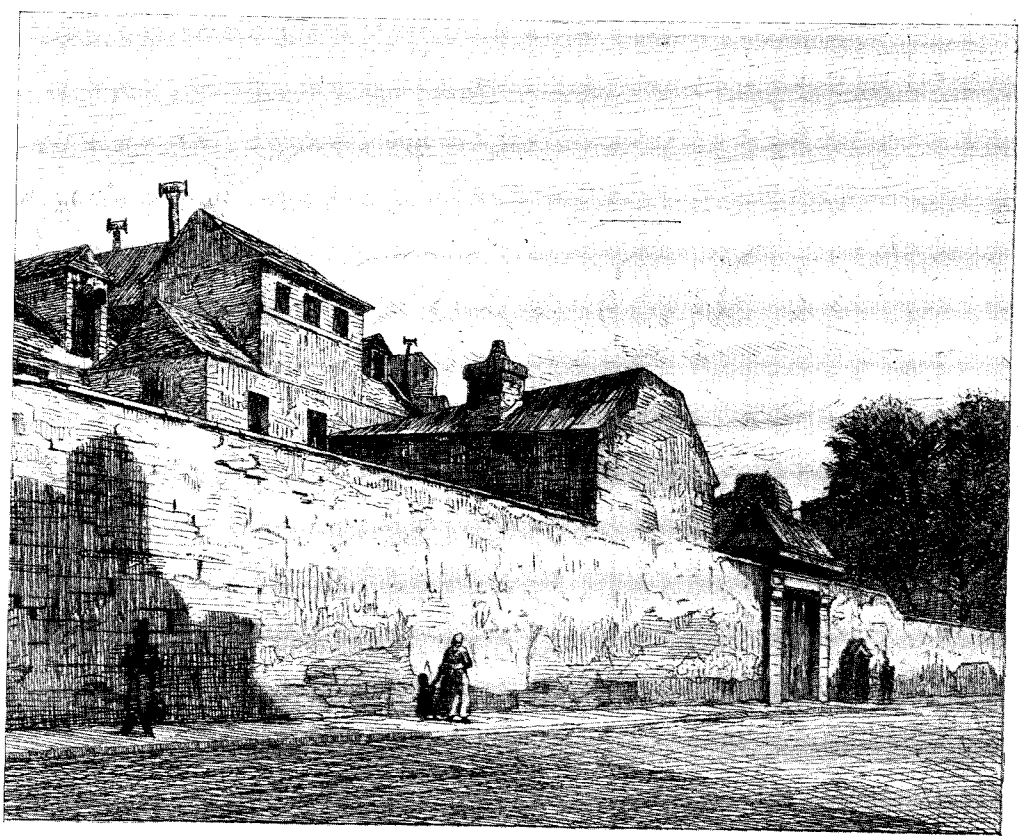

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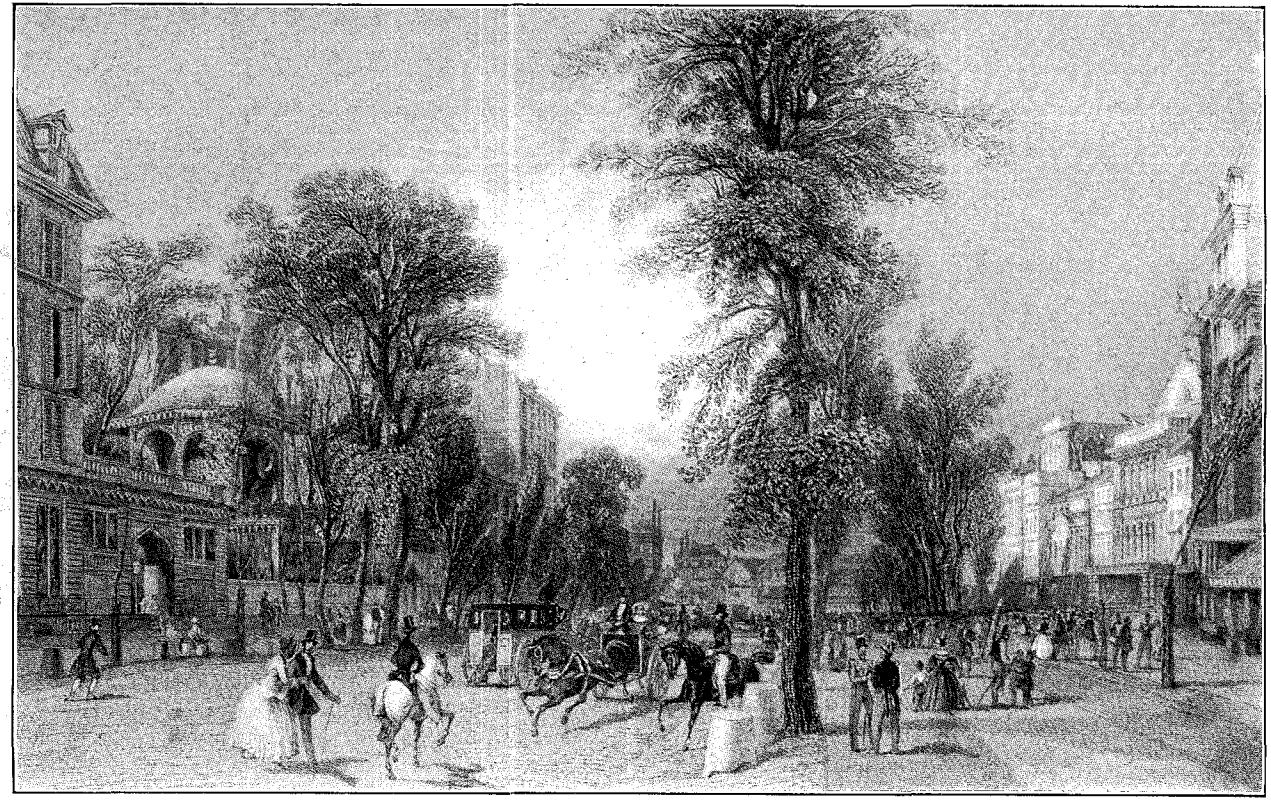

THE GRAND BOULEVARD IN THE FORTIES

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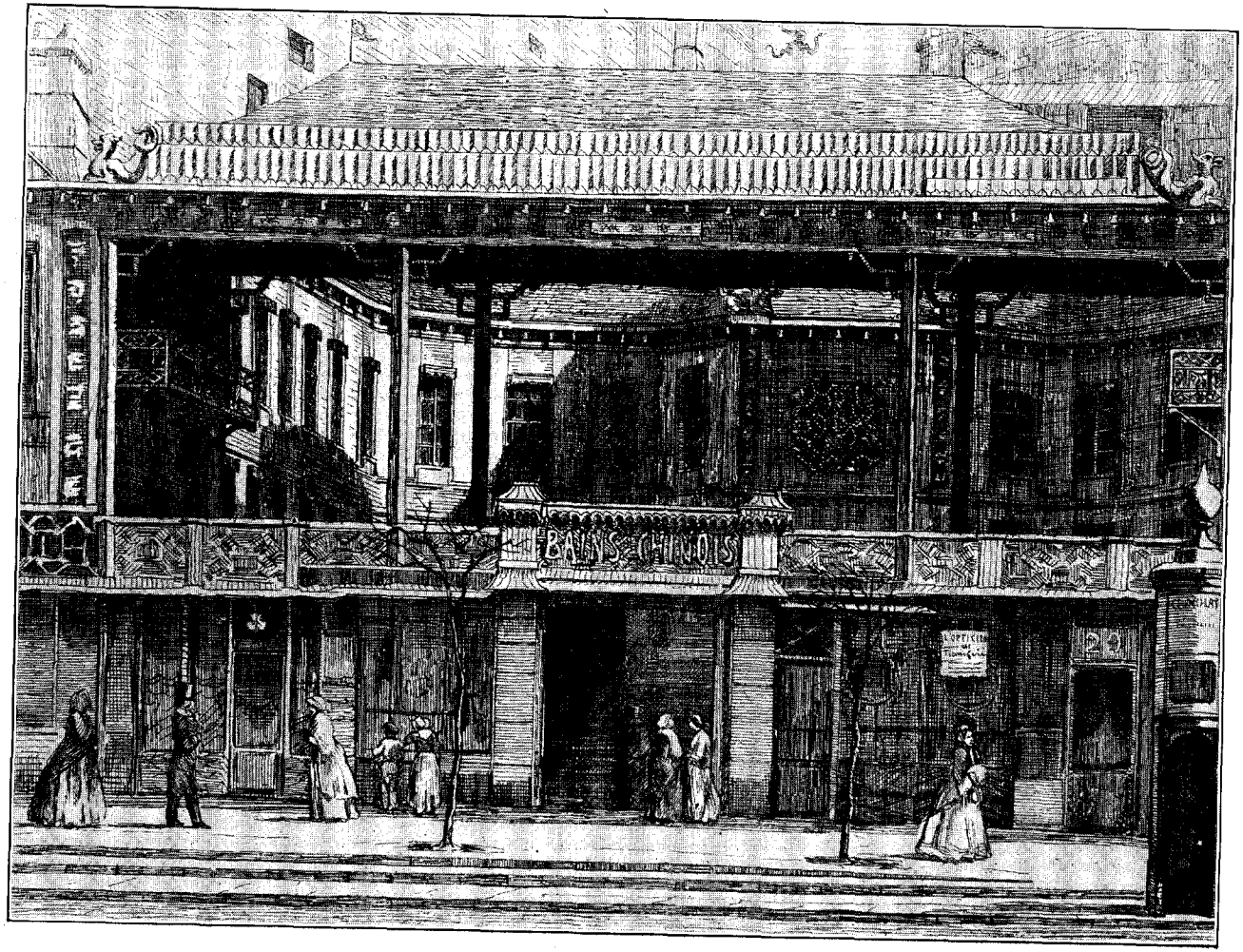

THE FAMOUS CHINESE BATHS

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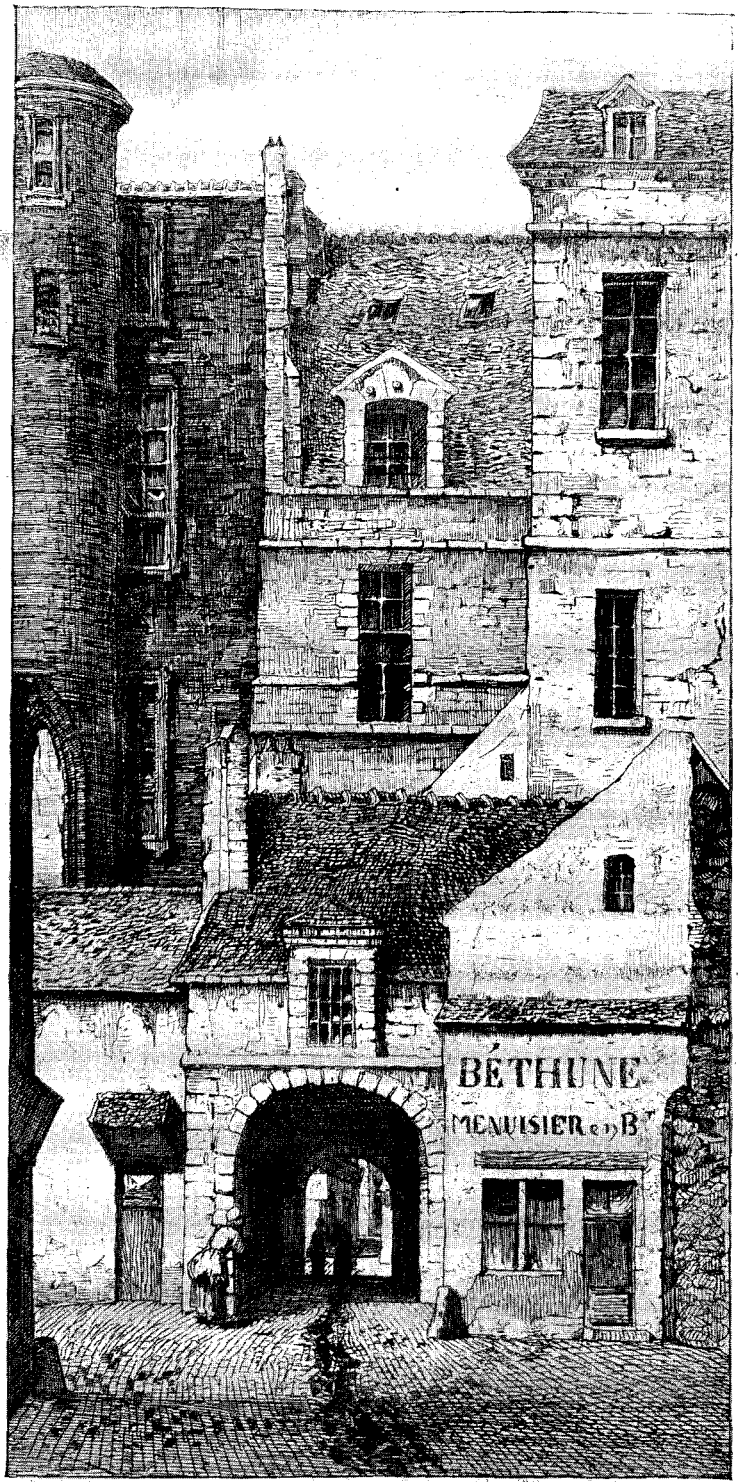

"There are in Paris certain streets," wrote Balzac in *Ferragus*, "as dishonoured as can be any man convicted of infamy; then there are noble streets, also streets that are simply honest, also young streets concerning whose morality the public has not yet formed any opinion; then there are murderous streets, streets older than the oldest possible dowagers. estimable streets, streets that are always clean, streets that are always dirty, workingmen's streets, students' streets and mercantile ones. In short, the streets of Paris have human qualities, and impress us by their physiognomy with certain ideas against which we are defenceless."

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THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences"*

We fancy that the perusal of these volumes will do something toward softening the prejudices which many persons have entertained toward Mr. Schurz. The general consensus of opinion while he was alive set him down as a somewhat erratic, pragmatical, and conceited person, whose politics shifted with his own interests. The tone of his reminiscences will tend to abate this feeling, perhaps more so than the actual facts of his public life should warrant. Still, there is no denying the circumstance that his easy, unaffected narration of the early part of his career gives one a different impression of the man himself. This may be due to the mellowness and philosophic calm which come with age; and it may be partly due as well to the fact that the book deals with the early and less controversial part of his American career.

Certainly there is nothing dogmatic in his way of writing. He abounds in pleasant reminiscence, and there are few traces of personal vanity. There is even something rather winning in the modest manner in which he tells of his experiences in the army. He was made a brigadier-general because of his influence with the German element of our population; and when he took the field at the head of a brigade, he was not only inexperienced in actual warfare, but was also a foreigner who had been appointed over the heads of Americans who had had a military training. He knew that he must necessarily be unpopular at first, and he had the wisdom to see that this unpopularity was very natural. He strove to overcome it by a careful study of military problems, by giving his personal attention to details, by looking after the comfort of his troops, and by exposing himself to the enemy's fire whenever his men were engaged in battle. It was not long before he won the confidence of his command; and after the second battle of Bull Run, he received compliments from seasoned officers who had previously criticised him. These compliments he repeats—not at all in a boastful way, but with a very natural pride and pleasure. Indeed, the only note of egotism that we can discover is found in his self-congratulation on the subject of his own oratory. It was, of course, a somewhat remarkable feat that he should have acquired an idiomatic command of English after he had grown to manhood, and that he should be able to address great audiences with perfect fluency in that tongue. But perhaps he dwells upon this too often and too fully. Especially one wishes that he had refrained from lauding his own powers as a humourist and a maker of jokes. Somehow or other one doubts whether this boast was altogether warranted. That he had powers of sarcasm, everybody is aware; but that he was in any sense of the word a humourist, appears to be a secret which was carefully kept until he himself elected to reveal it.

The first part of the book relates to his life as a boy and student in Germany, to his rescue of Kinkel, and to his share in the German revolution of 1848. All this is readable, but perhaps some of his grandfather's reminiscences will attract the reader quite as much. The elder Schurz had witnessed the end of the Napoleonic wars, when his country was overrun by French and Austrians and Russians. He used to tell a rather amusing story of how a band of Cossacks once descended on their household demanding drink. The house was not supplied with beer or wine, and so Schurz's grandmother "hit upon the happy idea of filling a barrel with vinegar, to which she added a large quantity of mustard and pepper-seeds and a little alcohol. This brew, which would have burned like fire in the throats of ordinary mortals, the Cossacks praised highly; moreover, it seemed to agree with them."

There are many bits of anecdote like this; and later, one reads with interest Mr. Schurz's first impressions of the great French actress, Elisabeth Rachel,

*The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz, 1829-1852. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: The McClure Company.

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and of the singing of Jenny Lind. Jenny Lind had passed her prime when he heard her in concert, yet he writes of her: "There was still that half-veiled tone, as if there were something mysterious behind it; that velvety timbre, that strange magnetic vibration, the mere sound of which could draw tears to the eyes of the listener. She was still the nightingale. To hear her was deep, pure, dreamy delight. Of all the great voices that I have heard—and I have heard many—none was so angelic and went so entrancingly, so caressingly to the heart, as Jenny Lind's."

Mr. Schurz collogued with Mazzini and Kossuth in London, and when he came to New York in 1854 he began to make acquaintances among Americans whose names are now historic—Jefferson Davis, Edward Everett, Seward, Weed, Chase, Longfellow, Holmes, Buchanan, and finally, Abraham Lincoln, of whom he has many curious things to tell. Very characteristic is the account given of a political meeting held in Lincoln's home town during the campaign of 1860, at which Schurz spoke. Before the meeting there was a torchlight procession in which Lincoln himself took part. Mr. Schurz's narrative of the affair is well worth quoting:

> The inevitable brass band took position in front of the house and struck up a lively tune, admonishing us that the time for the business of the day had arrived. . . . The day was blazing hot. Mr. Lincoln expressed his regret that I had to exert myself in such a temperature, and suggested that I make myself comfortable. He, indeed, made himself comfortable in a way which surprised me not a little, but which was thoroughly characteristic of his rustic habits. When he presented himself for the march to the Capitol grounds, I observed that he had divested himself of his waistcoat and put on as his sole garment a linen duster, the back of which had been marked by repeated perspirations and looked somewhat like a rough map of the two hemispheres. On his head he wore a well-battered stove-pipe hat which evidently had seen several years of hard service. In this attire he marched with me behind the brass band. Of course, he was utterly unconscious of his grotesque appearance. Nothing could have been further from his mind than the thought that the world-conspicuous distinction by his nomination for the Presidency should have obliged him to "put on dignity" among his neighbours.

A very acute remark about Mr. Lincoln after the latter became President, is to be found in another place, and it gives a clue to the nature of the man. It is really a comment upon the unconsciousness which he displayed while wearing the linen duster and the battered stove-pipe hat.

> Lincoln had great respect for the superior knowledge and culture of other persons. But he did not stand in awe of them. In fact, he did not stand in awe of anybody or anything in the sense of a recognition of an apparent superiority that might have made him in the slightest degree surrender the independence of his own judgment or the freedom of his will. He would have approached the greatest man in the world—the greatest in point of mental capacity, or the greatest in point of station or power—with absolute unconcern, as if he had been dealing with such persons all his life. When he formed his Cabinet he chose the foremost leaders of his party, who at that period might well have been regarded as the foremost men of the country, without the slightest apprehension that their prestige or their ability might overshadow him. He always recognised the merit of others, but without any fear of detracting from his own.
>
> There was no man in authority in the world whose opinion or advice he would have estimated by another standard than its intrinsic value as he judged it. There was not a problem to be solved capable of confusing his mind by its magnitude or dignity, or one that would have caused him to apply to it any other rules than those of ordinary logic and common sense. He, therefore, met great statesmen and titled persons with the absolutely natural, instinctive, unaffected self-respect of an equal; he regarded great affairs as simple business which he had to deal with in the way of his public duty, and he loved to discuss them with his friends in simple and unceremonious language. They were not above even the play of his humour, although the principles and sympathies according to which he treated them were rooted deep and firm in his mind and heart.

Not least among the entertaining

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chapters of the book is Mr. Schurz's account of his experience as United States Minister to Spain, to which post he was sent by Lincoln in the early days of the Civil War. It was during the reign of that disreputable person Queen Isabella—"a portly dame with a fat and unhandsome, but good-natured looking face," whose titular husband's "only political function consisted in his presenting himself to the world as the official father of Isabella's children." This unfortunate person with the cracked chicken-voice "somewhat like the scream of a young hen" is pictured both in the text and in a photograph; and there are some more or less edifying details of court life at Madrid, all of which centered around the amours of the queen.

It is to be regretted that these reminiscences terminate abruptly with the year 1862. In a political sense, the most interesting part of Mr. Schurz's life came after the Civil War had ended. We understand that his further notes and memoranda have been placed in the hands of an accomplished scholar, who will use them as a basis for continuing these memoirs. Two more volumes of equal size which should cover carefully this latter period would be very welcome, as throwing new light upon the administrations of General Grant, and also upon the Hayes administration in which Mr. Schurz himself held the post of Secretary of the Interior. The documents which he must have left are sure to be a treasury of intimate personal observation and record, and will prove a veritable *trouvaille* to students of our later history.

Richard W. Kemp.

II

"The Philosophy of Common Sense"*

The former president of the English Positive Committee, the once famous debater against Huxley and his agnosticism, and the author of those graceful *American Addresses,* presents this volume as a companion to his *Creed of a Layman.* It is designed, he explains, to form a summary of the philosophical grounds on which the preceding work was based; and it carries on the autobiographical account by which the author reached those conclusions. In the former work Mr. Harrison set forth the grounds on which he found peace in a religion of common sense—the silent, unconscious, and too often the unavowed faith of many good and sensible men. He now endeavours to show how long ago he came to see that philosophy, like religion, is much more simple, more practical, closer to a strenuous life on earth, than philosophers are thought to admit. To the questions, Why should we trouble about philosophy at all? What good will it do us? he replies that consistent and efficient conduct is impossible without some settled cast of mind. Many may never have heard of Monism, the Categorical Imperative or Pragmatism, but they do believe in certain dominant ideas, not indeed a metaphysic of being, a canon of reality and truth, nor an analysis of consciousness, but some intelligent view of the relation of mankind to the world of nature and humanity. This view is best expressed in Positivism, which means the acceptance, upon conviction, of positive truths, all, at any time, capable of demonstration; it means the scientific faith; the habit of resting our lives and our beliefs on solid, provable certainties that we can understand and teach to others. Hence it excludes all blind trust in authority, and all cut-and-dried formulas. The idea of Positivism, of a co-ordination of philosophy and science, of a religion based on demonstration, of humanity as a living force and as an object of reverence, is as completely English and American as it is French, and belongs to the last four or five generations of enlightened men, and certainly to our own.

This was the definition of Mr. Harrison given in an address for the Positivists of New York in 1885, and in behalf of August Comte. For the system of his Gallic master, he has since made the following additional explanations and claims; Positivism is the philosophy of experience; it professes to know phenomena only through the senses; it rejects any notion of an abso-

*The Philosophy of Common Sense. By Frederic Harrison. Pp. xxxv+418. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1907.

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lute knowledge of things in themselves; it claims to be a science of philosophy issuing forth into a moral and religious scheme for the entire conduct of life—public and private, personal and social; it aims at being comprehensive, complete, and synthetic; it is at once a scheme of education, a form of religion, a school of philosophy, a method of government, and a phase of socialism. These are the claims for Comtism, which some jesters have called an atheistical kind of Salvation Army. The author holds that this is mere ribaldry, and in a very lively and pungent introduction, tells how he reached his convictions as to the essential truth of this philosophy of experience, this relative synthesis of all human knowledge. Although it is the fashion nowadays to be strictly up to date, to believe in the Pan-Pessimism of Nietsche, or the Pragmatism of Papini, the author allows that he is Mid-Victorian enough to confess a weakness for what was common sense fifty years ago. A *privat-docent* from Jena, or a Ph.D. of Chicago may publish an "epoch-making" book, yet so far as the problems of pure metaphysics are concerned, the professors and masters of Britain, America, Germany, and Europe in general, do not seem to have shaken the foundations of Positivism.

How Mr. Harrison came to be suckled in this creed outworn he proceeds to relate in some hitherto unpublished reminiscences. At school he studied a little Plato, at Oxford much Aristotle, afterward the German metaphysicians at second hand. But all these thinkers seemed to discredit one another except the positivists, and these alone held common ground and pursued an intelligible method of advance. Since the golden age of Comte, concludes his disciple, "I have read whole libraries of metaphysical dialectic, and having never closed the windows of my mind to later ideas, in the present book I seek to trace how I came by degrees to solve the main problems of thought."

This is, of course, a preposterous claim, yet the book in question has a certain value. In its revival of the Comtean strictures upon metaphysics as a fruitless search after insoluble puzzles, it is akin to the current attacks of the Pragmatists upon the Absolutists and their futile monistic systems. The old philosopher of common sense uses language familiar to the new philosophers of practicality, for the present day tirade against the uselessness of metaphysics is but the echo of an ancient battle-cry. But while there is a common aim between the two schools, there is a striking difference of method. William James, for example, startles his victim with subtle electric shocks, but Frederic Harrison goes back to the good old days of heavy hitting, and instead of electrocution by irony, prefers to use the knock-out epithet. Indeed, with his ponderous classical references to the metaphysician as a Tantalus, a Sisyphus rolling up a stone that ever rolls back again, he appears to have gone back to the age of the loaded cestus, and his combat with the moderns seems as archaic as the boxing match at the funeral games of Palinurus. Thus he refers to metaphysics as the prolonged impotence of two thousand years, a long tale of error, failure, confusion, and uncertainty, and he still agrees with Thomas Carlyle, when, so long ago as the year in which the author was born, he wrote that "the disease of metaphysics is a perpetual one, a chronic malady that perpetually returns on us."

These borrowed metaphors are dangerous. When the positivist applies the language of medicine to mentality he gives his case away. The very confession that abstract speculation is a recurrent malady implies that there is a probable cure. Here the historical student might be allowed to apply the allopathic treatment, and from the pharmacopeia of all philosophy to choose the proper antidote. For an attack of flamboyant optimism, for instance, the modern doctor of philosophy would prescribe a dose of Schopenhauer, and for too much New Thought, a course in Scholasticism. Indeed, continuing the old positivistic formula that the brain secretes thought, one might almost be tempted to say that it also secretes its own antitoxin. For example, among our own worthies, Benjamin Franklin finding himself inoculated with a Puri-

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tanical monism, developed a pagan pluralism, and in place of the Calvinistic monotheism of his Boston days came to believe in many lesser gods, a convenient polytheism covering a multitude of sins. Again, Thomas Jefferson, becoming infected in Paris with the Gallic type of agnosticism, was cured of that disorder by the philosophy of *bon sens* recommended by the Marquis d'Argens. But this system of common sense, so akin to that taught by Harrison himself, is no cure for the subtler scepticism of modern times. To offer Comtism as the only sound philosophy would be but to offer a useless counter-irritant to a man imbued with the current Pragmatism. And for the positivist to call the latter "one of the more or less abortive attempts to solve insoluble problems" is a positive insult to a set of men who insist that their method is nothing if not practical. In a word, this fashion of calling names belies that very spirit of scientific fairness which the positivist claims to possess. The author holds that the metaphysicians are too prone to mutual recrimination, and that the positivists alone hold to the method of observation which seeks the manifestation of a continuous development known as evolution. For all that, he concludes that the metaphysical dialectic of the last seventy-six years has not advanced the problem of philosophy one inch, and that the modern movements of thought are but successive scenes in a meaningless pageant, a phantasmagoria of feeling drawn from such stuff as dreams are made of.

Were it not for the title of his latest book one might think that this conclusion was a caricature of common sense. At the least it but confirms what Edward Rowland Sill wrote in satire of this very school of which the author is a type: "One was a barren-minded monad, called a positivist, and he knew positively. There is no world beyond this certain drop. Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream of their faint gleams and noises from without, and higher and lower, life is life enough. Then swaggering half a hair's breadth, hungrily he seized upon an atom of bug, and fed."

I. Woodbridge Riley.

III

Mr. Nicholson's "Rosalind at Red Gate"*

At the moment when these words are written some thousands of readers in these United States are learning from broadcast advertisements that *Rosalind at Red Gate* is "near neighbour to *The House of a Thousand Candles,*" and are doubtless, on the strength of that information, preparing to possess themselves of its attractions. There is evidence, in the shape of publishers' figures that cannot lie, to the effect that Mr. Nicholson's earlier book commended itself as pleasing to a great number of people, and there is no reason to doubt that this latest effort will find an audience if not equal in extent, at least eminently respectable in size and richly productive of royalties. The vision is one to set us all guessing at the causes which can produce such stupendous results; and though the guessing is barren of practical results—for if the matter could be so easily determined the occupations of writing and publishing novels would descend from the altitude of an ecstatic gamble to the prosaic level of mere business—yet it cannot but be alluring to the amateur psychologist.

To the psychological investigator the problem is baffling in part at least because of the simple, common nature of the elements involved. The placid face of the public that devours these stories presents no features hinting of morbid pathology. Study the psychology of the crowd in a panic—say at a theatre fire—or in the act of lynching a man, and you get those extremer manifestations of emotion which are defined enough to furnish foundation for a theory. But the reading crowd makes no noise—it is exasperatingly non-expressive; it merely buys the books, and presumably reads them. The phenomenon is striking solely because of its universality. So little saliency is there in the result that one is tempted to suppose the explanation must be negative—that the successful book is merely the one which contains nothing to

*Rosalind at Red Gate. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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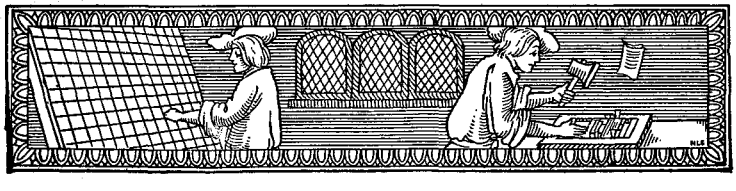
offend this or that class or individual. But this will not do. There are too many stories, palpably and ostentatiously innocuous, that the public has spurned in spite of every allurement to buy. There must be some positive principle applicable to all the successful novels.

Philosophers who pondered the reasons for the universal appeal of formal beauty used to use such phrases as "uniformity in variety," thereby explaining the delight the eye takes in rhythmical designs. Perhaps something of the sort might be applied to popular fiction. An ingenious variation of details in a general scheme that is pleasant through familiar association will take an author far. This formula applies admirably to Mr. Nicholson's books. *Rosalind at Red Gate* is a sprightly, agreeable story, with not the slightest pretensions to originality. The characters and the plot are the sort to which we have been accustomed from childhood. Ostensibly the story contains a mystery, and certain of the relations of the characters are not explicitly stated until the end of the tale approaches. Actually the mystery is of the most transparent sort. It is no betrayal of a secret—since even the blindest reader may discover it for himself before many pages have been turned—that we have here the old complication of two girls, as like as two peas and constantly being mistaken for one another; a gallant, susceptible young Irishman who goes to the rescue of beauty in distress and blunders persistently but with unfailing good luck; a brace of brothers, one deeply wronged and forgiving, the other villainous and revengeful; and the usual supporting characters, maiden aunt, egregious young lover, mercenary Italian assassin, and the rest. The author plays the game zestfully with these counters, though he invariably betrays the turn of events in advance of the plot, and leaves a few inconsistencies unexplained. There is always danger in putting a mystery story into the mouth of one of the characters. I have never understood why the narrator in such cases is invariably so much stupider, so much slower to see the bearing of events, than the stupidest of his readers. But in this, as in other matters, Mr. Nicholson has followed conservative models.

Here, then, is the uniformity. The variety is not so easy to define, but it is unquestionably present. It may be that it consists largely in Mr. Nicholson's manner, which is easy and pleasant and puts no strain on the reader's attention. I suspect that it is much more in the *milieu* of the story. Mr. Nicholson's originality in this respect is so subtle that it may easily escape one at first. For this is a "society" novel, and as such not to be distinguished in setting from the fictions of Mr. Chambers or Mrs. Wharton. The Irish narrator inhabits a superb country house, and is served by a butler and a Japanese body-servant; launches and riding horses are plentiful, and when the characters have to speak of money—which is sometimes inevitable—they dignify the subject by mentioning thousands and millions. It is an atmosphere in which Lily Bart would find herself immediately at home. But—and here at last is the secret—the entire scene is laid in Indiana. Provincial New York, which imagines that all but itself is provincial, should read this book and learn that they do these things—in fiction at least—quite as well in the Middle West as on Long Island. And if Provincial New York is honest, it will acknowledge that the author of *Rosalind at Red Gate* is the Edith Wharton of Indiana.

Ward Clark.



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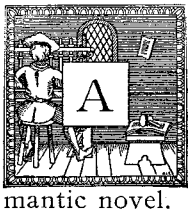
THE ROMANTIC CREED AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



A GREAT deal of superfluous energy has been expended upon the impossible task of drawing a clear line of demarcation between the realistic and the romantic novel. We have been told, for instance, that the former tells the truth about life, while the latter distorts it; or again, that realism pictures life as it is, and romanticism life as it ought to be; or still again, that romanticism tells a higher, nobler form of truth by eliminating the non-essentials, while realism is as slavish and uninspired as a photograph. And now and then we meet with more thoughtful and elaborate distinctions, as, for example, that the one method is inductive, and the other deductive—that the realist starts from a series of observed facts of life, and works forward until he reaches some definite conclusion, some general rule of life; while the romanticist starts from a recognised ethical principle and creates characters and incidents to illustrate it. All these definitions, and many others besides, contain enough truth to lend them plausibility, and enough untruth to make it comparatively easy to refute them. The plain fact of the matter is that, while realism and romanticism have been opposing forces ever since the first primordial folk-tales were formulated by our cave-dwelling forefathers, and while we all of us recognise the existence of the two tendencies and instinctively find our sympathies tending to the one side or the other, it is almost impossible to find two persons who will quite agree as to the scope of the two terms. They may, for instance, agree admirably in their theories regarding realism and romance; they may succeed in formulating a definition which each is willing to swear by; and yet, when they proceed to put their theories to the test, and separate their favourite authors into two classes, they suddenly find themselves as wide apart as the two poles. On the strength of their accepted definition, the one is sure that Kipling is a realist and Hawthorne a romanticist; the other, for the same reason, is equally sure that they are just the reverse. Or, again, two readers may coincide most amicably in their classification, and yet absolutely part company when they attempt to define the two schools.

The simple explanation of such disagreement lies in the fact that there has never yet been written a novel that is wholly realistic or wholly romantic. The two tendencies shade into each other in an intangible, inextricable manner. And it makes no difference whether a novelist writes from instinct or in accord with a conscious formula; in whichever direction he inclines, he is obeying a temperamental mood, an attitude toward life. In so far as he is a romanticist, it is because, consciously or unconsciously, he sets art above nature, striving after an ideal perfection of character and incident not to be found in the models from which he draws. In so far as he is a realist, it is because, consciously or unconsciously, he sets nature above art, admitting that there is a beauty in the gnarled and blasted tree by the wayside which no pencil could ever reproduce, a human interest about the first man or woman you meet on the street beyond that of the most ideal character he could create, a complexity of motive in any trivial incident of the day's work that defies the utmost skill of his invention to reproduce. Yet these opposing moods may strive simultaneously for mastery in the same writer—much in the same way as a voter sometimes wavers between the two political parties. He may accept the realistic platform only in part, with a mental reservation in favor of certain

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planks of the romanticists. To carry the analogy a step further, the realist is inclined to believe, if we may paraphrase the familiar Jeffersonian doctrine, that the least art is the best art; while the romanticist, on the contrary, tends toward centralisation, a strong one-man control over the recognised facts of real life. In other words, fiction is to the realist primarily an imitative art; to the romanticist it is primarily a creative art. To the realist, its predominant interest is ethical; to the romanticist, it is chiefly æsthetic.

Now, since every novelist deserving of serious attention must be accredited with a desire to produce a work of art as well as a social study; since, to some extent, he must possess the creative power, in addition to the dexterity of the copyist; since, however faithfully he may try to eliminate himself and imitate the splendid impersonality of nature, the personal equation will at times intrude, it follows logically that every novel of real importance—one would probably be safe in saying every novel, whether of importance or not—is partly romantic and partly realistic. It was probably this truth which the late Frank Norris vaguely felt when he sometimes declared his belief that the best realism was also the best romanticism. And the ways in which the two tendencies may combine are almost too numerous to catalogue. To start with the most elemental classification, there are, of course, three elements without which we cannot have a story: the people, the place and the event; in other words, character, setting and plot. Now, a novelist may be predominantly realistic in all three of these elements, or in none of them; or he may be realistic in two, or only one, and romantic in the others. Kipling, for instance, is surely realistic in his portraiture of men and women; they are people who have stepped straight out of life into his pages. We may store some of them up in our memories, as symbols of certain general types; but the first impression they make upon us is preëminently individual. Similarly, his stage setting is almost always sketched in straight from life, usually a fidelity that is almost photographic. But when we come to plot, it is easy for any one at all familiar with his stories to give a number of off-hand instances where the happenings are undeniably, almost glaringly, romantic. And this in a measure explains why many readers are quite sure that Kipling is a romanticist, and others are equally sure that he is nothing of the kind.

Now, since every novel must to some extent be an admixture of the two methods, the question naturally arises: What particular proportion of the two elements will produce the best results? It is a question which must be answered with extreme caution, because some specific instance of a really big novel can probably be brought forward to discredit almost any rule that we venture to lay down. The analogy to political parties, already cited, will probably afford the best basis for a logical answer. The time-honoured rule of adherence to party is as safe and satisfactory in novel-making as in politics. And in the long run, at least so the present writer firmly believes, those novels will best endure which are most consistently the one thing or the other, uniformly romantic or realistic, as the case may be, in character, in setting and in plot. In other words, if an author chooses to idealise his characters and his events, they will stand out much more effectively against an idealised background. The typical Dumas hero and his deeds of prowess, seen through the misty haze of centuries, appeals persuasively to our imagination. Transfer him to twentieth century America, and send him a-tilting across the Brooklyn Bridge or on a ferryboat to Hoboken, and you reduce him at once to the level of burlesque. Suppose that a novelist wishes to convey the truth that life takes on the colour of the mood in which we look at it; and in order to do this he imagines a community of people whose eyes have acquired, from their habitual pessimism, the qualities of blue glass, so that everything they look upon presents the same wearisome monotone. Now, if he places this community in

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Mars or Madagascar or the Moon, he may for the time being hold you with an illusion of reality, but woe betide him if he tries the same *tour de force* in Staten Island or the Bronx! The romantic novel should always belong to the type of "Once-upon-a-time" stories; there should be a suggestion of remoteness about them, either in time or space—the pleasantly distorted Louis XIV land of *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* the Zendaland of Anthony Hope, the Looking-glass kingdom of Lewis Carroll, or simply "That Country," in Alfred Ollivant's *Redcoat Captain.* Of course, it is easy to cite examples of strong or brilliant fiction in which this principle has been intentionally disregarded; novels in which romance riots unrestrained in the midst of most commonplace surroundings. The tragedy of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* might have been enacted in the house next door; Henry James's *Turn of the Screw* makes you see ghosts in the full tide of noontime sunlight; Mr. Kipling's *Wireless* makes you look askance every time you hear the familiar click of a telegraph. But these achievements are great not because of their method but in spite of it; they are great because the literary giant may sometimes amuse himself by disregarding the boundary lines of creeds and principles, and ruthlessly overriding them. And, while admitting the touch of genius in them, are these three pieces of fiction the ones that you would pick out from the writings of Stevenson or Henry James or Rudyard Kipling to read a second time? Would you not inevitably give the preference to *Treasure Island* and *The Ambassadors* and *Plain Tales from the Hills?*

An excellent example of blythe romance, consistently developed, is *The Dance of Love,* by Dion Clayton Calthrop. It is an optimistic little volume, embodying something of the rare quality that placed William J. Locke's *Beloved Vagabond* in a class by itself. Its date is given vaguely as "the dawn of intellect"; its setting, mediæval France and England; its characters are types rather than individuals; its plot a potpourri of romantic happenings. It is a veritable tissue of the gathered threads of romanticism, yet the underlying thought is distinctly true—that one often journeys far afield in quest of the happiness that already lies, unrecognised, within one's grasp. Pipin de Barsham dreams in his youth of knightly deeds, of far-off lands, of patient seeking for the one fair woman, the woman who will have about her neck the key of love upon a golden chain. So he leaves at home the wealth, the fame, the love he could have for the asking, and roams the length and breadth of Europe, thinking that in every woman whom he meets he is going to find the woman with the key. One after another they pass before us—women with fair faces and soft, melodious names, Yolande, Philippa, Gabrielle, Clarice—a round dozen of them, each destined to pass out of his life as carelessly as they came into it; each one leaving him with a wiser and a sadder heart. It is a tale of vagabondage, of poverty and hunger, sometimes of knavery and theft. Yet it is never a depressing story, never morbid or sordid, but perennially imbued with the sunshine of hope, the undaunted elasticity of youth. It is emphatically the sort of book that one likes to take off into a secluded corner, beyond the fear of interruption, and read with purposed leisureliness, in order to make the enjoyment as long drawn out as possible.

"The Dance of Love"

A good contrast to Mr. Calthrop's volume is afforded by Joseph Conrad's recent story, *The Secret Agent.* Some people may discover in Mr. Conrad a strain of romanticism, but to the present reviewer his method seems to be consistently and effectively realistic. His scenes are not the scenes with which we ourselves are intimately acquainted; but they never bear the imprint of exaggeration. His people are often of the sort that we have never chanced to meet—people whom, even in the course of a long life, there is small likelihood of our ever meeting; yet it does not occur to us to doubt that they exist,

"The Secret Agent"

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that Mr. Conrad himself has seen and known their prototypes, and recorded his impressions quite faithfully, neither idealising nor caricaturing. His plots are often strange, startling, invested with a grim and haunting horror; yet romanticism is almost the last word that would seem to fit them. A group of individuals, exceptional yet unmistakably living, flesh-and-blood men and women, are placed under certain exceptional yet perfectly possible conditions; and the consequences are such as our reason tells us not merely could but must logically follow. Where Joseph Conrad does show a certain leaning toward the romantic school is not in what he tells us, but in the vague, unspoken sense he conveys, of something unrevealed, some hidden depth behind and below the facts that he has chosen to set forth. This sense of mystery is merely a mannerism, although a very effective one; it does not alter the fact that for all practical purposes of story telling he deals with concrete reality. *The Secret Agent* is a good example of Mr. Conrad's realism. The framework is quite simple. Mr. Verloc, husky, corpulent, near-sighted, is supposed by his associates to be a revolutionist like themselves, one of the exiled brotherhood who find a temporary refuge in London. To one foreign embassy, at least, Mr. Verloc is known as something radically different. It is his duty to keep this embassy informed not only of the movements of dangerous revolutionists but of any important plots that may menace the crowned heads of Europe. For many years Mr. Verloc has been drawing a comfortable salary, without serious exertion. The foreign embassy has been content with negative results. But the appointment of a new First Secretary changes all this. The new appointee demands that something shall happen; he wishes to impress upon the British Government the folly of harbouring a band of dangerous criminals; he wants a series of startling outrages to be perpetrated in London itself; and this desire he makes so clear to Mr. Verloc that the latter interprets it as an order. If he is to earn his salary these outrages must occur, even if he has to commit them in person. Mr. Conrad does not make the mistake of telling us what is going on inside the brain of Mr. Verloc, behind his sluggish, corpulent, self-satisfied exterior. He merely shows us the results: the explosion one day in Greenwich Park; the mangled fragments of what once had been a boy; the clever linking together, one by one, of the facts that lead the police inexorably on Mr. Verloc's trail. And little by little, the grim and ghastly truth dawns upon us, how his plans miscarried, and how instead of blowing up the Greenwich Arsenal, he merely caused the death of a frail, feeble-minded lad, his wife's own brother. The further consequences of this tragedy in the hands of a writer of smaller magnitude would have been melodrama. Mr. Conrad seizes the opportunity to show how logically and inexorably nature, when not interfered with, can make the punishment fit the crime.

"The Light"

Another volume which may unhesitatingly be classified as consistently realistic is *The Light,* by Mrs. Harold E. Gorse. It is a straightforward, sombre, rather cruel story, just as real life is sometimes sombre and rather cruel. It tells, without the least attempt to embellish or to soften the narrative, the life story of a young English country girl, left destitute by her parents' death, saved from the workhouse by the charity of a neighbour almost as poor as herself, and, when still too young to understand life or to protect herself, sent out to service under the hard and unjust conditions that are too often the lot of youth and inexperience. It is merely a new version of an old story; a girl's temptation, her weakness and her shame—a series of ruggedly sincere and painful pictures of the maternity ward in a charity hospital; the young mother's pitiful clinging to the little child, born blind; her brave struggle to keep herself respectable and earn the child's daily bread in the great, seething human hive of London; and finally her loss of courage, and, in her

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darkest hour, how the child, from out of his darkness, points her the way to light. The chief fault of the book is too much insistence upon a single note, the note of suffering and sin. The truth of the scenes and characters presented speaks for itself, but from lack of contrast, from constant gazing upon the grey monochrome of misery, one's sensibilities are dulled; the cries of pain and avarice and fear lack the incisive shrillness they would have if relieved by more sunshine and laughter and joy of living. Nevertheless, it is a careful, earnest piece of work, the sort of work one would expect from the French, rather than the English school of fiction. And because it is so good, one feels like resenting the presence of one or two footnotes, forestalling a charge that the picture is overdrawn and giving brief statistics. This sort of documentation makes a really able piece of work look like that objectionable hybrid product, the so-called "novel with a purpose."

"Mortmain"

Mr. Arthur Train's recent volume of short stories, which takes its title from the opening story, "Mortmain," are of such excellent average quality that one naturally makes a mental note to keep a watchful eye upon this author's future productions. "Mortmain" itself, however, is the particular story which seems worth talking about in the present article, because it illustrates rather well what has already been said regarding the best romanticism. It is one of those stories which most reviewers hold should not be "given away" beforehand, since much of the interest lies in the surprise at the end; but, for the present purpose, it is the end alone which makes it worth discussing. At first sight "Mortmain" seems to belong to the type of story represented by *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* by Du Maurier's *Trilby,* by many another story, long and short, of varying degree of merit—the romantically impossible story in a modern setting, in which the impossibility is made plausible by a certain suggestion of pseudo-science. In order to understand why "Mortmain" seems to belong to this category, and why it in fact does not, you must imagine the following conditions: First, imagine that your greatest enemy, and one who had it in his power to ruin you, has been murdered. Secondly, imagine that you have been heard to threaten his life, and that, far from being able to prove an alibi, you were seen by several disinterested witnesses outside his house at the supposed hour of the murder. Suppose, furthermore, that on the night of the murder, you have the misfortune to crush your right hand—the connection in the story is cleverly worked in, but for our purpose is immaterial—and when the surgeon examines it, he says that the hand must come off, but that there is one chance for you: surgery has reached such a point that it is just possible to graft on another man's hand in place of it, provided another man can be found who will consent. Imagine that such a man is found, a man whose right hand has done such an unspeakable deed that he hates it and welcomes the chance to rid himself of it—in other words the man who has killed your enemy. Now, if the grafting operation proves successful for you, though the other man dies, you may find yourself in the dilemma that confronted the hero of "Mortmain"—you cannot acknowledge the grafting, because maiming another man is a felony, and if in committing a felony, you cause the death of another man, the law holds you responsible; but, on the other hand, you cannot let people think that that right hand is yours, because the police has an impression of the murderer's finger-tips, and those finger-tips are now on your right arm. The story is developed with extreme cleverness and really carries one along with it, up to a certain point, the point just before the climax. There, suddenly, you say to yourself, "This is too much of a fairy tale for an up-to-date London setting; it doesn't hold me." And right at this point the author justifies himself by revealing the secret that the whole story is a dream, the effect of the anesthetic administered while Mortmain's injured hand is operated on. Immediately, one's whole feeling toward the story undergoes a readjustment; impossible romance, yes, in the present, work-a-day world; but not at all impossible in

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the realm of dreamland—on the contrary, admirably, triumphantly real and convincing.

"Dr. Ellen"

Dr. Ellen, by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, without being in any sense a big book, is one that will be read with genuine enjoyment by a wide circle of readers. It is a love story, a character study and the history of a brave woman's struggle against ignorant prejudice, all welded into a single narrative. Ellen Roderick, ten years before the story opens, lost husband and child almost at one blow, the former being run over by a railway train before her eyes, the child being born dead shortly afterward. These facts have no importance in the story, beyond explaining Dr. Ellen's repressed character, the motives that made her seek self-forgetfulness in the study of medicine, the tender sympathy that she has to offer to those in deep bereavement. She has a younger sister, Ruth, who is in delicate health, and who cannot understand why, at the age when she hungers for young companions and girlish pleasures, Ellen should keep her in exile in a wretched little town high up among the Sierras. She thinks, as do many others, that it is Ellen's selfish interest in her missionary work among the ignorant miners and ranchers that keeps her tied to this remote corner; she never once suspects, until the blow falls with cruel suddenness, that it is for her own sake that they live there, because tuberculosis has fastened so strong a hold upon her that it is only in that high altitude that she has any chance of life. Meanwhile Dr. Ellen is making a brave fight against the prejudice which a woman doctor must face, especially among an ignorant population; and she has almost won the battle and secured the confidence of the men as well as their wives, when two disasters happen simultaneously—she loses an important case, the only child of an excitable, vengeful man, who will not listen to reason; and a new doctor comes to town, a smooth-tongued, crafty, ignorant quack, who rapidly draws her patients away from her. It is Dr. Ellen's courageous and victorious struggle to retrieve her losses that makes the real strength and interest of the book; although the delicate and subtle love-story which is interwoven with it will have no small share in assuring the book the popularity it deserves.

"The Jessup Bequest"

A good example of how the purpose underlying the use of plot material will sometimes make all the difference between romance and realism is afforded by Anna Robeson Burr's vigorous and earnest novel, *The Jessup Bequest.* It opens with an amazing legal tangle, that reads like a Wilkie Collins melodrama. The bequest which gives the book its title involves a fortune of a million dollars, left by old Jessup to his daughter-in-law, Edith, and if she survives his invalid daughter, Paula, to his granddaughter, Diana. But if Edith dies first, the million goes to the invalid daughter, and on her death, to charity. What actually happens is this: the daughter-in-law perishes in a hotel fire, under shameful circumstances which make her own family desirous of concealing her identity; so the body is buried under another name, and a week later news is given out that Edith Jessup was lost in the wreck of a channel steamer. During this week, Fate wills it that not only old Jessup, but his daughter, Paula, should die in quick succession; and of course by the terms of the will the money belongs to charity. But through the connivance of her maternal grandfather and the man who hopes to marry her, Diana Jessup, quite innocently on her own part, is fraudulently put in possession of the Jessup million. Now this is all capital material for melodrama, and the impression that we have in our hands a clever detective story persists until well on into the third chapter. Then suddenly we wake up to the fact that we have instead a piece of psychological work of rather uncommon strength. Bennet Sherrington, the unscrupulous politician who engineers the fraud and then fails to win the girl; Anthony Brayne, who as Sherrington's secretary, learns the secret which his conscience forces him at last to disclose; Dr. Wynchell, the weak-willed old minister, who is willing to be the silent accomplice in the crime; Diana Jessup, herself,

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who when she learns the truth, makes splendid restitution—these are types which are drawn with admirable understanding of human motives, both good and bad. The book is an example of that best type of realism, the type that one instinctively accepts as plain, unvarnished reality.

"The Sorceress of Rome"

It would be hard to find a novel offering a more complete contrast to Mrs. Burr's volume, in theme, in treatment and in style, than *The Sorceress of Rome*, by Nathan Gallizier. This is a historical novel, of the school of Scott, rather than of Dumas. The scene is Rome, in the dim and misty light of the tenth century; the theme is the internal unrest, the bitter party hatred, the plots and counterplots which followed the death of Gregory V. and the third rebellion of Johannes Crescentius, Senator of Rome, whose beautiful wife, Stephania, was the lure that dragged the emperor, Otto III., to his destruction. There is no question that all the fact and fancy which old monkish chronicles have woven round her name offer abundant material for stirring romance. It is also true that Mr. Gallizier has succeeded in making us feel much of the mystery, the tragedy, the obscure fascination of that dark age, rife with bigotry, superstition and lust of power; and that he has flung boldly upon a broad canvas a host of strange, lawless, picturesque figures, blazoned forth in barbaric wealth of colour; and lastly, that he has a well-wrought plot, and one that appeals to the fundamental human emotions. And yet, the fact remains that the book is not wholly easy to read. It is burdened with too much erudition, too many pedigrees of petty princelings, and mighty monarchs, dates, statistics and family feuds. Undoubtedly the author is giving us only such facts as he deems necessary to a clear understanding of the times and the events he chronicles; but the average reader would have been better satisfied to be somewhat less instructed and somewhat more entertained.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

A ROYAL TRAGEDY. By Chedomille Mijatovich. With portraits. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company

It is now a little more than four years since a band of military conspirators broke into the royal palace at Belgrade and butchered and frightfully mutilated the King and Queen of Servia. The story of the events which led up to that savage climax are at last given to the world by one who ought to know the truth. The author of this book was for a time Servian Minister at the British court, and was intimately associated with both King Milan and the young King Alexander. He is evidently a gentleman of cultivation, conservative in his statements, and reticent where absolute reticence is necessary. But he reveals for us very plainly all the intrigues, the hates, and the snake-like treachery of the people to which he himself belongs. A tale such as he has to tell seems almost a bit of gruesome fancy. The stage setting is European, but the actors in the tragedy are oriental beneath their veneer of semi-Gallic culture. Here are at once the superstition and the ferocity which the Servians perhaps acquired from the Turks. M. Mijatovich himself, in spite of his education, is fully as superstitious as any of his countrymen. He tells a long story of a clairvoyant peasant who, in 1868, predicted the grim events which were to mar the record of the Servian royal house, as well as the bloody deed which put an end to the dynasty of Obrenovitch. We are also minutely informed about the sinister omens which were observed when King Milan married the beautiful Russian girl whom afterward he divorced illegally, and with whom his life was a series of the most unroyal and discreditable "scenes."

This touch of superstition makes still

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more curious this very curious book. It gives a sort of fatalistic background to the tale of Milan's raffish life and of the unchildish childhood of King Alexander. The marriage of this degenerate boy to a far from reputable woman, much older than himself, his strange infatuation for her, the estrangement of his people, and at last, the time when the King and Queen together skulked with pallid faces in their royal residence, dreading the knife of the assassin at any hour, the plans of the conspirators, the ghastly scene within the palace—all these are mixed up with telephone calls, electric lights, and cable-cars in a fashion to suggest a blending of the Arabian Nights with the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. The East and the West, the mediæval and the modern, are grotesquely intertwined, and this fact gives the book an interest and a strange compelling fascination which render it unique among the chronicles of recent times.

CULTURE BY CONVERSATION. By Robert Waters. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

This is a very entertaining book to read because it is full of anecdote and happy illustration. Mr. Waters has culled quotations by the score—all of them well worth noting—and if we look at the book as a series of easy-going essays, it is most commendable. Whether it will do anything to revive the obsolescent art of conversation, may well be doubted; but any one who is going out to dinner might do worse than to select a few of the anecdotes which Mr. Waters has collected and then "lay pipe" in such a way as to bring them in.

As a matter of fact, while in these days there is not much conversation such as that which Mr. Waters records as having taken place between Professor Max Müller and Oliver Wendell Holmes, there is a great deal of very clever "talk," which is a decidedly different thing and by no means valueless. The Macaulay monologue and the Coleridgean harangue have fortunately passed away; nor do men and women now endeavour to impress their hearers with a sense of their intellectual brilliancy. Nevertheless, in any good club there is an immense deal of amusing repartee, and not a little information is imparted which is all the more delightful because it is given modestly and in a casual sort of way. You can scarcely come upon a little group of five or six without finding that three or four of the number have had unusual experiences; and if you draw them out they will tell you things which greatly widen your knowledge of mankind. This is perhaps conducive to culture, yet it is not well to take it too seriously or to suppose that talk can ever be a substitute for reading and good hard thinking. It does, however, impart polish and toleration much more, in fact, than argument or conscious didacticism.

Now and then in this volume one comes upon a passage that is deliciously naïve. Thus, for instance, the author tells of meeting three Irishmen from Trinity College, Dublin, who prove to be most charming companions. Then Mr. Waters goes on to say: "What seemed strange to me, though they were Irishmen, they were loyal to the Government and the Queen, and spoke of Parliament and the Ministry as if they sat in Dublin instead of London." What seems strange to us is the fact that Mr. Waters did not know that Trinity College, Dublin, is more English in its sympathies than Oxford itself, mainly because its very existence is threatened by the other kind of Irish with whom our author confounded these three scholars.

It is somewhat pathetic, also, to find him quoting Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the effect that the classic languages have no influence upon those who study them. Mr. Waters remarks:

"Nine out of ten normal college students never make any use of their Greek and Latin. It never amounts to much anyway; nor does what they learn ever materially influence their style. . . . Whoever heard of a normal-school graduate reading a Greek or Latin book?"

If this be so, it is not a reflection upon the value of the classics, but upon the manner in which the classics are taught. And, we may ask, how many normal-school graduates ever read any really good literature written even in their own language? How many of them confine their reading to novels of the day, to newspapers, and to magazines? As for Burns, whom Mr. Carnegie praises so extravagantly, we should like to test the average graduate's knowledge of him. Doubtless the graduate remembers a few lines, such as "A man's a man for a' that," and could perhaps recall a stanza of "Auld Lang Syne"; but we venture to assert that if he has ever read Horace, for example, the genial Venusian has made a far deeper impression upon him than the deboshed Caledonian bard. Here is a chance for persons who get up statistics with view to maintaining theories as to the actual results of education.

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THE BOOK MART

READER'S GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Adventures in Contentment. By David Grayson.

The story of a man who seeks and finds life's true joy and happiness in communing with Nature. His life and work among the hills, valleys and country roads leads him very close to the heart of Nature and enables him to read there her true message to man.

George T. Edwards:

The Youthful Haunts of Longfellow. By George Thornton Edwards.

Mr. Edwards here pictures the great poet in his youthful days and describes places and objects in connection with his life in Portland, Maine. Photographs of the houses in which Longfellow lived, the old Portland Academy and other buildings which are interesting in connection with the early life of the poet have been reproduced for this volume.

Henry Holt and Company:

Words to the Wise—and Others. By Ellen Burns Sherman.

A volume of short essays on various themes—"The Root and Foliage of Style," "When Steel Strikes Punk," "Our Kin and Others," "Where the Veil is Thin," "A Plea for the Naturalisation of Ghosts," "Serendipity," "Ruskin," "The Slain that are not Numbered," "At the End of the Rainbow," "Modern Letter-Writing" and "Our Comedie Humaine."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Essays Out of Hours. By Charles Sears Baldwin.

A collection of articles which have already been published in magazine form—most of them have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Charles E. Merrill Company:

Essay by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Selected and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Edna H. L. Turpin, Author of *Stories from American History, Classic Fables, Famous Painters,* etc.

In the introduction the editor gives a brief sketch of the author's life and also such information as is necessary to a thorough understanding and appreciation of the text. In the notes are explained the mythological, historical and biographical references found in the text.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Ghosts of Piccadilly. By George S. Street.

The author here presents the famous thoroughfare of London with interesting incidents in the lives of those people who have passed up and down that street in years past. Among those he talks and gossips about are the Duke of Wellington, Bryon, Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Lady Hamilton, Lord Palmerston, Monk Lewis and Harriet Mellon.

The Salon. A Study of French Society and Personalities in the Eighteenth Century. By Helen Clergue.

With the idea of indicating the part which the "Salon" has played in the history of French society, the author, after an introductory chapter dealing with the nature of the "Salon," selects four typical women—representing the different phases of the Parisian society of their day—and gives sketches of their lives, personalities and social adventures. For the object in view she has chosen Madame du Deffand, the friend of Walpole and Voltaire, Madame d'Epinay, who gathered about her philosophers who discussed politics and morality, Julie de Lespinasse, who, though neither rich nor beautiful, won the devotion of those she gathered about her by her personal charm, and Madame Geoffrin, who included in her "Salon" the artists and musicians, thus giving them a higher place in society. These sketches are intended to show how the feminine element was at work in eighteenth-century France.

VERSE

Richard G. Badger:

Renard the Fox; or, The Lay of the Land. By Willem Madoc.

An old fable retold in verse.

Verses by the Wayside. By Edna Smith-De Ran.

Heather to Golden Rod. By E. C. M.

Poems of Endowment on Realities of Life. By Eleanor Agnes Moore.

Each containing a collection of short poems.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Boys of the Old Glee Club. By James Whitcomb Riley.

Mr. Riley's story in verse of an old

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glee club organised about the time General Grant became President for the first time. The volume is illustrated in colour by Will Vawter, with decorations by Franklin Booth.

Robert Grier Cooke, Inc.:

The Passing of Time. By William de Forest Thomson.

Told in short poems, from the first whisperings of spring through the summer, autumn and winter to the dying of the year.

John Lane Company:

New Poems. By Stephen Phillips.

This volume includes "Iole" (a tragedy in one act), "Endymion" and many other hitherto unpublished poems.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

My Bunkie and other Ballads. By Erwin Clarkson Garrett.

The first part of this book is composed of army verses based on the author's personal experiences as a private in the U. S. Infantry during the Philippine Insurrection of 1899-1902. The latter part consists of verses on various themes.

The Cricket's Song and Other Melodies. By H. E. Warner.

A collection of verse reprinted from some of the leading magazines.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems. By Arthur Stringer.

A number of the poems in this volume have appeared in some of the leading magazines. There is also a four-act tragedy dealing with the life and love of Sappho and entitled "Sappho in Leucadia."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. With other Poems. By Andrew Lang.

A reprint of these old ballads and lyrics as they first appeared in 1872.

The Macmillan Company:

A Collection of Eighteenth-Century Verse. Selected and Edited by Margaret Lynn, A.M.

Representative poems covering the history of English poetry in the eighteenth century. The volume contains notes and necessary helps for class-room use.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Our Girls. Poems in Praise of the American Girl. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

Over one hundred poems which have been inspired by American women and all of which have been written by American poets. The volume has been illustrated by Mr. Christy in colour and in black and white.

In Old School-Days. By Will Carleton.

A poem which follows the career of a young girl in a country school until she becomes valedictorian of her class. The volume contains six full-page illustrations in colour by James Montgomery Flagg.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Cotton-Picker and Other Poems. By Carl Holliday.

The author is a Southern man, and it is from the South, the land of romance and song, that he has drawn his inspiration.

Selected Poems. By William J. Grayson. Selected and Compiled by his Daughter, Mrs. William Armstrong.

In making her selections Mrs. Armstrong has retained those poems that reveal the author's character and ideals and which are also typical of his individual genius and of his time.

The Ivory Gate. By Armistead C. Gordon.

Mr. Gordon is one of the best-known of Virginian poets and many of the poems in this volume have been printed in literary periodicals and newspapers.

Charles Scribner's Sons

Hymns of the Marshes. By Sidney Lanier.

A new edition. Illustrated from nature by Henry Troth, in a series of photographic reproductions.

A Vers de Société Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells.

A volume of light verse by various writers. This is the fifth volume in Miss Wells's series of anthologies.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Catholic Summer Press:

The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

A discourse on the founding of great institutions of learning, their remarkable attendance and their influence upon education of the present day.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Napoleon. Volumes III. and IV. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge.

The first is a history of the art of war from the beginning of the Peninsular War to the end of the Russian campaign, with a detailed account of the Napoleonic wars, and the second is a history of the art of war, from Lutzen to Waterloo, with a detailed account of the Napoleonic wars. Volumes I. and II.

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tell the story of Napoleon's rise to power, and the present volumes, which complete the work, afford a study of the causes which led to his downfall. The volumes are illustrated with many charts, maps, plans of battles and manœuvres, portraits, cuts of uniforms, arms and weapons.

John Lane Company:

The Sentimental Traveller. Notes on Places. By Vernon Lee.

The Sentimental Traveller takes her readers through Germany, France and Switzerland, describing many places of interest, giving anecdotes of men and women connected with them, and glimpses of the peasant life in the villages through which they pass.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

French Colonists and Exiles in the United States. By J. G. Rosengarten.

A story of the efforts made to establish French colonies in the United States. The French colonies in Louisiana and the Huguenot settlements in various places are described. The author also tells of the numerous exiles during the French revolution and after the downfall of Napoleon and how many of the descendants of these exiles have grown to be valuable citizens.

Below the Cataracts. By Walter Tyndale.

The author has spent some years of study and work in the Nile Valley, has lived among the people and has come to know them intimately. He has also accompanied explorers and archæologists in their tramps. From the wealth and variety of experience thus gained Mr. Tyndale has produced this volume, describing and picturing in colour the tombs, temples, pyramids, sphinxes, etc., from the cataracts down to the broad Delta.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Haiti. Her History and Her Detractors. By J. N. Leger, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Haiti in the United States.

Part I. tells the story of how the black men of the island of Saint Domingue were enslaved first by the Spaniards and then the French, how they fought without despairing, never giving up the idea of freedom; how Toussaint L'Overture died in chains and how new heroes sprang up—Dessalines as dictator, emperor and lawgiver; Pétion as founder of the republic and Boyer as first president of the united republic. It also tells how the new state worked out her own national glory. Part II. describes the natural history of Haiti, her system of education, form of government, the manners and customs of the people and the marriage and divorce laws.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

Andersen Publishing Company:

Evolution of the Human Soul and the Future Life Scientifically Demonstrated. By Dr. N. C. Andersen.

The author aims to prove that the evolution of the human soul is just as real as the evolution of the body: that only from the structure of man, physical, intellectual and psychical, can science solve the problem of the soul of man and a future life.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Story of the Covenant and the Mystery of the Jew. By J. L. Woodbridge.

The author has given the doctrine of the covenant in the form of a narrative, covering the period from the Flood practically to the present day.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

American Philosophy. The Early Schools. By I. Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D.

This work presents a history of the most important speculative movements as they were transferred from Europe, developed during two centuries, and slowly grew into the typical American Philosophy of Emerson. It is divided into five parts, dealing respectively with Puritanism, Deism, or Free Thinking, Idealism, the Anglo-French Materialism, and with Realism, or the Philosophy of Common Sense.

Eaton and Mains:

The Ripening Experience of Life and Other Essays. By William V. Kelley.

Dr. Kelley's editorials have for many years been a leading feature in the *Methodist Review*, and his many friends and admirers have persuaded him to make a selection from these editorials to be published in book form.

Life's Eventide. By Robert P. Downes, LL.D.

The object of this book, which consists of a number of short essays, is to provide some solace and inspiration to those in declining years.

Harper and Brothers:

A Critical Examination of Socialism. By W. H. Mallock.

A candid and detailed examination of the ideas, suggestions and plans of professing socialists.

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The Macmillan Company:

The Outlook for the Average Man. By Albert Shaw.

In which the author discusses political and economic subjects under such headings as "The Average Man Under Changing Economic Conditions," "Present Economic Problems," "Our Legacy from a Century of Pioneers," "The Business Career and the Community" and "Jefferson's Doctrines Under New Tests." These essays were originally delivered as public addresses to young men at various universities.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A History of Virginia Banks and Banking Prior to the Civil War. With an Essay on the Banking System Needed. By William L. Royall.

The work is divided into three parts. The first traces the history of the Bank of Virginia from its establishment in 1804 to its destruction in 1860; the second shows the plan on which the bank was conducted, the cause of its success and the lessons to be learned from that success; and the third treats of the dollar as a standard of value and as a medium of exchange, of the needs of "the city bank" as distinguished from "the country bank," and the restrictive provisions of the National Banking Act.

The Law and the Gospel of Labor. By Luther Hess Waring.

In the first part of the book the author discusses "The Labor Union and the Law" under such headings as "The Law as to Strikes," "The Law as to Boycotts," "The Law as to Injunctions," "The Labor Union and the Militia" and "The Labor Union and Incorporation." In the second part he considers "Labor and Christianity" and shows their relation to and dependence upon each other.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Infinite Affection. By Charles S. Macfarland.

To his new book, which is about God, Dr. Macfarland has given the title *The Infinite Affection,* as it best expresses what he means by God. In it he discusses "The Life Contemplative," "The Light Within," "The Growth in Grace," "God With Us," "God Within Us," "The Spirit Prayerful," "The Life Christlike," "Surrender and Sacrifice," "The Ministry of Suffering," "The Life Immortal" and "The Universal Incarnation."

The Teacher that Teaches. By Amos R. Wells.

A little volume of interest to all Sunday-school teachers. It tells the teacher how to get scholars, how to interest them, how to prepare himself in order to interest them and how to develop their heart power as well as their intellect.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Thinking, Feeling, Doing. An Introduction to Mental Science. By E. W. Scripture, Ph.D., M.D.

A new edition. The work as it now appears has been in a large part rewritten and includes the result of years of research by the author. The volume contains illustrations showing experiments in all departments of mental life, descriptions of experiments on the time of thought and action, a chapter on colour, one on binocular vision, a summary of Windt's new theory of the feelings, practical instructions for training attention and improving memory, together with a consideration of suggestion, hypnotism, etc.

Enterprise and the Productive Process. A theory of economic productivity presented from the point of view of the entrepreneur and based upon definitions secured through deduction (and presumably, therefore, precise and final) of the scope and fundamental terms of the science of economics. By Frederick Barnard Hawley, B.A.

The author's attempt in this work is to obtain not only precise but authoritative concepts of the scope of economics and of the four productive factors, namely, land, capital, labour and enterprise.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Messages of Jesus According to the Gospel of John. The Discourses of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel, Arranged, Analysed and Freely Rendered in Paraphrase. By James Stevenson Riggs, D.D.

Belonging to The Messages of the Bible series issued under the editorial supervision of Professors Sanders and Kent. The author's aim in the present volume is to give an interpretation of the Gospel and to set forth the Gospel's peculiar structure and nature.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Conquest of Cancer. A Plan of Campaign. Being an Account of the Principles and Practice Hitherto of the Treatment of Malignant Growths by Specific or Cancrotoxic Ferments. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

While the author does not claim that the disease has been actually conquered, he believes that the key to the cure has been discovered by Dr. John Beard, of Edinburgh, and that eventually it will be worked out successfully. He shows the progress of the discovery from the first, the mistakes made, the difficulties

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encountered and the important recent improvements in practice.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Music-Lover. By Henry Van Dyke.

The "Music-Lover," after a day of toil in the noisy city, with the roaring of wheels, the clanging of bells, shrieking of whistles, etc., wanders into a music hall to hear the rendering of Beethoven's great Symphony in C Minor by his favourite orchestra. Seated in the auditorium, he becomes for a time unconscious of everything but the music itself. Gradually as he watches the orchestra and the leader he realises that it is no longer a huge and strangely fashioned instrument that he has been looking at but a company of human beings; that all the players are not a mere machine, but that they have their own lives to live and their own characters to develop, and that the music they play is the expression and revelation of their own joys and sorrows, their own loves and hatreds, their successes and failures.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Plays and Poems of Beaumont and Fletcher. Volume V. Text Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A.

Containing "A Wife for a Month," "The Lovers' Progress," "The Pilgrim," "The Captain" and "The Prophetess."

Honoré Daumier. A Collection of His Social and Political Caricatures, Together with an Introductory Essay on His Art. By Elizabeth Luther Cary.

The volume contains seventy-five full-page illustrations—reproductions of the most important works chosen from the gallery of human types which have been drawn by the famous social satirist and political caricaturist.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Rembrandt. A Study of His Life and Work. By G. Baldwin Brown.

A new volume in the Library of Art. It gives an account of the life of Rembrandt and a critical and biographical study of his work, together with a list of his paintings, etchings and drawings. The volume contains about forty illustrations which are reproductions from the most characteristic works of the great artist.

The Story of Minstrelsy. By Edmondstoune Duncan.

A new volume in the Music Story Series. It takes up a branch of musical history of much interest to the music-lover. It considers the earliest beginnings of folk-song, going back to the time of the Druids and Saxtons, and many picturesque details are related about the early musical history of Great Britain and the European countries.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Story of American Painting. The Evolution of Painting in America from Colonial Times to the Present. By Charles H. Caffin.

The author's aim is to trace the gradual development of the art in American conditions and in response to its successive impulses in this country. Mr. Caffin has traced the influence of England, Düsseldorf, Munich and Paris upon artists in America and has devoted a number of chapters to individual artists or to certain schools. The volume contains many reproductions of the works of almost all of the American painters of note.

JUVENILE

American Unitarian Association:

Letters to American Boys. By William H. Carruth.

The author, who is connected with the Kansas University, is in sympathy with the enthusiasms of boyhood and has written a series of letters on all sorts of manly subjects. They are written in colloquial style and contain much wholesome advice. Their object is to instill a high regard for honour, integrity and fair play.

Ginn and Company:

Myths of the Red Children. By Gilbert L. Wilson.

The myths in this little volume, which have been taken from the lore of several tribes, contain information of interest to the American child in regard to Indian life and customs. Accompanying each story is a note explaining some custom or belief of Indian life or some fact of woodcraft mentioned in the book.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated from the Thirteenth German Edition by Helen B. Dole.

Heidi is a little girl who went to live in the Alps in order to regain her health, and the story is told of her experiences and how she brought sunshine and happiness into the lives of those around her.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Folk of the Wild. A book of the forest, the moors and the mountains, of the beasts of the silent places, their lives, their doings and their deaths. By Bertram Atkey.

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A volume of nature stories for young people.

The Boy Electrician; or, The Secret Society of the Jolly Philosophers. By Edwin J. Houston, Ph.D.

The story deals with a party of public-school boys who are enthusiasts on the subject of electricity. The "Jolly Philosophers" engage in many interesting but simple experiments and gain a lot of valuable information.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George Macdonald.

A reprint of a fairy story which was first published in 1871.

The Macmillan Company:

The Children and the Pictures. By Pamela Tennant.

The idea for this interesting and instructive volume for children originated in the practice which Lady Tennant made of telling to her own children stories about the famous paintings in Sir Edward Tennant's collection. Her means for teaching children the appreciation of the masterpieces proved so successful that she was persuaded to publish the stories. Many of the pictures in her husband's collection were photographed for the first time and have been reproduced in colour for this volume.

Gray Lady and the Birds. Stories of the Bird Year for Home and School. By Mabel Osgood Wright.

"Gray Lady" visits a village school and entertains the children with her stories about the birds. She is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and having interested the pupils she forms the "Kind Heart Club" and arranges to meet with them one afternoon each week during the year for the purpose of studying the birds in their neighbourhood—where and how they live, when they migrate, how they are to be identified by their song, plumage, or form, and many other interesting things concerning them. The volume contains forty-eight illustrations which the author has chosen from those collected by the President of the National Audubon Association, twelve of which have been reproduced in colour.

The McClure Company:

Letitia. Nursery Corps, U. S. A. By George Madden Martin.

A study of child life. Letitia is the little daughter of an army officer and the story deals with her life at the post. The author introduces her as a little girl of four, greatly neglected by the Captain and his wife, but befriended and cared for by the young corporal who acts as a man of all work about the house, and follows her movements until she grows to young womanhood.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Dan Beard's Animal Book and Camp-Fire Stories. By Dan Beard.

A story book of adventure and excitement in the woods. It tells about the birds and beasts, the reptiles and insects that the American boy is familiar with. There are stories of fishing, shooting, photographing, sketching, netting, trapping, and many tales of camp life.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A Long Time Ago. In Virginia and Maryland with a Glimpse of Old England. By Alice Maude Ewell.

A volume of short stories written for young people, most of which have appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine.*

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Electricity for Young People. By Tudor Jenks.

Mr. Jenks here traces the progress of electricity from its first appearance to the ancients as a mysterious force to its present influences for heat, light, power and more recent remarkable purposes. He tells of the lives of those men of science who have discovered the wonderful powers of electricity, of their apparatus and its development and of the comparative value of their work.

What Shall We Do Now? A Book of Suggestions for Children's Games and Employments. By Dorothy Canfield and Others.

Its aim is to fill the actual needs of children of various ages in all sorts of circumstances—whether they find themselves at home or in the country, out of doors or in, alone or in company. Besides about five hundred games, there are suggestions for making a small garden, and information about the keeping of pets. There are also chapters devoted to the making of toys, the cooking of candies, and many other subjects.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of Dec. and the 1st of Jan.:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. A Six Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) $1.25.
2. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. Under the Crust. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Golden Horseshoe. Aitken. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Little City of Hope. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre. Gale. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Sorceress of Rome. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. My Lady Caprice. Farnol. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Heart Line. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Doniphan's Expedition. Connelley. (Bryant & Douglas.) $2.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Heart of the West. Henry. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Reminiscences of Carl Schurz. Schurz. (McClure.) $6.00 net.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Six Cylinder Courtship. Field. (McBride.) $1.25.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. Morals of Marcus. Locke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Horseshoe. Aitken. (McBride.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. More about the Roosevelt Bears. Eaton. (Stern.) $1.50.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Dr. John McLoughlin. Holman. (Clarke.) $2.50.
6. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Hanging of the Crane. Longfellow. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $2.00.
6. The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Story of the Other Wise Man. Van Dyke. (Harper.) $5.00.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The California Earthquake. Jordan. (Robertson.) $3.50.

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2. The Spinners' Book. Selections. (Elder.) $2.00.
3. The Californians. Jordan. (Robertson.) 75c.
4. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Arizona Nights. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Halo. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Broken Road. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Rosalind at Red Gate. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Copp-Clark.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Copp-Clark.) $1.50.
5. Arizona Nights. White. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Crowde.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

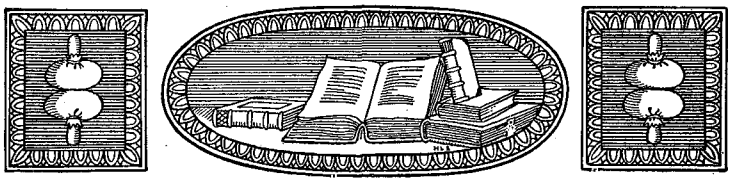
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	315
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.	255
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	166
4. Days Off. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.	89
5. The Old Peabody Pew. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50	85
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	75



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